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CHARLES GIBBON, Author of "Robin Gray," etc.

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IN TEN VOLUMES

VOL. VIII

PHILADELPHIA

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SILAS MARNER'S TREASURE.

BY GEORGE ELIOT.

MRS. MARIAN EVANS LEWES ("George Eliot") was born about 1820. Died in London, on the 23d of December, 1880. Her novel, *Adam Bede*, secured for her almost immediately after its publication universal recognition as one of the foremost of English novelists. Thackeray, in an early number of the *Cornhill Magazine*, referring to the chief writers of fiction by their initials, mentioned "E" as a "star of the first magnitude just risen on the horizon." But Mrs. Lewes had written much and well before she won the crown of success with *Adam Bede*. Her literary career began with several translations of German metaphysical works. She became a contributor to the *Westminster Review*, and afterwards assistant-editor of that periodical. The *Scenes of Clerical Life* is her first acknowledged work of fiction; the others are, *The Mill on the Floss; Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe* (artistically the finest of all her works); *Romola; Felix Holt, the Radical; Middlemarch;* and *Daniel Deronda*. She has also published three volumes of poetry: the *Spanish Gypsy*,[1] the *Legend of Jubal*, and *Armgart*, and a prose work entitled, *The Impressions of Theophrastus Such* (1879). The following selection is from *Silas Marner*.]

SILAS MARNER'S determination to keep the "tramp's child" was matter of hardly less surprise and iterated talk in the village than the robbery of his money. That softening of feeling towards him which dated from his misfortune, that merging of suspicion and dislike in a rather contemptuous pity for him as lone and crazy, was now accompanied with a more active sympathy, especially amongst the women. Notable mothers, who knew what it was to keep children "whole and sweet;" lazy mothers, who knew what it was to be interrupted in folding their arms and scratching their elbows by the mischievous propensities of children just firm on their legs, were equally interested in conjecturing how a lone man would manage with a two-year-old child on his hands, and were equally ready with their suggestions: the notable chiefly telling him what he had better do, and the lazy ones being emphatic in telling him what he would never be able to do.

Among the notable mothers, Dolly Winthrop was the one whose neighbourly offices were the most acceptable to Marner, for they were rendered without any show of bustling instruction. Silas had shown her the half-guinea given to him by Godfrey, and had asked her what he should do about getting some clothes for the child.

"Eh, Master Marner," said Dolly, "there's no call to buy no more nor a pair o' shoes; for I've got the little petticoats as Aaron wore five years ago, and it's ill spending the money on them baby-clothes, for the child 'ull grow like grass i' May, bless it—that it will."

And the same day Dolly brought her bundle, and displayed to Marner, one by one, the tiny garments in their due order of succession, most of them patched and darned, but clean and neat as fresh-sprung herbs. This was the introduction to a great ceremony with soap and water, from which baby came out in new beauty, and sat on Dolly's knee, handling her toes and chuckling and patting her palms together with an air of having made several discoveries about herself, which she communicated by alternate sounds of "gug-gug-gug," and "mammy." The "mammy" was not a cry of need or uneasiness: baby had been used to utter it without expecting either tender sound or touch to follow.

"Anybody 'ud think the angils in heaven couldn't be prettier," said Dolly, rubbing the golden curls and kissing them. "And to think of its being covered wi' them dirty rags—and the poor mother—froze to death; but there's Them as took care of it, and brought it to your door, Master Marner. The door was open, and it walked in over the snow, like as if it had been a little starved robin. Didn't you say the door was open?"

"Yes," said Silas, meditatively. "Yes—

[1] This long poem was generally regarded by the critics as possessed of fine poetic elements, although they did not place it so high in artistic rank as the best of the author's prose writings.

the door was open. The money's gone I don't know where, and this is come from I don't know where."

He had not mentioned to any one his unconsciousness of the child's entrance, shrinking from questions which might lead to the fact he himself suspected—namely, that he had been in one of his trances.

"Ah!" said Dolly, with soothing gravity, "it's like the night and the morning, and the sleeping and the waking, and the rain and the harvest—one goes and the other comes, and we know nothing how nor where. We may strive and scrat and fend, but it's little we can do arter all—the big things come and go wi' no striving o' our'n—they do, that they do; and I think you're in the right on it to keep the little 'un, Master Marner, seeing as it's been sent to you, though there's folks as thinks different. You'll happen be a bit moithered with it while it's so little; but I'll come, and welcome, and see to it for you: I've a bit o' time to spare most days, for when one gets up betimes i' the morning, the clock seems to stan' still tow'rt ten, afore it's time to go about the victual. So, as I say, I'll come and see to the child for you, and welcome."

"Thank you . . . kindly," said Silas, hesitating a little. "I'll be glad if you'll tell me things. But," he added, uneasily, leaning forward to look at baby with some jealousy, as she was resting her head backward against Dolly's arm, and eyeing him contentedly from a distance—"But I want to do things for it myself, else it may get fond o' somebody else, and not fond o' me. I've been used to fending for myself in the house—I can learn, I can learn."

"Eh, to be sure," said Dolly, gently. "I've seen men as are wonderful handy wi' children. The men are awk'ard and contrairy mostly, God help 'em—but when the drink's out of 'em, they aren't unsensible, though they're bad for leeching and bandaging—so fiery and unpatient. You see this goes first, next the skin," proceeded Dolly, taking up the little shirt, and putting it on.

"Yes," said Marner, docilely, bringing his eyes very close, that they might be initiated in the mysteries; whereupon baby seized his head with both her small arms, and put her lips against his face with purring noises.

"See there," said Dolly, with a woman's tender tact, "she's fondest o' you. She wants to go o' your lap, I'll be bound. Go, then: take her, Master Marner; you can put the things on, and then you can say as you've done for her from the first of her coming to you."

Marner took her on his lap, trembling with an emotion mysterious to himself, at something unknown dawning on his life. Thought and feeling were so confused within him, that if he had tried to give them utterance, he could only have said that the child was come instead of the gold—that the gold had turned into the child. He took the garments from Dolly, and put them on under her teaching; interrupted, of course, by baby's gymnastics.

"There, then! why, you take to it quite easy, Master Marner," said Dolly; "but what shall you do when you're forced to sit in your loom? For she'll get busier and mischievouser every day—she will, bless her. It's lucky as you've got that high hearth i'stead of a grate, for that keeps the fire more out of her reach: but if you've got anything as can be spilt or broke, or as is fit to cut her fingers off, she'll be at it—and it is but right you should know."

Silas meditated a little while in some perplexity. "I'll tie her to the leg o' the loom," he said at last—"tie her with a good long strip o' something."

"Well, mayhap that'll do, as it's a little gell, for they're easier persuaded to sit i' one place nor the lads. I know what the lads are; for I've had four—four I've had, God knows—and if you was to take and tie 'em up, they'd make a fighting and a crying as if you was ringing the pigs. But I'll bring you my little chair, and some bits o' red rag and things for her to play wi'; an' she'll sit and chatter to 'em as if they was alive. Eh, if it wasn't a sin to the lads to wish 'em made different, bless em', I should ha' been glad for one of 'em to be a little gell; and to think as I could ha' taught her to scour, and mend, and the knitting, and everything. But I can teach 'em this little un, Master Marner, when she gets old enough."

"But she'll be *my* little un," said Marner, rather hastily. "She'll be nobody else's."

"No, to be sure; you'll have a right to her, if you're a father to her, and bring her up according. But," added Dolly, coming to a point which she had determined beforehand to touch upon, "you must bring her up like christened folks's children, and take her to church, and let her learn her catechise, as my little Aaron can say off—the 'I believe,' and everything, and 'hurt nobody by word or deed,'—as well as if he was the clerk. That's what you must do, Master Marner, if you'd do the right thing by the orphan child."

Marner's pale face flushed suddenly under a new anxiety. His mind was too busy trying to give some definite bearing to Dolly's words for him to think of answering her.

"And it's my belief," she went on, "as the poor little creature has never been christened, and it's nothing but right as the parson should be spoke to; and if you was noways unwilling, I'd talk to Mr. Macey about it this very day. For if the child ever went anyways wrong, and you hadn't done your part by it, Master Marner —'noculation, and everything to save it from harm—it 'ud be a thorn i' your bed for ever o' this side the grave; and I can't think as it 'ud be easy lying down for anybody when they'd got to another world, if they hadn't done their part by the helpless children as come wi'out their own asking."

Dolly herself was disposed to be silent for some time now, for she had spoken from the depths of her own simple belief, and was much concerned to know whether her words would produce the desired effect on Silas. He was puzzled and anxious, for Dolly's word "christened" conveyed no distinct meaning to him. He had only heard of baptism, and had only seen the baptism of grown-up men and women.

"What is it as you mean by 'christened?'" he said at last, timidly. "Won't folks be good to her without it?"

"Dear, dear! Master Marner," said Dolly, with gentle distress and compassion. "Had you never no father nor mother as taught you to say your prayers, and as there's good words and good things to keep us from harm?"

"Yes," said Silas, in a low voice; "I know a deal about that—used to, used to. But your ways are different: my country was a good way off." He paused a few moments, and then added, more decidedly, "But I want to do everything as can be done for the child. And whatever's right for it i' this country, and you think 'ull do it good, I'll act according, if you'll tell me."

"Well, then, Master Marner," said Dolly, inwardly rejoiced, "I'll ask Mr. Macey to speak to the parson about it; and you must fix on a name for it, because it must have a name giv' it when it's christened."

"My mother's name was Hephzibah," said Silas, "and my little sister was named after her."

"Eh, that's a hard name," said Dolly. "I partly think it isn't a christened name."

"It's a Bible name," said Silas, old ideas recurring.

"Then I've no call to speak again' it," said Dolly, rather startled by Silas' knowledge on this head; "but you see I'm no scholard, and I'm slow at catching the words. My husband says I'm allays like as if I was putting the haft for the handle—that's what he says—for he's very sharp, God help him. But it was awk'ard calling your little sister by such a hard name, when you'd got nothing big to say, like—wasn't it, Master Marner?"

"We called her Eppie," said Silas.

"Well, if it was noways wrong to shorten the name, it 'ud be a deal handier. And so I'll go now, Master Marner, and I'll speak about the christening afore dark; and I wish you the best o' luck, and it's my belief as it'll come to you, if you do what's right by the orphin child;—and there's the 'noculation to be seen to; and as to washing its bits o' things, you need look to nobody but me, for I can do 'em wi' one hand when I've got my suds about. Eh, the blessed angil! You'll let me bring my Aaron one o' these days, and he'll show her his little cart as his father's made for him, and the black-and-white pup as he's got a-rearing."

Baby *was* christened, the rector deciding that a double baptism was the lesser risk to incur; and on this occasion Silas, making himself as clean and tidy as he could, appeared for the first time within the church, and shared in the observances held sacred by his neighbours. He was quite unable, by means of anything he heard or saw, to identify the Raveloe religion with his old faith; if he could at any time in his previous life have done so, it must have been by the aid of a strong feeling ready to vibrate with sympathy, rather than by a comparison of phrases and ideas: and now for long years that feeling had been dormant. He had no distinct idea about the baptism and the church-going, except that Dolly had said it was for the good of the child; and in this way, as the weeks grew to months, the child created fresh and fresh links between his life and the lives from which he had hitherto shrunk continually into narrower isolation. Unlike the gold which needed nothing, and must be worshipped in close-locked solitude—which was hidden away from the daylight, was deaf to the song of birds, and started to no human tones—Eppie was a creature of endless claims and ever-growing desires, seeking and loving sunshine, and living sounds, and living movements; making trial of everything, with trust in new joy, and stirring the human kindness in all eyes that looked on her. The gold had kept his thoughts in an ever-repeated circle, leading to nothing beyond itself; but Eppie was an object compacted of changes and hopes that forced his thoughts onward, and carried them far away from their old eager pacing towards the same blank limit—carried them away to the new things that would come with the coming years, when Eppie would have

learned to understand how her father Silas cared for her; and made him look for images of that time in the ties and charities that bound together the families of his neighbours. The gold had asked that he should sit weaving longer and longer, deafened and blinded more and more to all things except the monotony of his loom and the repetition of his web; but Eppie called him away from his weaving, and made him think all its pauses a holiday, reawakening his senses with her fresh life, even to the old winter-flies that came crawling forth in the early spring sunshine, and warming him into joy because *she* had joy. And when the sunshine grew strong and lasting, so that the buttercups were thick in the meadows, Silas might be seen in the sunny mid-day, or in the late afternoon when the shadows were lengthening under the hedgerows, strolling out with uncovered head to carry Eppie beyond the Stone-pits to where the flowers grew, till they reached some favourite bank where he could sit down, while Eppie toddled to pluck the flowers, and make remarks to the winged things that murmured happily above the bright petals, calling "Dad-dad's" attention continually by bringing him the flowers. Then she would turn her ear to some sudden bird-note, and Silas learned to please her by making signs of hushed stillness, that they might listen for the note to come again: so that when it came, she set up her small back and laughed with gurgling triumph. Sitting on the banks in this way, Silas began to look for the once familiar herbs again; and as the leaves, with their unchanged outline and markings, lay on his palm, there was a sense of crowding remembrances from which he turned away timidly, taking refuge in Eppie's little world, that lay lightly on his enfeebled spirit.

As the child's mind was growing into knowledge, his mind was growing into memory: as her life unfolded, his soul, long stupified in a cold narrow prison, was unfolding too, and trembling gradually into full consciousness.

It was an influence which must gather force with every new year: the tones that stirred Silas' heart grew articulate, and called for more distinct answers; shapes and sounds grew clearer for Eppie's eyes and ears, and there was more that "Dad-dad" was imperatively required to notice and account for. Also, by the time Eppie was three years old, she developed a fine capacity for mischief, and for devising ingenious ways of being troublesome, which found much exercise, not only for Silas' patience, but for his watchfulness and penetration. Sorely was poor Silas puzzled on such occasions by the incompatible demands of love. Dolly Winthrop told him punishment was good for Eppie, and that, as for rearing a child without making it tingle a little in soft and safe places now and then, it was not to be done.

"To be sure, there's another thing you might do, Master Marner," added Dolly, meditatively: "you might shut her up once i' the coal-hole. That was what I did wi' Aaron; for 'I was that silly wi' the youngest lad, as I could never bear to smack him. Not as I could find i' my heart to let him stay i' the coal-hole more nor a minute, but it was enough to colly him all over, so as he must be new washed and dressed, and it was as good as a rod to him—that was. But I put it upo' your conscience, Master Marner, as there's one of 'em you must choose—ayther smacking or the coal-hole—else she'll get so masterful, there'll be no holding her."

Silas was impressed with the melancholy truth of this last remark; but his force of mind failed before the only two penal methods open to him, not only because it was painful to him to hurt Eppie, but because he trembled at a moment's contention with her, lest she should love him the less for it. Let even an affectionate Goliath get himself tied to a small tender thing, dreading to hurt it by pulling, and dreading still more to snap the cord, and which of the two, pray, will be master? It was clear that Eppie, with her short toddling steps, must lead father Silas a pretty dance on any fine morning when circumstances favoured mischief.

For example. He had wisely chosen a broad strip of linen as a means of fastening her to his loom when he was busy: it made a broad belt round her waist, and was long enough to allow of her reaching the truckle-bed and sitting down on it, but not long enough for her to attempt any dangerous climbing. One bright summer's morning Silas had been more engrossed than usual in "setting up" a new piece of work, an occasion on which his scissors were in requisition. These scissors, owing to an especial warning of Dolly's, had been kept carefully out of Eppie's reach; but the click of them had had a peculiar attraction for her ear, and, watching the results of that click, she had derived the philosophic lesson that the same cause would produce the same effect. Silas had seated himself in his loom, and the noise of weaving had begun; but he had left his scissors on a ledge which Eppie's arm was long enough to reach; and now, like a small mouse, watching her opportunity, she stole quietly from her corner, secured the scissors,

and toddled to the bed again, setting up her back as a mode of concealing the fact. She had a distinct intention as to the use of the scissors; and having cut the linen strip in a jagged but effectual manner, in two moments she had run out at the open door where the sunshine was inviting her, while poor Silas believed her to be a better child than usual. It was not until he happened to need his scissors that the terrible fact burst upon him: Eppie had run out by herself—had perhaps fallen into the Stone-pit. Silas, shaken by the worst fear that could have befallen him, rushed out, calling "Eppie!" and ran eagerly about the uninclosed space, exploring the dry cavities into which she might have fallen, and then gazing with questioning dread at the smooth red surface of the water. The cold drops stood on his brow. How long had she been out? There was one hope—that she had crept through the stile and got into the fields, where he habitually took her to stroll. But the grass was high in the meadow, and there was no descrying her, if she were there, except by a close search that would be a trespass on Mr. Osgood's crop. Still, that misdemeanour must be committed; and poor Silas, after peering all round the hedgerows, traversed the grass, beginning with perturbed vision to see Eppie behind every group of red sorrel, and to see her moving always farther off as he approached. The meadow was searched in vain; and he got over the stile into the next field, looking with dying hope towards a small pond which was now reduced to its summer shallowness, so as to leave a wide margin of good adhesive mud. Here, however, sat Eppie, discoursing cheerfully to her own small boot, which she was using as a bucket to convey the water into a deep hoof-mark, while her little naked foot was planted comfortably on a cushion of olive-green mud. A red-headed calf was observing her with alarmed doubt through the opposite hedge.

Here was clearly a case of aberration in a christened child which demanded severe treatment; but Silas, overcome with convulsive joy at finding his treasure again, could do nothing but snatch her up, and cover her with half-sobbing kisses. It was not until he had carried her home, and had begun to think of the necessary washing, that he recollected the need that he should punish Eppie, and "make her remember." The idea that she might run away again and come to harm gave him unusual resolution, and for the first time he determined to try the coal-hole—a small closet near the hearth.

"Naughty, naughty Eppie," he suddenly began, holding her on his knee, and pointing to her muddy feet and clothes—"naughty to cut with the scissors and run away. Eppie must go into the coal-hole for being naughty. Daddy must put her in the coal-hole."

He half expected that this would be shock enough, and that Eppie would begin to cry. But instead of that, she began to shake herself on his knee, as if the proposition opened a pleasing novelty. Seeing that he must proceed to extremities, he put her into the coal-hole, and held the door closed, with a trembling sense that he was using a strong measure. For a moment there was silence, but then came a little cry, "Opy, opy!" and Silas let her out again, saying, "Now Eppie 'ull never be naughty again, else she must go in the coal-hole—a black naughty place."

The weaving must stand still a long while this morning, for now Eppie must be washed, and have clean clothes on; but it was to be hoped that this punishment would have a lasting effect, and save time in future—though, perhaps, it would have been better if Eppie had cried more.

In half an hour she was clean again, and Silas having turned his back to see what he could do with the linen band, threw it down again, with the reflection that Eppie would be good without fastening for the rest of the morning. He turned round again, and was going to place her in her little chair near the loom, when she peeped out at him with black face and hands again, and said, "Eppie in de toal-hole!"

This total failure of the coal-hole discipline shook Silas' belief in the efficacy of punishment. "She'd take it all for fun," he observed to Dolly, "if I didn't hurt her, and that I can't do, Mrs. Winthrop. If she makes me a bit o' trouble I can bear it. And she's got no tricks but what she'll grow out of."

"Well, that's partly true, Master Marner," said Dolly, sympathetically; "and if you can't bring your mind to frighten her off touching things, you must do what you can to keep 'em out of her way. That's what I do wi' the pups as the lads are allays a-rearing. They *will* worry and gnaw—worry and gnaw they will, if it was one's Sunday cap as hung anywhere so as they could drag it. They know no difference, God help 'em: it's the pushing o' the teeth as sets 'em on, that's what it is."

So Eppie was reared without punishment, the burden of her misdeeds being borne vicariously by father Silas. The stone hut was made a soft nest for her, lined with downy patience;

and also in the world that lay beyond the stone hut she knew nothing of frowns and denials.

Notwithstanding the difficulty of carrying her and his yarn or linen at the same time, Silas took her with him in most of his journeys to the farm-houses, unwilling to leave her behind at Dolly Winthrop's, who was always ready to take care of her; and little curly-headed Eppie, the weaver's child, became an object of interest at several outlying homesteads, as well as in the village. Hitherto he had been treated very much as if he had been a useful gnome or brownie—a queer and unaccountable creature, who must necessarily be looked at with wondering curiosity and repulsion, and with whom one would be glad to make all greetings and bargains as brief as possible, but who must be dealt with in a propitiatory way, and occasionally have a present of pork or garden-stuff to carry home with him, seeing that without him there was no getting the yarn woven. But now Silas met with open smiling faces and cheerful questioning, as a person whose satisfactions and difficulties could be understood. Everywhere he must sit a little and talk about the child, and words of interest were always ready for him: "Ah, Master Marner, you'll be lucky if she takes the measles soon and easy!"—or, "Why, there isn't many lone men 'ud ha' been wishing to take up with a little un like that: but I reckon the weaving makes you handier than men as do out-door work—you're partly as handy as a woman, for weaving comes next to spinning." Elderly masters and mistresses, seated observantly in large kitchen arm-chairs, shook their heads over the difficulties attendant on rearing children, felt Eppie's round arms and legs, and pronounced them remarkably firm, and told Silas that, if she turned out well (which, however, there was no telling), it would be a fine thing for him to have a steady lass to do for him when he got helpless. Servant-maidens were fond of carrying her out to look at the hens and chickens, or to see if any cherries could be shaken down in the orchard; and the small boys and girls approached her slowly, with cautious movement and steady gaze, like little dogs face to face with one of their own kind, till attraction had reached the point at which the soft lips were put out for a kiss. No child was afraid of approaching Silas when Eppie was near him: there was no repulsion around him now, either for young or old; for the little child had come to link him once more with the whole world. There was love between him and the child that blent them into one, and there was love between the child and the world—from men and women with parental looks and tones, to the red lady-birds and the round pebbles.

Silas began now to think of Raveloe life entirely in relation to Eppie: she must have everything that was a good in Raveloe; and he listened docilely, that he might come to understand better what this life was, from which, for fifteen years, he had stood aloof as from a strange thing, wherewith he could have no communion: as some man who has a precious plant to which he would give a nurturing home in a new soil, thinks of the rain, and the sunshine, and all influences, in relation to his nursling, and asks industriously for all knowledge that will help him to satisfy the wants of the searching roots, or to guard leaf and bud from invading harm. The disposition to hoard had been utterly crushed at the very first by the loss of his long-stored gold: the coins he earned afterwards seemed as irrelevant as stones brought to complete a house suddenly buried by an earthquake; the sense of bereavement was too heavy upon him for the old thrill of satisfaction to arise again at the touch of the newly-earned coin. And now something had come to replace his hoard which gave a growing purpose to the earnings, drawing his hope and joy continually onward beyond the money.

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction: a hand is put into theirs, which leads them forth gently towards a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.

VERSES.[1]

Unthinking, idle, wild and young,
I laugh'd, and talk'd, and danced, and sung:
And proud of health, of freedom vain,
Dream'd not of sorrow, care, or pain;
Concluding, in those hours of glee,
That all the world was made for me.

But when the days of trial came,
When sickness shook this trembling frame,
When folly's gay pursuits were o'er,
And I could dance and sing no more,
It then occurred how sad 'twould be,
Were this world only made for me.

[1] These sweet and simple lines are said to have been written by the Princess Amelia, daughter of George III.

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

[Thomas Moore, born in Dublin, 28th May, 1779, died 25th February, 1852. As a song-writer, Christopher North esteemed him as the best "that ever warbled, or chanted, or sung." But he also distinguished himself as a miscellaneous writer and as a biographer. He was a great favourite in private and public life, yet he was as severely condemned by many critics as any author who ever wrote. *Lalla Rookh* is his most important work,[1] and it is regarded as one of the most perfect series of pictures of eastern life, manners, and scenery, although the poet obtained all his knowledge of the East from the study of books of travel. One critic declared that reading *Lalla Rookh* was "as good as riding on the back of a camel." D. M. Moir in his *Sketches of Poetical Literature* says of it: "Its great charm consists in the romance of its situations and characters, the splendour of its diction and style, and the prodigal copiousness of its imagery." The following is one of the four poems of which *Lalla Rookh* is composed.]

One morn a PERI at the gate
Of Eden stood disconsolate;
And as she listen'd to the springs
  Of life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings,
  Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should ere have lost that glorious place.

"How happy," exclaim'd this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits that wander there,
  'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
  One blossom of heaven outblows them all!

"Though sunny the lake of cool CASHMERE,
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,[2]
  And sweetly the founts of that valley fall;
Though bright are the waters of SING-SU-HAY,
And the golden floods that thitherward stray,[3]
Yet—oh 'tis only the bless'd can say
  How the waters of Heaven outshine them all!

"Go wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
  As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years—
  One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious angel, who was keeping
The gates of light, beheld her weeping;
And as he nearer drew, and listened
To her sad song, a tear-drop glistened
Within his eyelids, like the spray
  From Eden's fountain when it lies
On the blue flower which—Bramins say—
  Blooms nowhere but in Paradise![4]

"Nymph of a fair, but erring line!"
Gently he said—"One hope is thine.
'Tis written in the book of fate,
  The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
  The gift that is most dear to Heaven!
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;—
'Tis sweet to let the pardon'd in!"

Rapidly as comets run
To the embraces of the sun;—
Fleeter than the starry brands,
Flung at night from angel hands[5]
At those dark and daring sp'rits
Who would climb the empyreal heights,
Down the blue vault the PERI flies,
  And lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
  Hung hovering o'er our world's expanse.

But whither shall the spirit go
To find this gift for heaven?—"I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of CHILMINAR;[6]
I know where the isles of perfume are,
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright ARABY;[7]
I know too where the Genii hid
The jewell'd cup of their king JAMSHID

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[1] Mr. Murray paid three thousand guineas for *Lalla Rookh*, and it is to the credit of the poet that he sent two-thirds of that sum to his parents. As another instance of the high prices Moore received for his work, it is mentioned that he received altogether for his Irish melodies £15,000—which is computed to be at the rate of six pounds per line!

[2] Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chenaur, from the plane-trees upon it.—*Forster.*

[3] "The Altan Kol or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-Hay, has abundance of gold in its sands, which employs the inhabitants all the summer in gathering it."—*Description of Tibet in Pinkerton.*

[4] "The Brahmins of this province insist that the blue Campac flowers only in Paradise."—*Sir W. Jones.*

[5] "The Mahometans suppose that falling-stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the empyreum or verge of the heavens."—*Fryer.*

[6] The Forty Pillars; so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace and the edifices at Balbec were built by Genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures which still remain there.—*D'Herbelot, Volney.*

[7] The Isles of Panchaia.

[8] "The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis."—*Richardson.*

With life's elixir sparkling high—
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of ALLA'S wonderful throne!
And the drops of life—oh! what would they be
In the boundless deep of Eternity?"

While thus she mused, her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet Indian land,
Whose air is balm; whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise!
But crimson now her rivers ran
With human blood—the smell of death
Came reeking from those spicy bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,
Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers!
Land of the sun! what foot invades
Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades,
Thy cavern shrines and idol stones,
Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones?
'Tis he of GAZNA,[1]—fierce in wrath
He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.
His blood-hounds he adorns with gems,
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and loved Sultana;[2]—
Maidens within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the PERI turns her gaze;
And, through the war-field's bloody haze,
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone, beside his native river,—
The red blade broken in his hand,
And the last arrow in his quiver.
"Live," said the conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"
Silent that youthful warrior stood—
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart
For answer to th' invader's heart.

False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The tyrant lived, the hero fell!—
Yet mark'd the PERI where he lay;
And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!
"Be this," she cried, as she winged her flight,
"My welcome gift at the gates of light;
Though foul are the drops that oft distil
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill
That sparkles among the bowers of bliss!
Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, an offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the brave,
Who die thus for their native land.
But see—alas!—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than even this drop the boon must be,
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee!"

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among AFRIC'S lunar mountains,[3]
Far to the south, the PERI lighted;
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide,—whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth,
Deep in those solitary woods
Whereof the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born giant's smile!
Thence over EGYPT'S palmy groves,
Her grots and sepulchres of kings,
The exiled Spirit sighing roves;
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm ROSETTA'S vale[4]—now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of MŒRIS' lake.[5]
'Twas a fair scene—a land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!
Who could have thought that saw this night
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in heaven's serenest light;—
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads,
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending,
Warns them to their silken beds;

[1] Mahmood of Gazna or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the 11th century.—*Malcolm.*

[2] "It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmoud was so magnificent, that he kept 400 gray-hounds and blood-hounds, each of which wore a collar set with jewels, and a covering edged with gold and pearls."—*Universal History*, vol. iii.

[3] "The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to arise."—*Bruce.*

[4] "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves."—*Sonnini.*

[5] Savary mentions the pelicans upon lake Mœris.

Those virgin lilies all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved sun's awake,—
Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream;
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Nought but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Nought seen but (when the shadows flitting,
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
Some purple-wing'd Sultana[1] sitting
Upon a column motionless,
And glittering like an idol bird!—
Who could have thought that there, even there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The demon of the plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red desert's sands of flame!
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape touch'd by his wing,
Like plants, where the Simoom hath pass'd,
At once falls black and withering!

The sun went down on many a brow,
Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now,
And ne'er will feel that sun again!
And oh! to see the unburied heaps
On which the lonely moonlight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fierce hyæna stalks[2]
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies—
Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of men!" said the pitying spirit,
"Dearly ye pay for your primal fall;
Some flow'rets of Eden ye still inherit,
But the trail of the serpent is over them all!"
She wept—the air grew pure and clear
Around her, as the bright drops ran,
For there's a magic in each tear
Such kindly spirits weep for man!
Just then beneath some orange trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
Close by the lake she heard the moan
Of one who at this silent hour,
Had thither stolen to die alone—

One who in life where'er he moved,
Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet, now, as though he ne'er were loved,
Dies here unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him—none to slake
The fire that in his bosom lies,
With even a sprinkle from that lake
Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, well known through many a day,
To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
Is still like distant music heard.
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
Shed joy around his soul in death—
That she, whom he for years had known,
And loved, and might have call'd his own,
Was safe from this foul midnight's breath;—
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain-falls,
Freshly perfumed by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see,—who yonder comes by stealth,
This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy sent by Health,
With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she—far off through moonlight dim
He knew his own betrothed bride,
She, who would rather die with him,
Than live to gain the world beside!—
Her arms are round her lover now,
His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
Ah! once how little did he think
An hour would come, when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
Those gentle arms that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields—now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffer'd lips alone—
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unask'd or without shame.
"O let me only breathe the air,
The blessed air that's breathed by thee,
And whether on its wings it bear
Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
There,—drink my tears, while yet they fall.—
Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
And well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
To give thy brow one minute's calm:

[1] Sonnini describes this beautiful bird.

[2] This circumstance has been introduced into poetry;—by Vincentius Fabricius, by Darwin, and lately, with very powerful effect, by Mr. Wilson.

Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
The one, the chosen one, whose place
In life or death is by thy side!
Think'st thou that she, whose only light
In this dim world from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
That must be hers, when thou art gone?
That I can live, and let thee go,
Who art my life itself?—No, no—
When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too.
Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before like thee I fade and burn;
Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
The last pure life that lingers there."
She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern-damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes:
One struggle,—and his pain is past.—
Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss the maiden gives, one last,
Long kiss, which she expires in giving.

"Sleep!" said the PERI, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
"Sleep on, in visions of odour rest,
In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
Th' enchanted pile of that lonely bird,
Who sings at the last his own death lay,[1]
And in music and perfume dies away!"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath, and shed
Such lustre o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seem'd
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in odour sleeping;—
While that benevolent PERI beam'd
Like their good angel calmly keeping
Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken!

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the PERI soars above,
Bearing to Heaven that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave that offering in,
And she already hears the trees
Of Eden with their crystal bells,
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the throne of ALLA swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake
Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take!

But ah! even Peri's hopes are vain—
Again the fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier closed—"Not yet,"
The Angel said, as, with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
"True was the maiden, and her story,
Written in light o'er ALLA'S head,
By seraph eyes shall long be read.
But, PERI, see—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than even this sigh the boon must be
That opes the gates of Heaven for thee."

Now, upon SYRIA'S land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted LEBANON;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

To one who look'd from upper air
O'er all the enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the sparkling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sunlight falls;—
Gay lizards glittering on the walls[2]
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright
As they were all alive with light;
And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made
Of tearless rainbows, such as span
The unclouded skies of PERISTAN!
And then the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of PALESTINE,
Banqueting through the flowery vales,—
And, JORDAN, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales!

But nought can charm the luckless PERI;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great temple once his own,[3]

[1] "In the East, they suppose the Phœnix to have fifty orifices in his bill, which are continued to his tail; and that, after living one thousand years, he builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies through his fifty organ-pipes, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself."—*Richardson.*

[2] Vide Bruce's *Travels.*

[3] The Temple of the Sun at Balbec.

Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
  Flinging their shadows from on high
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
  Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
  Beneath those chambers of the sun,
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
  With the great name of SOLOMON,
  Which, spell'd by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm that can restore so soon,
  An erring Spirit to the skies!
Cheer'd by this hope she bends her thither;—
  Still laughs the radiant eye of Heaven,
  Nor have the golden bowers of Even
In the rich West begun to wither;—
When o'er the vale of BALBEC winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
  As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies[1]
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems:—
And, near the boy, who, tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
  From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
  Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
  To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath day-beam burn'd
  Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire!
In which the PERI'S eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests!—there written, all
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing angel's pen,
Ere mercy weeps them out again!

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Soften'd his spirit), look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play:—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
  Met that unclouded, joyous gaze,
As torches that have burn'd all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
  Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper-call to prayer,
  As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
  From SYRIA'S thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
  Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
  From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh 'twas a sight—that Heaven—that Child—
A scene, which might have well beguil'd
Even haughty EBLIS of a sigh,
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace!
"There *was* a time," he said in mild
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
When young and haply pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now"—
He hung his head—each nobler aim
  And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood hour, that instant came
  Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Bless'd tears of soul-felt penitence,
  In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
  Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There is a drop," said the PERI, "that down
  from the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon EGYPT'S land,[2] of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that even in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies!—
Oh! is it not thus, thou man of sin,
  The precious tears of repentance fall!
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
  One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"
And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through Heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

[1] Vide Sonnini.

[2] The Nucta, or Miraculous Drop, which falls in Egypt precisely on St. John's day, in June, and is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek,
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash or meteor beam—
But well the enraptured PERI knew
'Twas a bright smile the Angel threw
From Heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The gates are pass'd, and heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of SHADUKIAM[1]
And the fragrant bowers of AMBERABAD!

"Farewell, ye odours of earth, that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh;—
My feast is now of the Tooba tree,[2]
Whose scent is the breath of eternity!

"Farewell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown
To the lote-tree, springing by ALLA'S throne,[3]
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!
Joy, joy for ever! my task is done—
The gates are pass'd, and heaven is won!"

GRAPES OR THORNS.

We must not hope to be mowers,
And to gather the ripe gold ears,
Until we have first been sowers,
And watered the furrows with tears;

It is not just as we take it—
This mystical world of ours;
Life's field will yield, as we make it,
A harvest of thorns or flowers.

ALICE CARY.

[1] The Country of Delight—the name of a province in the kingdom of Jinnistan, or Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

[2] The tree Tooba, that stands in Paradise, in the palace of Mahomet. See *Sale's Prelim. Disc.*—Touba, says *D'Herbelot*, signifies beatitude, or eternal happiness.

[3] Mahomet is described, in the 53d Chapter of the Koran, as having seen the angel Gabriel "by the lote-tree, beyond which there is no passing: near it is the Garden of Eternal Abode." This tree, say the commentators, stands in the seventh Heaven, on the right hand of the Throne of God.

THE DYING WIFE TO HER HUSBAND AND CHILDREN.

[PROPERTIUS, the famous elegiac poet was born about B. C. 50, and died B. C. 15. His style, which was in part modelled on that of the Roman Callimachus, was somewhat burdened by his erudition. The following beautiful lines show a tender appreciation of wedded love:]

Be careful if thou e'er for me shalt weep,
That they may never mark the tears thou shed:
Let it suffice thyself to mourn in sleep
The wife whose spirit hovers o'er thy bed:

Or in thy chamber, if thou wilt, aloud
Address that wife as if she could reply:
Dim not our children's joys with sorrow's cloud,
But dry the tear, and check the rising sigh!

You, too, my children, at your father's side
In after years a step-dame if you see,
Let no rash word offend her jealous pride,
Nor indiscreetly wound by praising me.

Obey his will in all: and should he bear
In widowed solitude the ills of age,
Let it be yours to prop his steps with care,
And with your gentle love those woes assuage.

I lost no child; 'twas mine in death to see
Their faces clustered round: nor should I grieve
If but the span of life cut off from me
Could swell the years in store for those I leave.

LOVE'S DEVOTION.

[ALBIUS TIBULLUS, elegiac poet, born about B. C. 54, died B. C. 18. The elegiac style of poetry, introduced among the Romans by Catullus, received its perfection of finish at the hands of Tibullus, whose poems, the chronicle of his life, are almost equally divided between praise of the country, commemoration of festivals, and the praises and reproaches poured out to his mistresses.]

How sweet to lie and hear the wild winds roar,
While to our breast the one beloved we strain;
Or, when the cold South's sleety torrents pour,
To sleep secure, lulled by the plashing rain!

This lot be mine: let him be rich, 'tis fair,
Who braves the wrathful sea and tempest drear;
Oh, rather perish gold and gems, than e'er
One fair one for my absence shed a tear!

Dauntless, Messala, scour the earth and main
To deck thy home with warfare spoils—'tis well;
Me here a lovely maiden's charms enchain,
At her hard door a sleepless sentinel.

Delia, I court not praise, if mine thou be;
Let men cry lout and clown—I'll bear the brand:
In my last moments let me gaze on thee,
And dying clasp thee with my faltering hand.

THE PRISON OF LA FORCE IN 1839.

[MARIE JOSEPH EUGENE SUE, born at Paris 1804, died 1857, is best known by his novels, "*The Mysteries of Paris*" and "*The Wandering Jew.*" From the latter we extract.]

Let us enter La Force. There is nothing sombre or repulsive in the aspect of this house of incarceration in the Rue du Roi de Sicile, in the Marcus. In the centre of one of the firsf courts there are some clumps of trees, thickened with shrubs, at the roots of which there are already, here and there, the green, precocious shoots of primroses and snowdrops. A raised ascent, surmounted by a porch covered with trellis work, in which knotty stalks of the vine entwine, leads to one of the seven or eight walks assigned to the prisoners. The vast buildings which surround these courts very much resemble those of a barrack or manufactory kept with exceeding care. There are lofty facades of white stone pierced with high and large windows, which admit of the free circulation of pure air. The stones and pavement of the enclosures are kept excessively clean. On the ground floor, the large apartments, warmed during the winter, are kept well ventilated during the summer, and are used during the day as places of conversation, work, or for the meals of the prisoners. The upper stories are used as immense dormitories, ten or twelve feet high, with dry and shining floors; two rows of iron beds are there arranged and excellent bedding it is,—consisting of a palliasse, a soft and thick mattress, a bolster, white linen sheets, and a warm woolen blanket. At the sight of these establishments, comprising all the requisites for comfort and health, we are much surprised in spite of ourselves, being accustomed to suppose that prisons are miserable, dirty, unwholesome, and dark. This is a mistake. It is such dog-holes as that occupied by Morel the lapidary, and in which so many poor and honest workmen languish in exhaustion, compelled to give up their truckle bed to a sick wife and to leave, with hopeless despair, their wretched, famishing children, shuddering with cold in their infected straw that is miserable, dark, dirty, and pestilent! The same contrast holds with regard to the physiognomy of the inhabitants of these two abodes. Incessantly occupied with the wants of their family, which they can scarcely supply from day to day, seeing a destructive competition lessen their wages, the laborious artisans become dejected, dispirited: the hour of rest does not sound for them, and a kind of somnolent lassitude alone breaks in upon their over-tasked labour. Then, on awakening from this painful lethargy, they find themselves face to face with the same overwhelming thoughts of the present and the same uneasiness for the future. But the prisoner, indifferent to the past, happy with the life he leads, certain of the future (for he can assure it by an offence or a crime), regretting his liberty, doubtless, but finding much compensation in the actual enjoyment, certain of taking with him when he quits prison a considerable sum of money, gained by easy and moderate labour, esteemed, or rather dreaded by his companions, in proportion to his depravity and perversity, the prisoner, on the contrary, will always be gay and careless. Again we ask, what does he want? Does he not find in prison good shelter, good bed, good food, high wages, easy work, and, especially, society of his choice,—a society, we repeat, which measures his consideration by the magnitude of his crimes? A hardened convict knows neither misery, hunger, nor cold. What is to him the horror he inspires honest persons withal? He does not see, does not know them. His crimes make his glory, his influence his strength, with the ruffians in the midst of whom he will henceforward pass his life. Why should he fear shame? Instead of the serious and charitable remonstrances which might compel him to blush for and repent the past, he hears the ferocious applauses which encourage him to theft and murder. Scarcely imprisoned, he plans fresh crimes. What can be more logical, when he finds in the repose, the bodily supplies of a prison, and his joyous and daring associates in crime and debauchery, so many rewards of a vicious career? If his experience in crimes be less than that of others, does he not for that evince the less remorse? it follows that he is exposed to brutal scoffing, infernal taunts and horrible threats. And—a thing so rare that it has become the exception to the rule—if the prisoner leave this pandemonium with the firm resolution to return to the paths of honesty by excessive labour, courage, patience and honesty, and has been able to conceal the infamy of his past career, the meeting with one of his old comrades in gaol is sufficient to overturn this

good intention for the restoration of his character, so painfully struggled for. And in this way: a hardened, discharged convict proposes a job to a repentant comrade; the latter, in spite of bitter menaces, refuses this criminal association, forthwith an anonymous information reveals the life of the unfortunate fellow who was desirous, at every sacrifice, of concealing and expiating a first fault by honourable behaviour. Then exposed to the contempt, or at least, the distrust, of those whose good will he had acquired by dint of industry and probity, this man, reduced to distress, and urged by want, yielding at length to incessant temptations, although nearly restored to society, will again fall, and for ever, into the depths of that abyss whence he had escaped with such difficulty. In the following scenes we shall endeavour to demonstrate the monstrous and inevitable consequences of confinement in masses. After ages of barbarous experiments and pernicious hesitations, it seemed suddenly understood how irrational it is to plunge into an atmosphere of deepest vice persons whom a pure and salubrious air could alone save. How many centuries to discover that in placing in dense contact diseased beings, we redouble the intensity of their malignity, which is thus rendered incurable! How many centuries to discover that there is, in a word, but one remedy for this overwhelming leprosy which threatens society—Isolation! We should esteem ourselves happy if our feeble voice could be, if not relied upon, at least spread amongst all those which, more imposing, more eloquent than our own, demand with such just and impatient urgency, the entire and unqualified application of the cell system. One day perchance, society will know that wickedness is an accidental, not an organic malady, that crimes are mostly the results of perverted instincts, impulses, still good in their essence, but falsified, rendered evil, by ignorance, egotism, or by the carelessness of governments; and that the health of the soul, like that of the body, is unquestionably kept subordinate to the laws of a healthy and preserving system of control. God bestows on all passions that strive for predominance strong appetites, the desire to be at ease, and it is for society to balance and satisfy these wants. The man who only participates in strength, good will, and health, has a right—a sovereign right—to have his labours justly remunerated, in a way that shall assure to him not the superfluities but the necessaries of life—the means of continuing healthy and strong, active and industrious—and consequently, honest and good, because his condition is rendered happy. The gloomy regions of misery and ignorance are peopled with morbid beings with withered hearts. Purify those moral sewers, spread instruction, the inducement to labour, fair wages, just rewards, and then these unhealthy faces, these perishing flames, will be restored to virtue which is the health, the life and the soul.

EUGENE SUE.

CITIZENS RETURNING FROM THE COUNTRY.

FROM RURAL ESSAYS.

Perhaps the foundation of all the miscalculations that arise, as to expenditure in forming a country residence, is, that citizens are in the habit of thinking every thing in the country *cheap*. Land in the town is sold by the foot, in the country by the acre. The price of a good house in town is, perhaps, three times the cost of one of the best farms in the country. The town buys every thing: the country raises every thing. To live on your own estate, be it one acre or a thousand, to have your own milk, butter and eggs, to raise your own chickens and gather your own strawberries, with nature to keep the account instead of your grocer and market-woman, that is something like a rational life: and more than rational, it must be cheap. So argues the citizen about retiring, not only to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*, but to make a thousand dollars of his income, produce him more of the comforts of life than two thousand did before.

Well; he goes into the country. He buys a farm (run down with poor tenants and bad tillage). He builds a new house, with his own ignorance instead of architect and master-builder, and is cheated roundly by those who take advantage of this masterly ignorance in the matter of bricks and mortar; or he repairs an old house at the full cost of a new one, and has an unsatisfactory dwelling for ever afterwards. He undertakes light farming, and knowing nothing of the practical economy of husbandry,

every bushel of corn that he raises costs him the price of a bushel and a half in the market. Used in town to a neat and orderly condition of his premises, he is disgusted with old tottering fences, half drained fields and worn-out pastures, and employs all the laboring force of the neighborhood to put his grounds in good order.

Now there is no objection to all this for its own sake. On the contrary, good buildings, good fences, and rich pasture fields are what especially delight us in the country. What is the reason that, as the country place gets to wear a smiling aspect, its citizen owner begins to look serious and unhappy? Why is it that country life does not satisfy and content him? Is the *country*, which all the poets and philosophers have celebrated as the Arcadia of this world,—is the country treacherous? Is nature a cheat, and do seed-time and harvest conspire against the peace of mind of the retired citizen?

Alas! It is a matter of *money*. Every thing seems to be a matter of money now-a-days. The country life of the old world, of its poets and romances, is cheap. The country life of our republic is *dear*. It is for the good of the many that labor should be high, and it is high labor that makes country life heavy and oppressive to such men—only because it shows a balance, increasing year after year, on the wrong side of the ledger. Here is the source of all the trouble and dissatisfaction in what may be called the country life of gentlemen amateurs, or citizens, in this country—"it don't pay." Land is cheap, nature is beautiful, the country is healthy, and all these conspire to draw our well-to-do citizen into the country. But labor is dear, experience is dearer, and a series of experiments in unprofitable crops the dearest of all; and our citizen friend, himself, as we have said, is in the situation of a man who has set out on a delightful voyage, on a smooth sea, and with a cheerful ship's company; but who discovers, also, that the ship has sprung a leak—not large enough to make it necessary to call all hands to the pump—not large enough perhaps to attract any body's attention but his own, but quite certain that he must leave her or be swamped—and quite large enough to make his voyage a serious piece of business.

Every thing which a citizen does in this country, costs him an incredible sum. In Europe (heaven save the masses), you may have the best of laboring men for twenty or thirty cents a day. Here you must pay them a dollar, at least our amateur must, though the farmers contrive to get their labor for eight or ten dollars a month and board. The citizen's home once built, he looks upon all heavy expenditures as over; but how many hundreds—perhaps thousands has he not paid for out-buildings, for fences, for roads, &c. Cutting down yonder hill, which made an ugly blotch in the view,—it looked like a trifling task; yet there were five hundred dollars swept clean out of his bank account, and there seems almost nothing to show for it. You would not believe now that a hill ever stood there—or at least that nature had not arranged it all (as you feel she ought to have done), just as you see it. Your favorite cattle and horses have died, and the flock of sheep have been sadly diminished by the dogs, all to be replaced—and a careful account of the men's time, labor and manure on the grain fields, show that for some reason you cannot understand, the crop—which is a fair one, has actually cost you a trifle more than it is worth in a good market.

To cut a long story short, the larger part of our citizens who retire upon a farm to make it a country residence, are not aware of the fact, that capital cannot be profitably employed on land in the Atlantic States *without a thorough practical knowledge of farming*. A close and systematic economy, upon a good soil, may enable, and does some gentlemen farmers that we could name, to make a good profit out of their land—but citizens who launch boldly into farming, hiring farm laborers at high prices, and trusting operations of others that should be managed under the master's eye—are very likely to find their farms a sinking fund that will drive them back into business again.

To be happy in any business or occupation (and country life on a farm is a matter of business), we must have some kind of *success* in it; and there is no success without profit, and no profit without practical knowledge of farming.

The lesson that we would deduce from these reflections is this; that no mere amateur should buy a large farm for a country residence, with the expectation of finding pleasure and profit in it for the rest of his life, unless, like some citizens that we have known—rare exceptions—they have a genius for all manner of business, and can master the whole of farming, as they would

learn a running hand in six easy lessons. Farming in the older States, where the natural wealth of the soil has been exhausted, is *not* a profitable business for amateurs—but quite the reverse. And a citizen who has a sufficient income without farming, had better not damage it by engaging in so expensive an amusement.

"But we must have something to do; we have been busy near all our lives, and cannot retire into the country to fold our hands and sit in the sunshine and be idle." Precisely so. But you need not therefore ruin yourself on a large farm. Do not be ambitious of being great landed proprietors. Assume that you need occupation and interest, and buy a small piece of ground—a few acres only—as *few* as you please—but without any regard for profit. Leave that to those who have learned of farming in a more practical school. You think, perhaps, that you can find nothing to do on a few acres of ground. But that is the greatest of mistakes. A half a dozen acres, the capacities of which are fully developed, will give you more pleasure than five hundred poorly cultivated. And the advantage for you is, that you can upon your few acres, spend just as little or just as much as you please. If you wish to be prudent, lay out your little estate in a simple way, with grass and trees, and a few walks, and a single man to take care of it. If you wish to indulge your taste, you may fill it with shrubberies, arboretums, and conservatories, and flower-gardens, till every tree and plant and fruit in the whole vegetable kingdom, of really superior beauty and interest, is in your collection. Or, if you wish to turn a penny, you will find it easier to take up certain fruits or plants and grow them to high perfection so as to command a profit in the market than you will to manage the various operations of a large farm. We could point to ten acres of ground from which a larger income has been produced than from any farm of five hundred acres in the country. Gardening, too, offers more variety of interest to a citizen than farming; its operations are less rude and toilsome, and its pleasures more immediate and refined. Citizens, ignorant of farming, should therefore, buy small places, rather than large ones, if they wish to consult their own true interest and happiness.

But some of our readers, who have tried the thing, may say that it is a very expensive thing to settle oneself and get well established, even on a small place in the country. And so it is, if we proceed upon the fallacy, as we have said, that every thing in the *country* is cheap. Labor is dear; it costs you dearly to-day, and it will cost you dearly to-morrow and the next year. Therefore, in selecting a site for a home in the country, always remember to choose a site where nature has done as much as possible for you. Don't say to yourself as many have done before you—"Oh! I want occupation, and I rather like the new place—raw and naked though it may be. *I will create a paradise for myself.* I will cut down yonder hill that intercepts the view, I will level and slope more gracefully yonder rude bank, I will terrace this rapid descent, I will make a lake in yonder hollow." Yes, all this you may do for occupation, and find it very delightful occupation too, if you have the income of Mr. Astor. Otherwise, after you have spent thousands in creating your paradise, and chance to go to some friend who has bought all the graceful undulations, and sloping lawns, and sheets of water, natural, ready made— as they may be bought in thousands of purely natural places in America, for a few hundred dollars, it will give you a species of pleasure-ground-dyspepsia to see how foolishly you have wasted your money, and this, more especially, when you find, as the possessor of the most finished place in America finds, that he has no want of occupation, and that far from being finished, he has only begun to elicit the highest beauty, keeping and completeness of which his place is capable.

ANDREW JACKSON DOWNING.

LETTER FROM SCARRON IN THE NEXT WORLD TO LOUIS XIV.

[TOM BROWN appeared as an author about 1688. He was a "merry fellow" and libertine, who, having by his immoral conduct lost the situation of schoolmaster at Kingston-upon-Thames, became a professional author and libeller in the metropolis. His writings, which consist of dialogues, letters, poems, and other miscellanies, display considerable learning as well as shrewdness and humour, but are deformed by obscene and scurrilous buffoonery]

All the conversation of this lower world at present runs upon you; and the devil a word we can hear in any of our coffee-houses but what his Gallic majesty is more or less concerned in. 'Tis agreed on by all our

virtuosos, that since the days of Dioclesian, no prince has been so great a benefactor to hell as yourself; and as much a master of eloquence as I was once thought to be at Paris, I want words to tell you how much you are commended here for so heroically trampling under foot the treaty of Ryswick (1697), and opening a new scene of war in your great climacteric, at which age most of the princes before you were such recreants as to think of making up their scores with Heaven, and leaving their neighbours in peace. But you, they say, are above such sordid precedents: and rather than Pluto should want men to people his dominions, are willing to spare him half a million of your own subjects, and that at a juncture, too, when you are not overstocked with them.

This has gained you universal applause in these regions; the three Furies sing your praises in every street; Bellona swears there's never a prince in Christendom worth hanging besides yourself; and Charon bustles for you in all companies. He desired me about a week ago to present his most humble respects to you; adding that if it had not been for your majesty he, with his wife and children, must long ago been quartered upon the parish; for which reason he duly drinks your health every morning in a cup of cold Styx next his conscience.

Last week, as I was sitting with some of my acquaintance in a public-house, after a great deal of impertinent chat about the affairs of the Milanese and the intended siege of Mantua, the whole company fell a talking of your majesty, and what glorious exploits you had performed in your time. "Why, gentlemen,' says an ill-looked rascal, who proved to be Herostratus, "for Pluto's sake, let not the Grand Monarch run away with all your praises. I have done something memorable in my time too: 'twas I who, out of the *gaieté de cœur*, and to perpetuate my name, fired the famous temple of the Ephesian Diana, and in two hours consumed that magnificent structure, which was two hundred years a-building; therefore, gentlemen, lavish not away all your praises, I beseech you, upon one man, but allow others their share." "Why, thou diminutive, inconsiderable wretch," said I in a great passion to him—"thou worthless idle loggerhead—thou pigmy in sin—thou Tom Thumb in iniquity, how dares such a puny insect as thou art have the impudence to enter the list with Louis le Grand? Thou valuest thyself upon firing a church, but how? when the mistress of the house was gone out to assist Olympias. 'Tis plain, thou hadst not the courage to do it when the goddess was present, and upon the spot. But what is this to what my royal master can boast of, that had destroyed a hundred and a hundred such foolish fabrics in his time?"

He had no sooner made his exit, but, cries an odd sort of spark, with his hat buttoned up before, like a country scraper: "Under favour, sir, what do you think of me?" "Why, who are you?" replied I to him. "Who am I?" answered he; "Why, Nero, the sixth emperor of Rome, that murdered my"——"Come," said I to him, "to stop your prating, I know your history as well as yourself—that murdered your mother, kicked your wife down stairs, despatched two apostles out of the world, begun the first persecution against the Christians, and, lastly, put your master Seneca to death." [These actions are made light of, and the sarcastic shade proceeds]—"Whereas, his most Christian majesty, whose advocate I am resolved to be against all opposers whatever, has bravely and generously starved a million of poor Huguenots at home, and sent t'other million of them a-grazing into foreign countries, contrary to solemn edicts and repeated promises, for no other provocation, that I know of, but because they were such coxcombs as to place him upon the throne. In short, friend Nero, thou mayst pass for a rogue of the third or fourth class; but be advised by a stranger, and never shew thyself such a fool as to dispute the pre-eminence with Louis le Grand, who has murdered more men in his reign, let me tell thee, than thou hast murdered tunes, for all thou art the vilest thrummer upon catgut the sun ever beheld. However, to give the devil his due, I will say it before thy face and behind thy back, that if thou hadst reigned as many years as my gracious master has done, and hadst had, instead of Tigellinus, a Jesuit or two to have governed thy conscience, thou mightest, in all probability, have made a much more magnificent figure, and been inferior to none but the mighty monarch I have been talking of.'

Tom Brown.

EVIL SPEAKING.

1. He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one that he speaks against; for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language.

2. A gallant man is above ill words. An example we have in the old lord of Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone had called some lord about court, fool; the lord complained, and has Stone whipped; Stone cries: "I might have called my lord of Salisbury fool often enough, before he would have had me whipped."

3. Speak not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better if you chance to fall into his hands. The Spaniard did this when he was dying; his confessor told him, to work him to repentance, how the devil tormented the wicked that went to hell; the Spaniard replying, called the devil, my lord: "I hope my lord the devil is not so cruel." His confessor reproved him. "Excuse me," said the Don, "for calling him so; I know not into what hands I may fall; and if I happen into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words."

JOHN SELDEN'S "*Table Talk.*"

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE LIFE.

As there are few controversies more important, so there are not many that have been more curiously and warmly disputed than the question, whether a public or private life is preferable? But perhaps this may be much the nature of the other question, whether a married life or single ought rather to be chosen? that being best determinable by the circumstances of particular cases. For though, indefinitely speaking, one of the two may have advantages above the other, yet they are not so great but that special circumstances may make either of them more eligible to particular persons. They that find themselves furnished with abilities to serve their generation in a public capacity, and virtue great enough to resist the temptation to which such a condition is usually exposed, may not only be allowed to embrace such an employment, but obliged to seek it. But he whose parts are too mean to qualify him to govern others, and perhaps to enable him to govern himself or manage his own private concerns, or whose graces are so weak, that it is less to his virtues, or to his ability of resisting, than to his care of shunning the occasions of sin, that he owes his escaping the guilt of it, had better deny himself some opportunities of good, than expose himself to probable temptations. For there is such a kind of difference betwixt virtue shaded by a private and shining forth in a public life, as there is betwixt a candle carried aloft in the open air, and enclosed in a lanthorn; in the former place, it gives more light, but in the latter, it is in less danger of being blown out.

JOHN RAY.

INDUSTRY.

[From "*An Essay Towards Preventing the Ruin of Great Britain,*" written soon after the affair of the South-sea Scheme.]

Industry is the natural sure way to wealth; this is so true, that it is impossible an industrious free people should want the necessaries and comforts of life, or an idle enjoy them under any form of government. Money is so far useful to the public, as it promoteth industry, and credit having the same effect, is of the same value with money; but money or credit circulating through a nation from hand to hand, without producing labour and industry in the inhabitants, is direct gaming.

It is not impossible for cunning men to make such plausible schemes, as may draw those who are less skillful into their own and the public ruin. But surely there is no man of sense and honesty but must see and own, whether he understands the game or not, that it is an evident folly for any people, instead of prosecuting the old honest methods of industry and frugality, to sit down to a public-gaming-table and play off their money one to another.

The more methods there are in a state for acquiring riches without industry or merit, the less there will be of either in that state: this is as evident as the ruin that attends it. Besides, when money is shifted from hand to hand in such a blind fortuitous manner, that some men shall from nothing acquire in an instant vast estates, without the least

desert; while others are as suddenly stripped of plentiful fortunes, and left on the parish by their own avarice and credulity, what can be hoped for on the one hand, but abandoned luxury and wantonness, on the other but extreme madness and despair?

In short, all projects for growing rich by sudden and extraordinary methods, as they operate violently on the passions of men, and encourage them to despise the slow moderate gains that are to be made by an honest industry, must be ruinous to the public, and even the winners themselves will at length be involved in the public ruin.

God grant the time be not near when men shall say: "This island was once inhabited by a religious, brave, sincere people, of plain uncorrupt manners, respecting inbred worth rather than titles and appearances, assertors of liberty, lovers of their country, jealous of their own rights, and unwilling to infringe the rights of others; improvers of learning and useful arts, enemies to luxury, tender of other men's lives, and prodigal of their own; inferior in nothing to the old Greeks or Romans, and superior to each of those people in the perfections of the other. Such were our ancestors during their rise and greatness; but they degenerated, grew servile flatterers of men in power, adopted Epicurean notions, became venal, corrupt, injurious, which drew upon them the hatred of God and man, and occasioned their final ruin.

BISHOP BERKELEY.

THE OBJECTORS TO SCIENTIFIC INQUIRY.

[PROFESSOR HUXLEY is a native of Ealing in Middlesex, born in 1825. He studied medicine in the Medical School of Charing-Cross Hospital; and in 1846 entered the medical service of the royal navy. He is now Professor of Anatomy in the Royal College of Surgeons, and Fullerian Professor of Physiology in the Royal Institution. He is a Vice-president of the Zoological and the Geological Societies, &c.]

There are in the world a number of extremely worthy, well-meaning persons, whose judgments and opinions are entitled to the utmost respect on account of their sincerity, who are of opinion that vital phenomena, and especially all questions relating to the origin of vital phenomena, are questions quite apart from the ordinary run of inquiry, and are, by their very nature, placed out of our reach. They say that all these phenomena originated miraculously, or in some way totally different from the ordinary course of nature, and that therefore they conceive it to be futile, not to say presumptuous, to attempt to inquire into them.

To such sincere and earnest persons I would only say, that a question of this kind is not to be shelved upon theoretic or speculative grounds. You may remember the story of the Sophist who demonstrated to Diogenes in the most complete and satisfactory manner, that he could not walk; that, in fact, all motion was an impossibility; and that Diogenes refuted him by simply getting up and walking round his tub. So, in the same way, the man of science replies to objections of this kind, by simply getting up and walking onward, and shewing what science has done and is doing—by pointing to the immense mass of facts which have been ascertained and systematised under the forms of the great doctrines of Morphology, of Development, of Distribution, and the like. He sees an enormous mass of facts and laws relating to organic beings, which stand on the same good sound foundation as every other natural law. With this mass of facts and laws before us, therefore, seeing that, as far as organic matters have hitherto been accessible and studied, they have shown themselves capable of yielding to scientific investigation, we may accept this as a proof that order and law reign there as well as the rest of nature. The man of science says nothing to objectors of this sort but supposes that we can and shall walk to a knowledge of organic nature, in the same way that we have walked to a knowledge of the laws and principles of the inorganic world.

But there are objectors who say the same from ignorance and ill-will. To such I would reply that the objection comes ill from them, and that the real presumption—I may almost say, the real blasphemy—in this matter, is in the attempt to limit that inquiry into the causes of phenomena, which is the source of all human blessings, and from which has sprung all human prosperity and progress; for, after all, we can accomplish comparatively little. The limit range of our own faculties bounds us on every side—the field of our powers of observation is small enough, and he who endeavours to narrow the sphere of our inquiries is only pursuing a course that is likely to produce the greatest harm to his fellow-men. . . .

FREEDOM OF INQUIRY.

[JOHN TYNDALL, a native of Ireland, was born about the year 1820, and is Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institute in London. He has published: "*Mountaineering*, 1861" "*A Vacation Tour*, 1862;" "*Heat considered as a Mode of Motion*, 1863;" "*One Radiation*, 1865;" "*Sound, a Course of Eight Lectures*, 1867;" "*Faraday, as a Discoverer*, 1868;" *Natural Philosophy in Easy Lessons*, 1869;" "*Essays on the Imagination in Science*, 1870;" "*Fragments in Science for Unscientific People*, 1871;" "*Hours of Exercise in the Alps*, 1871," &c. Professor Tyndall is an enthusiastic climber and admirer of Alpine scenery, "a remarkable example," it has been said, "of combined cerebral and muscular activity." He has done much to popularise science as a lecturer at the Royal Institution, besides being distinguished for original research, Like Mr. Huxley, he has stood forward as an advocate for free and unrestricted research into all the recesses of mind and matter; but has indignantly repudiated the creed of atheism which has been lightly attributed to him.]

It is not to the point to say that the views of Lucretius and Bruno, of Darwin and Spencer, may be wrong. Here I should agree with you, deeming it indeed certain that these views will undergo modification. But the point is, that whether right or wrong, we claim the right to discuss them. For science, however, no exclusive claim is here made; you are not urged to erect it into an idol. The inexorable advance of man's understanding in the path of knowledge, and those unquenchable claims of his moral and emotional nature which the understanding can never satisfy, are here equally set forth. The world embraces not only a Newton, but a Shakespeare—not only a Boyle, but a Raphael—not only a Kant, but a Beethoven—not only a Darwin, but a Carlyle. Not in each of these, but in all, is human nature whole. They are not opposed, but supplementary — not only mutually exclusive, but reconcilable. And if, unsatisfied with them all, the human mind, with the yearning of a pilgrim for his distant home, will still turn to the mystery from which it has emerged, seeking to fashion it as to give unity to thought and faith; so long as this is done, not only without intolerance or bigotry of any kind, but with the enlightened recognition that ultimate fixity of conception is here unattainable, and that each succeeding age must be held free to fashion the mystery in accordance with its own needs—then, casting aside all the restrictions of materialism, I would affirm this to be a field for the noblest exercise of what, in contrast with the *knowing* faculties, may be called the *creative* faculties of man. Here, however, I touch a theme too great for me to handle, but which will assuredly be handled by the loftiest minds when you and I, like streaks of morning cloud, shall have been melted into the infinite azure of the past.

MARY'S DREAM.

[JOHN LOWE (1750–1798), a student of divinity, son of the gardener at Kenmore in Galloway, was author of the fine pathetic lyric, "*Mary's Dream*," which he wrote on the death of a gentleman named Miller, a surgeon at sea, who was attached to a Miss M'Ghie, Airds. The poet was tutor in the family of the lady's father, and was betrothed to her sister. He emigrated to America, however, where he made an unhappy marriage, became dissipated, and died in great misery near Fredericksburgh, Va.]

The moon had climbed the highest hill
Which rises o'er the source of Dee,
And from the eastern summit shed
Her silver light on tower and tree;
When Mary laid her down to sleep,
Her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
When, soft and low, a voice was heard,
Saying: "Mary, weep no more for me!"

She from her pillow gently raised
Her head, to ask who there might be,
And saw young Sandy shivering stand,
With visage pale, and hollow ee.
"O Mary dear, cold is my clay;
It lies beneath a stormy sea.
Far, far from thee I sleep in death;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

"Three stormy nights and stormy days
We tossed upon the raging main;
And long we strove our bark to save,
But all our striving was in vain.
Even then, when horror chilled my blood,
My heart was filled with love for thee:
The storm is past, and I at rest;
So, Mary, weep no more for me!

"O maiden dear, thyself prepare;
We soon shall meet upon that shore,
Where love is free from doubt and care,
And thou and I shall part no more!"
Loud crowed the cock, the shadow fled,
No more of Sandy could she see;
But soft the passing spirit said:
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

[THOMAS HOOD, poet and humorist. Born 1798, died 1844. It has been remarked that "the predominant characteristics of Hood's genius are humorous fancies grafted upon melancholy impressions." While the perception of the ludicrous seemed to dominate, there was ndeed a strong undercurrent of seriousness, and a deep appreciation of human suffering. No better evidence of this is required than his "*Song of the Shirt.*" As a genuine and finished poet he takes a high rank.]

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work—work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work!
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave,
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you're wearing out!
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?
That phantom of grisly bone;
I hardly fear its terrible shape,
It seems so like my own.
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags.
That shattered roof—and this naked floor,
A table—a broken chair;
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work!
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work!
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to shew me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh, but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread."

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THOMAS HOOD.

INTELLECTUAL ATHENS.

FROM "HISTORICAL SKETCHES."

[CARDINAL JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, the eminent controversialist and man of letters, is a native of London, son of a banker, and was born in the year 1801. He graduated at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1820, was afterwards elected a Fellow of Oriel, and in 1825 became Vice-prin-

cipal of St. Alban's Hall. He was some time tutor of his college, and incumbent of St. Mary's Oxford, and was associated, in the publication of *Tracts for the Times*. More consistent than some associates, Dr. Newman seceded from the Established Church and joined the Church of Rome. Since then he has been priest of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, rector of a Catholic university in Dublin, and head of the Oratory near Birmingham. Dr. Newman has been a voluminous writer. His collected works form twenty-two volumes, exclusive of various contributions to periodicals. From 1837 to the present time his pen has rarely been idle, and the variety of his learning, the originality and grace of his style, his sincerity and earnestness, have placed him high among living authors. The following is a list of his works as collected and classified by himself: "*Parochial and Plain Sermons*," eight volumes; "*Sermons on Subjects of the Day*;" "*University Sermons*;" "*Catholic Sermons*," two volumes; "*Present Position of Catholics in England*;" "*Essay on Assent*;" "*Two Essays on Miracles*;" "*Essays, Critical and Historical*," two volumes; "*Discussions and Arguments on Various Subjects*;" "*Historical Sketches*;" "*History of the Arians*;" "*History of My Religious Opinions (Apologia)*." Dr. Newman has also published a volume of "*Verses on Various Occasions*," 1868. He received the Cardinal's Hat in 1879. He died in 1890.]

The political power of Athens waned and disappeared; kingdoms rose and fell; centuries rolled away—they did but bring fresh triumphs to the city of the poet and the sage. There at length the swarthy Moor and Spaniard were seen to meet the blue-eyed Gaul; and the Cappadocian, late subject of Mithridates, gazed without alarm at the haughty conquering Roman. Revolution after revolution passed over the face of Europe, as well as of Greece, but still she was there—Athens, the city of mind—as radiant, as splendid, as delicate, as young as ever she had been.

Many a more fruitful coast or isle is washed by the blue Ægean, many a spot is there more beautiful or sublime to see, many a territory more ample; but there was one charm in Attica, which in the same perfection was no where else. The deep pastures of Arcadia, the plain of Argos, the Thessalian vale, these had not the gift; Bœotia, which lay to its immediate north, was notorious for its very want of it. The heavy atmosphere of that Bœotia might be good for vegetation, but it was associated in popular belief with the dullness of the Bœotian intellect; on the contrary, the special purity, elasticity, clearness, and salubrity of the air of Attica, fit concomitant and emblem of its genius, did that for it which earth did not; it brought out every bright hue and tender shade of the landscape over which it was spread, and would have illuminated the face even of a more bare and rugged country.

A confined triangle, perhaps fifty miles its greatest length and thirty its greatest breadth; two elevated rocky barriers, meeting at an angle; three prominent mountains, commanding the plain—Parnes, Pentelicus and Hymettus; an unsatisfactory soil; some streams, not always full—such is about the report which the agent of a London company would have made of Attica. He would report that the climate was mild; the hills were limestone; there was plenty of good marble; more pasture land than at first survey might have been expected, sufficient certainly for sheep and goats; fisheries productive; silver mines once but long since worked out; figs fair; oil first-rate; olives in profusion. But what he would not think of noting down, was, that the olive tree was so choice in nature and so noble in shape, that it excited a religious veneration; and that it took so kindly to the light soil, as to expand into the woods upon the open plain, and to climb up and fringe the hills. He would not think of writing word to his employer, how that clear air, of which I have spoken, brought out, yet blended and subdued the colors on the marble, till they had a softness and harmony, for all their richness, which, in a picture, looks exaggerated, yet is, after all, within the truth. He would not tell how that same delicate and brilliant atmosphere freshened up the pale olive, till the olive forgot its monotony, and its cheek glowed like the arbutus or beech of the Umbrian hills. He would say nothing of the thyme and thousand fragrant herbs which carpeted Hymettus; he would hear nothing of the hum of its bees; nor take much account of the rare flavor of its honey, since Gozo and Minorca were sufficient for the English demand. He would look over the Ægean from the height he had ascended; he would follow with his eye the chain of islands, which, starting from the Sunian headland, seemed to offer the fabled divinities of Attica, when they would visit their Ionian cousins, a sort of a viaduct across the sea; but that fancy would not occur to him, nor any admiration of the dark violet billows with their white edges down below; nor of those faithful, fan-like jets of silver upon the rocks, which slowly rise aloft like water spirits from the deep, then shiver, and break, and spread, and shroud themselves, and disappear in a soft

mist of foam; nor of the gentle, incessant heaving and panting of the whole liquid plain; nor of the long waves keeping steady time, like a line of soldiery, as they resound upon the hollow shore—he would not deign to notice that restless living element at all, except to bless his stars that he was not upon it. Nor the distinct detail, nor the refined coloring, nor the graceful outline and roseate golden hue of the jutting crags, nor the bold shadows cast from Otum or Laurium by the declining sun; our agent of a mercantile firm would not value these matters even at a low figure. Rather we must turn for the sympathy we seek to yon pilgrim student, come from a semi-barbarous land to that small corner of the earth, as to a shrine, where he might take his fill of gazing on those emblems and coruscations of invisible, unoriginate perfection. It was the stranger from a remote province, from Britain or from Mauritania, who, in a scene so different from that of his chilly, woody swamps, or of his fiery, choking sands, learned at once what a real university must be, by coming to understand the sort of country which was its suitable home.

BAXTER'S JUDGMENT OF HIS WRITINGS.

[Rev. Richard Baxter, an eminent non-conformist divine, born in Shropshire, England, November 12, 1615; died December 8, 1691. He had great pulpit power, and was an able controversialist, and a voluminous writer. Speaking of Dr. Johnson, Boswell says: "I asked him what works of Richard Baxter I should read? He said, "Read any of them, they are all good." "*The Saint's Everlasting Rest*," and "*A Call to the Unconverted*," have had an immense circulation and they are still widely read.]

Concerning almost all my writings, I must confess that my own judgment is, that fewer, well studied and polished, had been better; but the reader who can safely censure the books, is not fit to censure the author, unless he had been upon the place, and acquainted with all the occasions and circumstances. Indeed, for the *Saints' Rest*, I had four months' vacancy to write it, but in the midst of continual languishing and medicine; but, for the rest, I wrote them in the crowd of all my other employments, which would allow me no great leisure for polishing and exactness, or any ornament; so that I scarce ever wrote one sheet twice over, nor stayed to make any blots or interlinings, but was fain to let it go as it was first conceived; and when my own desire was rather to stay upon one thing long than run over many, some sudden occasions or other extorted almost all my writings from me; and the apprehensions of present usefulness or necessity prevailed against all other motives; so that the divines which were at hand with me still put me on, and approved of what I did, because they were moved by present necessities as well as I; but those that were far off, and felt not those nearer motives, did rather wish that I had taken the other way, and published a few elaborate writings; and I am ready myself to be of their mind, when I forget the case that I then stood in, and have lost the sense of former motives.

FRUITS OF EXPERIENCE OF HUMAN CHARACTER.

I now see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did. I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections; and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers at a distance think. And I find that few are so bad as either malicious enemies or censorious separating professors do imagine. In some, indeed, I find that human nature is corrupted into a greater likeness to devils than I once thought any on earth had been. But even in the wicked, usually there is more for grace to make advantage of, and more to testify for God and holiness, than I once believed there had been.

I less admire gifts of utterance, and bare profession of religion, than I once did; and have much more charity for many who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession than they. I once thought that almost all that could pray movingly and fluently, and talk well of religion, had been saints. But experience hath opened to me what odious crimes may consist with high profession; and I have met with divers obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession, or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet blameless life, whom I have after found to have long

lived, as far as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life; only, their prayers and duties were by accident kept secret from other men's observation. Yet he that upon this pretence would confound the godly and the ungodly, may as well go about to lay heaven and hell together.

RICHARD BAXTER.

PERSONAL TRAITS OF GEORGE II. AND QUEEN CAROLINE.

[Lord JOHN HERVEY, political and memoir writer. Born 1696; died 1743. He is the "Sporus" satirized by Pope, with whom he had a long and bitter controversy. Our extract is from his "*Memoirs of the Reign of George II., from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline.*"]

Many ingredients concurred to form this reluctance in his majesty to bestowing. One was that, taking all his notions from a German measure, he thought every man who served him in England overpaid; another was, that while employments were vacant he saved the salary; but the most prevalent of all was his never having the least inclination to oblige. I do not believe there ever lived a man to whose temper benevolence was so absolute a stranger. It was a sensation that, I dare say, never accompanied any one act of his power; so that whatever good he did was either extorted from him, or was the adventitious effect of some self-interested act of policy: consequently, if any seeming favour he conferred ever obliged the receiver, it must have been because the man on whom it fell was ignorant of the motives from which the giver bestowed. I remember Sir Robert Walpole saying once, in speaking to me of the king, that to talk with him of compassion, consideration of past services, charity, and bounty, was making use of words that with him had no meaning. . . . I once heard him say he would much sooner forgive anybody that had murdered a man, than anybody that had cut down one of his oaks; because an oak was so much longer growing to a useful size than a man, and consequently, one loss would be sooner supplied than the other: and one evening, after a horse had run away, and killed himself against an iron spike, poor Lady Suffolk saying it was very lucky the man who was upon him had received no hurt, his majesty snapped her very short, and said: "Yes, I am very lucky, truly: pray, where is the luck? I have lost a good horse, and I have got a booby of a groom still to keep." . . . The queen, by long studying and long experience of his temper, knew how to instil her own sentiments — whilst she affected to receive his majesty's; she could appear convinced whilst she was controverting, and obedient whilst she was ruling; and by this means her dexterity and address made it impossible for anybody to persuade him what was truly his case — that whilst she was seemingly on every occasion giving up her opinion and her will to his, she was always in reality turning his opinion and bending his will to hers. She managed this deified image as the heathen priests used to do the oracles of old, when, kneeling and prostrate before the altars of a pageant god, they received with the greatest devotion and reverence those directions in public which they had before instilled and regulated in private. And as these idols consequently were only propitious to the favourites of the augurers, so nobody who had not tampered with our chief *priestess* ever received a favourable answer from our god: storms and thunder greeted every votary that entered the temple without her protection — calms and sunshine those who obtained it. The king himself was so little sensible of this being his case, that one day, enumerating the people who had governed this country in other reigns, he said Charles I. was governed by his wife, Charles II. by his mistresses, King James by his priests, King William by his men, and Queen Anne by her women — favourites. His father, he added, had been governed by anybody that could get at him. And at the end of this compendious history of our great and wise monarchs, with a significant, satisfied, triumphant air, he turned about, smiling, to one of his auditors, and asked him: 'And who do they say governs now?' Whether this is a true or a false story of the king, I know not, but it was currently reported and generally believed. . . . She was at least seven or eight hours *tête-à-tête* with the king every day, during which time she was generally saying what she did not think, assenting to what she did not believe, and praising what she did not approve; for they were seldom of the same opinion, and he too fond of his own for her ever at first to dare to controvert it ('*Consilii quamvis egregi quod ipse non afferret inimicus*'—'An enemy to any counsel, however excellent, which he himself had not suggested.'—*Tacitus*).

She used to give him her opinion as jugglers do a card, by changing it imperceptibly, and making him believe he held the same with that he first pitched upon. But that which made these *tête-à-têtes* seem heaviest was that he neither liked reading nor being read to—unless it was to sleep: she was forced, like a spider, to spin out of her own bowels all the conversation with which the fly was taken. However, to all this she submitted, for the sake of power, and for the reputation of having it; for the vanity of being thought to possess what she desired was equal to the pleasure of the possession itself. But, either for the appearance or the reality, she knew it was absolutely necessary to have interest in her husband, as she was sensible that interest was the measure by which people would always judge of her power. Her every thought, word, and act therefore tended and was calculated to preserve her influence there; to him she sacrificed her time, for him she mortified her inclination; she looked, spake, and breathed but for him, like a weathercock to every capricious blast of his uncertain temper, and governed him—if such influence so gained can bear the name of government—by being as great a slave to him thus ruled as any other wife could be to a man who ruled her. For all the tedious hours she spent, then, in watching him whilst he slept, or the heavier task of entertaining him whilst he was awake, her single consolation was in reflecting she had power, and that people in coffee-houses and *ruelles* were saying she governed this country, without knowing how dear the government of it cost her.

LORD HERVEY.

IS THE PLANET JUPITER INHABITED?

[SIR DAVID BREWSTER, an eminent natural philosopher, writer and inventor. Born in Jedburgh, Scotland, December 11, 1781. He invented the Kaleidoscope in 1816, and in 1819 received the Rumford gold and silver medals for his optical discoveries. Among his works are "*Discoveries in Optics;*" "*More Worlds than One;*" and "*Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Sir Isaac Newton.*" In 1808 he became editor of the "*Edinburgh Encyclopædia,*" and in 1819 he was one of the founders of the "*Edinburgh Philosophical Journal.*" He was knighted in 1832, and in 1849 was chosen one of the eight foreign members of the French Institute. He died February 10, 1868.]

In studying this subject, persons who have only a superficial knowledge of astronomy, though firmly believing in a plurality of worlds, have felt the force of certain objections, or rather difficulties, which naturally present themselves to the inquirer. The distance of Jupiter from the sun is so great, that the light and heat which he receives from that luminary are supposed to be incapable of sustaining the same animal and vegetable life which exists on the earth. If we consider the heat upon any planet as arising solely from the direct rays of the sun, the cold upon Jupiter must be very intense, and water could not exist upon its surface in a fluid state. Its rivers and its seas must be tracks and fields of ice. But the temperature of a planet depends upon other causes—upon the condition of its atmosphere, and upon the internal heat of its mass. The temperature of our own globe *decreases* as we rise in the atmosphere and *approach* the sun, and it *increases* as we descend into the bowels of the earth and *go further* from the sun. In the *first* of these cases, the increase of heat as we approach the surface of the earth from a great height in a balloon, or from the summit of a lofty mountain is produced by its atmosphere; and in Jupiter the atmosphere may be so formed as to compensate to a certain extent the diminution in the direct heat of the sun arising from the great distance of the planet. In the second case, the internal heat of Jupiter may be such as to keep its rivers and seas in a fluid state, and maintain a temperature sufficiently genial to sustain the same animal and vegetable life which exists upon our own globe. These arrangements, however, if they are required, and have been adopted, cannot contribute to increase the feeble light which Jupiter receives from the sun; but in so far as the purposes of vision are concerned, an enlargement of the pupil of the eye, and an increased sensibility of the retina, would be amply sufficient to make the sun's light as brilliant as it is to us. The feeble light reflected from the moons of Jupiter would then be equal to that which we derive from our own, even if we do not adopt the hypothesis, which we shall afterwards have occasion to mention, that a brilliant phosphorescent light may be excited in the satellites by the action of the solar rays. Another difficulty has presented itself, though very unnecessarily, in reference to the shortness of the day in Jupiter. A day of *ten* hours

has been supposed insufficient to afford that period of rest which is requisite for the renewal of our physical functions when exhausted with the labours of the day. This objection, however, has no force. Five hours of rest are surely sufficient for five hours of labour; and when the inhabitants of the temperate zone of our own globe reside, as many of them have done, for years in the arctic regions, where the length of the days and nights is so unequal, they have been able to perform their usual functions as well as in their native climates. A difficulty, however, of a more serious kind is presented by the great force of gravity upon so gigantic a planet as Jupiter. The stems of plants, the materials of buildings, the human body itself, would, it is imagined, be crushed by their own enormous weight. This apparently formidable objection will be removed by an accurate calculation of the force of gravity upon Jupiter, or of the relative weight of bodies on its surface. The mass of Jupiter is 1230 times greater than that of the earth, so that if both planets consisted of the same kind of matter, a man weighing 150 pounds on the surface of the earth would weigh 150 x 1200, or 180,000 pounds, at a distance from Jupiter's centre equal to the earth's radius. But as Jupiter's radius is *eleven* times greater than that of the earth, the weight of bodies on his surface will be diminished in the ratio of the square of his radius — that is, in the ratio of 11 x 11, or 121 to 1. Consequently, if we divide 180,000 pounds by 121, we shall have 1487 pounds as the weight of a man of 150 pounds on the surface of Jupiter — that is, less than *ten* times his weight on the earth. But the matter of Jupiter is much lighter than the matter of our earth, in the ratio of 24 to 100, the numbers which represent the densities of the two planets, so that if we diminish 1487 pounds in the ratio of 24 to 100, or divide it by 4.17, we shall have 312 pounds as the weight of a man on Jupiter, who weighs on the earth only 150 pounds — that is, only double his weight — a difference which actually exists between many individuals on our own planet. A man, therefore, constituted like ourselves, could exist without inconvenience upon Jupiter; and plants, and trees, and buildings, such as occur on our own earth, could grow and stand secure in so far as the force of gravity is concerned.

SIR DAVID BREWSTER.

HYMN OF THE ALAMO.

[When the Mexicans, in 1836, captured the fort of Alamo at San Antonio, the last hope of the Texan defenders was destroyed; but the names of Travis, Crockett and Bowie, who were among the slain, are embalmed in the everlasting admiration of Americans.]

"Rise, man the wall, our clarion's blast
Now sounds its final reveille;
This dawning morn must be the last
Our fated band shall ever see.
To life, but not to hope, farewell!
Yon trumpet's clang, and cannon's peal,
And storming shout, and clash of steel,
Is our's but not our country's knell!
Welcome the Spartan's death—
'Tis no despairing strife—
We fall!—we die!—but our expiring breath
Is Freedom's breath of life!

"Here, on this new Thermopylæ,
Our monument shall tower on high,
And 'Alamo' hereafter be
In bloodier fields the battle cry."
Thus Travis from the rampart cried;
And when his warriors saw the foe,
Like whelming billows move below,
At once each dauntless heart replied,
"Welcome the Spartan's death—
'Tis no despairing strife—
We fall!—we die!—but our expiring breath
Is Freedom's breath of life!"

"They come—like autumn's leaves they fall,
Yet hordes on hordes, they onward rush,
With gory tramp they mount the wall,
Till numbers the defenders crush—
Till falls their flag when none remain!"
Well may the ruffians quake to tell
How Travis and his hundred fell
Amid a thousand foemen slain!
They died the Spartan's death,
But not in hopeless strife—
Like brothers died, and their expiring breath
Was Freedom's breath of life!

R. M. POTTER.

DR. ABERFORD (ABERCROMBIE) AND HIS PRESCRIPTION.

FROM "CHRISTIE JOHNSTONE."

[CHARLES READE, born 1814. The novels of Mr. Charles Reade are among the most popular and powerful of our recent works of fiction. In 1853 appeared his "*Peg*

Woffington," a lively, sparkling story of town-life and the theatres a century ago, when Garrick, Quin, and Colley Cibber were their great names. The heroine, Peg Woffington, was an actress, remarkable for beauty and for her personation of certain characters in comedy. Walpole thought her an "impudent Irish-faced girl," but he admitted that "all the town was in love with her." Mr. Reade's second heroine was of a very different stamp. His "*Christie Johnstone*," 1853, is a tale of fisher-life in Scotland, the scene being laid at Newhaven on the Forth. A young lord, Viscount Ipsden, is advised by his physician, as a cure for *ennui* and dyspepsia, to make acquaintance with people of low estate, and to learn their ways, their minds, and their troubles. He sails in his yacht to the Forth, accompanied by his valet. He died in 1884.]

"Dr. Aberford, my Lord."

This announcement, made by Mr. Saunders, checked his Lordship's reverie.

"Insults everybody, does he not, Saunders?"

"Yes, my Lord," said Saunders, monotonously.

"Perhaps he will me; that might amuse me," said his Lordship.

A moment later, the Doctor bowled into the apartment, tugging at his gloves as he ran.

The contrast between him and our poor rich friend is almost beyond human language.

Here lay, on the sofa, Ipsden, one of the most distinguished young gentlemen in Europe; a creature incapable, by nature, of a rugged tone or a coarse gesture; a being without the slightest apparent pretension, but refined beyond the wildest dream of dandies. To him, enter Aberford, perspiring and loud. He was one of those globules of human quicksilver one sees now and then, for two seconds; they are in fact, two globules; their head is one, invariably bald, round and glittering; the body is another in activity and shape, totus teres atque rotundus; and in fifty years they live five centuries; Horum Rex Aberford,— of these our Doctor was the chief. He had hardly torn off one glove, and rolled as far as the third flower from the door on his Lordship's carpet, before he shouted,—

"This is my patient, lolloping in pursuit of health.—Your hand," added he. For he was at the sofa long before his Lordship could glide off it.

"Tongue.—Pulse is good.—Breathe in my face."

"Breathe in your face, Sir! how can I do that?" (with an air of mild doubt.)

"By first inhaling, and then exhaling in the direction required, or how can I make acquaintance with your bowels?"

"My bowels!"

"The abdomen, and the greater and lesser intestines. Well never mind, I can get at them another way. Give your heart a slap, so.— That's your liver.— And that's your diaphragm."

His Lordship having found the required spot (some people that I know could not) and slapped it, the Aberford made a circular spring and listened eagerly at his shoulder blade. The result of this scientific pantomime seemed to be satisfactory, for he exclaimed, not to say bawled:—

"Hallo! here is a Viscount as sound as a roach! Now, young gentleman," added he, "your organs are superb, yet you are really out of sorts; it follows you have the maladies of idle minds, love perhaps, among the rest; you blush, a diagnostic of that disorder. Make your mind easy; cutaneous disorders, such as love, &c., shall never kill a patient of mine with a stomach like yours. So, now to cure you!" And away went the spherical Doctor, with his hands behind him, not up and down the room, but slanting and tacking, like a knight on a chessboard. He had not made many steps, before, turning his upper globule, without affecting his lower, he hurled back, in a cold, business-like tone, the following interrogatory:—

"What are your vices?"

"Saunders," inquired the patient, "which are my vices?"

"M' Lord, Lordship has n't any vices," replied Saunders, with dull matter-of-fact solemnity.

"Lady Barbara makes the same complaint," thought Lord Ipsden.

"It seems I have not any vices, Dr. Aberford," said he, demurely.

"That is bad; nothing to get hold of. What interests you then?"

"I don't remember."

"What amuses you?"

"I forget."

"What! no winning horse, to gallop away your rents?"

"No, Sir!

"No Opera Girl, to run her foot and ankle through your purse?"

"No, Sir! and I think their ankles are not what they were."

"Stuff! just the same, from their ankles up to their ears, and down again to their

morals; it is your eyes that are sunk deeper into your head. Hum! no horses, no vices, no dancers, no yacht; you confound one's notions of nobility, and I ought to know them, for I have to patch them all up a bit just before they go to the deuce."

"But I have, Dr. Aberford."

"What!"

"A yacht! and a clipper she is too."

"Ah!—(Now I've got him)."

"In the Bay of Biscay she lay half a point nearer the wind than Lord Heavyjib."

"Oh! bother Lord Heavyjib, and his Bay of Biscay."

"With all my heart, they have often bothered me."

"Send her round to Granton pier, in the Firth of Forth."

"I will, Sir."

"And write down this prescription." And away he walked again, thinking the prescription.

"Saunders," appealed his master.

"Saunders be hanged."

"Sir!" said Saunders, with dignity, "I thank you."

"Don't thank me, thank your own deserts," replied the modern Chesterfield. "Oblige me by writing it yourself, my Lord, it is all the bodily exercise you will have had to-day, no doubt."

The young Viscount bowed, seated himself at a desk, and wrote from dictation:

"Dr. Aberford's Prescription."

"Make acquaintance with all the people of low estate, who have time to be bothered with you; learn their ways, their minds, and above all, their troubles."

"Won't all this bore me?" suggested the writer.

"You will see. Relieve one fellow-creature every day, and let Mr. Saunders book the circumstances."

"I shall like this part," said the patient, laying down his pen. "How clever of you to think of such things; may not I do two sometimes?"

"Certainly not; one pill per day.—Write, Fish the herring! (that beats deer-stalking). Run your nose into adventures at sea; live on ten-pence, and earn it. Is it down?"

"Yes, it is down, but Saunders would have written it better."

"If he hadn't, ought to be hanged," said the Aberford, inspecting the work. "I'm off, where's my hat? oh, there; where's my money? oh, here. Now look here, follow my prescription, and

> "You will soon have Mens sana in corpore sano;
> And not care whether the girls say yes or say no,"

neglect it, and — my gloves; oh, in my pocket—you will be *blasé*, and *ennuyé*, and —(an English participle, that means something as bad); God bless you!"

And out he scuttled, glided after by Saunders, for whom he opened and shut the street door.

NEW HAVEN FISHERWOMAN.

"Saunders! do you know what Dr. Aberford means by the lower classes?" "Perfectly, my lord." "Are there any about here?" "I am sorry to say that they are everywhere, my lord." "Get me some"—(*cigarette*). Out went Saunders, with his usual graceful *empressement*, but an internal shrug of his shoulders. He was absent an hour and a half; he then returned with a double expression on his face—pride at his success in diving to the bottom of society, and contempt of what he had fished up thence. He approached his lord mysteriously, and said, *sotto voce*, but impressively; "This is low enough, my lord," Then glided back, and ushered in, with polite disdain, two lovelier women than he had ever opened a door to in the whole course of his perfumed existence.

On their heads they wore caps of Dutch or Flemish origin, with a broad lace border, stiffened and arched over the forehead about three inches high, leaving the brow and cheeks unencumbered. They had cotton jackets, bright red and yellow, mixed —in patterns, confined at the waist by the apron-strings, but bobtailed below the waist; short woollen petticoats, with broad vertical stripes, red and white most vivid in colour; white worsted stockings, and neat though high-quartered shoes. Under their jackets they wore a thick spotted cotton handkerchief, about one inch of which was visible round the lower part of the throat. Of their petticoats, the outer one was kilted, or gathered up towards the front; and the second, of the same colour, hung in the usual way.

Of these young women, one had an olive complexion, with the red blood mantling under it, and black hair, and glorious black eyebrows. The other was fair, with a mas-

sive but shapely throat, as white as milk; glossy brown hair, the loose threads of which glittered like gold; and a blue eye, which, being contrasted with dark eyebrows and lashes, took the luminous effect peculiar to that rare beauty.

Their short petticoats revealed a neat ankle and a leg with a noble swell; for nature, when she is in earnest, builds beauty on the ideas of ancient sculptors and poets, not of modern poetasters, who, with their airy-like sylphs, and their smoke-like verses, fight for want of flesh in woman and want of fact in poetry as parallel beauties. *They are*, my lads. *Continuez!* These women had a grand corporeal trait; they had never known a corset! so they were straight as javelins; they could lift their hands above their heads—actually! Their supple persons moved as nature intended; every gesture was ease, grace, and freedom. What with their own radiance, and the snowy cleanliness and brightness of their costume, they came like meteors into the apartment.

Lord Ipsden, rising gently from his seat, with the same quiet politeness with which he would have received two princes of the blood, said, "How do you do?" and smiled a welcome. "Fine, hoow's yoursel?" answered the dark lass, whose name was Jean Carnie, and whose voice was not so sweet as her face. "What' n lord are ye?" continued she. "Are ye a juke? I wad like fine to hae a crack wi' a juke." Saunders, who knew himself the cause of this question, replied, *sotto voce*, "His lordship is a viscount." "I 'dinna ken't," was Jean's remark; "but it has a bonny soond." "What mair would ye hae?" said the fair beauty, whose name was Christie Johnstone. Then appealing to his lordship as the likeliest to know, she added: "Nobeelity is just a soond itsel, I' m tauld." The Viscount finding himself expected to say something on a topic he had not attended much to, answered drily: "We must ask the republicans; they are the people that give their minds to such subjects.' "And yon man," asked Jean Carnie, "is he a lord, too?" "I am his lordship's servant," replied Saunders gravely, not without a secret misgiving whether fate had been just. "Na!" replied she, not to be imposed upon. "Ye are statelier and prooder than this ane." "I will explain," said his master. "Saunders knows his value; a servant like Saunders is rarer than an idle viscount."

CHARLES READE.

THE SHOWMAN'S COURTSHIP.

["ARTEMUS WARD."]

[CHARLES FARRAR BROWN, who wrote and lectured under the pseudonym of "Artemus Ward," was born at Waterford, Me., 1832, died in London, 1867.]

Thare was many affectin ties which made me hanker arter Betsy Jane. Her father's farm jined our' n; their cows and our' n squencht their thurst at the same spring; our old mares both had stars in their forreds; the measels broke out in both famerlies at nearly the same period; our parients (Betsy's and mine) slept reglarly every Sunday in the same meetin-house, and the nabers used to obsarve, "How thick the Wards and Peasleys air!" It was a surblime site, in the spring of the year, to see our sevral mothers (Betsy's and mine) with their gowns pin' d up so thay couldn't sile 'em, affecshunitly Bilin sope together & aboozin the nabers.

Altho I hankered intensly arter the objeck of my affecshuns, I darsunt tell her of the fires which was rajin in my manly Buzzum. I' d try to do it, but my tung would kerwollup up agin the roof of my mowth & stick thar, like deth to a deseast African or a country postmaster to his offiss, while my hart whanged agin my ribs like a old fashioned wheat Flale agin a barn door.

'T was a carm still nite in Joon. All nater was husht and nary zeffer disturbed the sereen silens. I sot with Betsy Jane on the fense of her farther's pastur. We' d been romping threw the woods, killin flours & drivin the woodchuck from his Nativ Lair (so to speak) with long sticks. Wall we sot thar on the fense, a swingin our feet two and fro, blushin as red as the Baldinsville skool house when it was fust painted, and lookin very simple, I make no doubt. My left arm was ockepied in balinnsin myself on the fense, while my rite woundid luvinly round her waste.

I cleared my throat and tremblinly sed, "Betsy, you're a Gazelle."

I thought that air was putty fine. I waitid to see what effeck it would have upon her. It evidently didn't fetch her, for she up and sed—

"You' re a sheep!"

Sez I, "Betsy, I think very muchly of you."

"I don't b'leeve a word you say—so there

now cum!" with which obsarvashun she hitched away from me.

"I wish thar was winders to my Sole," sed I, "so that you could see some of my feelins. There's fire enough in here," sed I, strikin my buzzum with my fist, "to bile all the corn beef and turnips in the naberhood. Versoovius and the Critter ain't a circumstans!"

She bowd her hed down and commenst chawin the strings to her sun bonnet.

"Ar could you know the sleeplis nites I worry threw with on your account, how vittles has seized to be attractiv to me & how my lims has shrunk up, you wouldn't dowt me. Gase on this wastin form and these 'ere sunken cheeks—"

I should have continnered on in this strane probly for sum time, but unfortnitely I lost my ballunse and fell over into the pastur ker smash, tearin my close and seveerly damagin myself ginerally.

Betsy Jane sprung to my assistance in dubble quick time and dragged me 4th. Then drawin herself up to her full hite she sed:

"I won't listen to your noncents no longer. Jus say rite strate out what you're drivin at. If you mean gettin hitched, I'M IN!"

I considered that air enuff for all practical purposes, and we proceeded immjitly to the parson's & was made 1 that very nite.

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THE GOTHIC STEED.

[R. H. NEWELL, deceased, one of the Editors of the New York *Sunday Mercury*. His satires on the mismanagement and maladministration of the Northern army were published in that journal, under the title of the *Orpheus C. Kerr Papers*.]

Washington, D. C., Oct. 6th, 1861.

The horse was the swarthy Arab's bosom friend, the red Indian's solitary companion, and the circus proprietor's salvation. One of these noble animals was presented to me last week by an old-maid relative, whose age I once guessed to be "about nineteen." The glorious gift was accompanied by a touching letter. She honoured my patriotism, and the self-sacrificing spirit that had led me to join the gallant Mackerel Brigade, and get a furlough as soon as a rebel picket appeared. She loved me for my mother's sake; and as she happened to have ten shillings about her, she thought she would buy a horse with it for me. Mine affectionately, Tabitha Turnips.

Ah! woman, glorious woman! what should we do without thee? All our patriotism is but the inspiration of thy proud love, and all our money is but the few shillings left after thou hast got through buying new bonnets. Oh, woman! thoughtful woman! the soldier thanks thee for sending him the pies and cakes that turn sour before they leave New York; but don't send any more Havelocks, or there'll be a crisis in the linen market. It's a common thing for a sentry to report, "Eighty thousand more Havelocks from the women of America."

But to return to the horse which woman's generosity has made me own—me be-yuteous steed. The beast is fourteen hands high, fourteen hands long, and his sagacious head was shaped like an old-fashioned pick-axe. Viewed from his rear his style of architecture is Gothic, and he has a gable-end, to which his tail is attached. His eyes are two pearls set in mahogany, and before he lost his sight they were said to be brilliant. I rode down to the Patent Office the other day, and left him leaning against a post while I went inside to transact some business. Pretty soon the Commissioner of Patents came tearing in like mad, and says he—

"I'd like to know whether this is a public building belonging to the United States, or a second-hand auction shop?"

"What mean you, sirrah?" I asked majestically.

"I mean," says he, "that some enemy to his country has gone and stood an old mahogany umbrella-stand right in front of the office."

To the disgrace of his species, be it said, he referred to the spirited and fiery animal for which I am indebted to woman's generosity. I admit that when seen at a distance the steed somewhat resembles an umbrella stand; but a single look into his pearly eyes is enough to prove his relations with the animal kingdom.

I have named him Pegasus, in honour of Tupper, and when I mount him, Villiam Brown, of Company 3, Regiment 5, Mackeral Brigade, says that I remind him of Santa Claus sitting astride the roof of a small Gothic cottage, holding on by the chimney. Villiam is becoming rather too familiar, and I hope he'll be shot at an early day.

At an early hour yesterday morning, while yet the dew was on the grass, and on everything else green enough to be out at that matinal hour, I saddled my Gothic steed Pegasus, and took a trot for the benefit of my health. Having eaten a whole straw bed and a piece of an Irishman's shoulder, during the night, my architectural beast was in great spirits, and as he snuffed the fresh air, and unfurled the remnants of his warlike tail to the breeze of heaven, I was reminded of that celebrated Arabian steed which had such a contempt for the speed of all other horses that he never would run with them, in fact he never would run at all.

Having struck a match on that rib of Pegasus which was most convenient to my hand, I lit a cigar, and dropped the match, still burning, into the right ear of my fiery charger. Something of this kind is always necessary to make the sagacious animal start; but when once I get his mettle up he never stops, unless he happens to hear some crows cawing in the air, just above his venerable head. I am frequently glad that Pegasus has lost his eyesight, for could he see the expression on the faces of some of these same crows, when they get near enough to squint along his backbone, it would wound his sensibilities fearfully.

R. H. Newell.

CROCODILE SHOOTING ON THE NILE.

[As a traveler, novelist, and historical writer, Mr. Eliot Warburton, an English barrister (1810–1852), was a popular author. He had a lively imagination and considerable power of description, but these were not always under the regulation of taste or judgment. His first work, "*The Crescent and The Cross, or Romance and Realities of Eastern Travel*," 1844, is the best of his productions. Mr. Warburton thus describes his first shot at a crocodile, which, he said, was an epoch in his life.]

We had only now arrived in the waters where they abound, for it is a curious fact that none are ever seen below Mineyeh, though Herodotus speaks of them as fighting with the dolphins at the mouths of the Nile. A prize had been offered for the first man who detected a crocodile, and the crew had now been for two days on the alert in search of them. Buoyed up with the expectation of such game, we had latterly reserved our fire for them exclusively, and the wild duck and turtle, nay even the vulture and the eagle, had swept past or soared above us in security. At length, the cry of "Timseach, timseach!" was heard from half-a-dozen claimants of the proffered prize, and half-a-dozen black fingers were eagerly pointed to a spit of sand, on which were strewn apparently some logs of trees. It was a covey of crocodiles! Hastily and silently the boat was run in-shore. R—— was ill, so I had the enterprise to myself, and clambered up the steep bank with a quicker pulse than when I first levelled a rifle at a Highland deer. My intended victims might have prided themselves on their superior nonchalance; and, indeed, as I approached them, there seemed to be a sneer on their ghastly mouths and winking eyes. Slowly they rose, one after the other, and waddled to the water, all but one, the most gallant or most gorged of the party. He lay still until I was within a hundred yards of him; then slowly rising on his finlike legs, he lumbered towards the river, looking askance at me with an expression of countenance that seemed to say: "He can do me no harm; however, I may as well have a swim." I took aim at the throat of this supercilious brute, and, as soon as my hand steadied, the very pulsation of my finger pulled the trigger. Bang! went the gun; whiz! flew the bullet; and my excited ear could catch the *thud* with which it plunged into the scaly leather of his neck. His waddle became a plunge, the waves closed over him, and the sun shone on the calm water, as I reached the brink of the shore, that was still indented by the waving of his gigantic tail. But there is blood upon the water, and he rises for a moment to the surface. "A hundred piasters for the timseach!" I exclaimed, and a half-a-dozen Arabs plunged into the stream. There! he rises again, and the blacks dash at him as if he hadn't a tooth in his head. Now he is gone, the waters close over him, and I never saw him since. From that time we saw hundreds of crocodiles of all sizes, and fired shots enough at them for a Spanish revolution; but we never could get possession of any, even if we hit them, which to this day remains uncertain. I believe each traveler, who is honest enough, will make the same confession.

THE GREEK MOTHER.

BY HENRY G. BELL.

"Nay, shrink not, girl! look out! look out!
It is thy father's sword!
And well know they—that Moslem rout—
The temper of its lord!
He fights for all he loves on earth,
And Heaven his shield will be,—
He fights for home and household hearth,
For Greece and liberty!

"See! see! wherever sweeps his hand
Down falls a bleeding foe;
What Turkish spoiler shall withstand
A husband's—father's blow?
He marks us not, yet well he knows
How breathlessly we wait
The fearful combat's doubtful close,
And deep love nerves his hate.

"I'd rather be thy father, child,
In sight of God this hour,
Than holiest hermit self-exiled
From earthly pomp and power;
The gleam of patriot sword will rise
As fast as prayer to heaven,
And he who for his own land dies
O! never dies unshriven!"

"God help us! if our father falls,"
Irene whispered low;
"Ruin will light upon our walls,
And o'er them grass will grow!
Weak as I am, I would not shrink
From what my fate may be,
But, mother! I grow mad to think
What will become of thee!

"Hark! nearer rolls the battle shout!
Our island band gives way!
I dare not any more look out,—
O mother! turn away!
It is not good for thee to gaze
With eyes so fix'd and wild——"
"I see him in that fiery maze,
I see my husband, child!"

Then out the young Alexis spoke,
A bright-eyed fearless boy,—
"I would this arm could deal one stroke,
That I, in pride and joy,
Might stand beside my father now,
And slay a Moslem foe,
Then see *him* turn with smiling brow
To thank me for the blow!"

"Hush, boy! he is hemmed in—beset!—
Thy father fights alone;
A moment—but a moment yet,
And then thou may'st have none!"—
One moment stood those gazers fixt
As statues in a dream,
One breathless moment—and the next
Broke forth a widow's scream!

"Dead! dead! I saw the gushing gore—
I saw him reel and fall!
And now they trample o'er and o'er
The mightiest of them all!
Dead! dead! and what are children now,
And who or what am I?—
Let the red tide of slaughter flow—
We will wait here to die!"

THE KELP-GATHERER.

The stranger who wanders along the terrific masses of crag that overhang the green and foaming waters of the Atlantic on the western coasts of Ireland feels a melancholy interest excited in his mind as he turns aside from the more impressive grandeurs of the scene, and gazes on the small stone heaps that are scattered over the moss on which he treads. They are the graves of the nameless few whose bodies have been from time to time ejected from the bosom of the ocean, and cast upon those lonely crags to startle the early fisherman with their ghastly and disfigured bulk. Here they meet, at the hands of the pitying mountaineers, the last offices of Christian charity—a grave in the nearest soft earth, with no other ceremonial than the humble peasant's prayer. Here they lie, uncoffined, unlamented, unclaimed by mourning friends, starting like sudden spectres of death from the depths of the ocean, to excite a wild fear, a passing thought of pity, a vain inquiry in the hamlet, and then sink into the earth in mystery and in silence, to be no more remembered on its surface.

The obscurity which envelops the history of those unhappy strangers affords a subject to the speculative traveller, on which he may give free play to the wings of his imagination. Few, indeed, can pass these deserted sepulchres without endeavouring for a moment to penetrate in fancy the darkness which enshrouds the fate of their mouldering tenants; without beholding the progress of the ruin that struck from beneath the voyager's feet the firm and lofty fabric to which he had confidently trusted his existence; without hearing the shrieks of the despairing crew, and the stern and horrid

burst of the roused-up ocean, as it dealt the last stroke upon the groaning timbers of the wreck, and scattered the whole pile far and wide, in countless atoms, upon the boiling surface of the deep. And again, without turning in thought to the far-away homes at which the tale of the wanderers was never told—to the pale young widow that dreamed herself still a wife, and lived on, from morn to morn, in the fever of a vain suspense—to the helpless parent, that still hoped for the offices of filial kindness from the hand that was now mouldering in a distant grave; and to the social fireside, over whose evening pastimes the long silence of an absent friend had thrown a gloom, that the certainty of woe or gladness could never remove.

Among those nameless tombs, within the space of the last few years, the widow of a fisherman, named Reardon, was observed to spend a great portion of her time. Her husband had died young, perishing in a sudden storm which swept his canoe from the coast side into the waste of sea beyond it; and his wife was left to inhabit a small cottage near the crags, and to support, by the labour of her hands, an only child, who was destined to inherit little more than the blessing, the virtue, and the affections of his parent. The poor widow endeavoured to procure a subsistence for her boy and for herself by gathering the kelp which was thrown upon the crags, and which was burned for the purpose of manufacturing soap from its ashes; while the youth employed his yet unformed strength in tilling the small garden that was confined by a quick-set hedge at their cottage side. They were fondly attached, and toiled incessantly to obtain the means of comfort, rather for each other than for themselves; but, with all their exertions, fortune left them in the rearward of her favour. The mother beheld, with a mother's agony, the youthful limbs and features of her boy exhibit the sickly effects of habitual privation and habitual toil; while the son mourned to see the feebleness of a premature old age begin to steal upon the health and vigour of his parent.

In these difficulties a prospect of certain advantage and probable good fortune induced the young man to leave his mother and his native country for some years. The distresses and disturbances which agitated that unhappy land pressed so heavily upon the fortunes of many families of the middle as well as the lower rank, that great numbers were found to embrace the opportunity of improvement which the colonization of the New World held out for their advantage. Among those who emigrated was the family under whom the Reardons held their little cottage; and with them it was that the young man determined to try his fortune in a happier region. Having arranged their affairs so as to secure his widowed parent against absolute poverty, they separated with many tears, the mother blessing her son as she committed him to the guardianship of Providence, and the son pledging himself to return to her assistance so soon as he had obtained the means of providing her the comforts necessary for her old age.

His success, though gradual, was complete. The blessings of the young Tobias fell upon the work of his hands, and his industry, because well directed, was productive, even beyond his expectations. Instead of lingering like many of his fellow-exiles in the sea-port towns, where they were detained by idleness and that open-mouthed folly which persuades men that fortune may be found without the pain of seeking, young Reardon proceeded at once into the new settlements, where human industry is one of the most valuable and valued commodities. In a little time he was enabled to remit a considerable portion of his earnings to his poor mother, and continued, from time to time, to increase his contributions to her comfort, until at length the abundance of his prosperity was such as to enable him to relinquish the pursuit of gain, and to fulfil the promise he had made at parting.

He did not return alone. With the full approbation of the poor widow, he had joined his fate to that of a young person in the settlement where he dwelt, whose dispositions were in every way analogous to his own, and who only excelled him in the superior ease and comfort of her circumstances. Previous to his return he wrote to the poor widow, to inform her that in less than two months from that time, with the blessing of Providence, her daughter-in-law, her two grand-children, and her son, would meet beneath the roof of her ancient dwelling.

Fancy, if you can, the anxiety with which the poor widow looked out for this long-expected time. The assistance which the affectionate exile had been able to afford her was such as to raise her to a state of comparative affluence in her neighbourhood, and to render her independent of the hard and servile toil by which she had been accustomed to gain a livelihood. Her cottage was wholly changed in its appearance, and had the honour of being frequently selected for a night's lodging by her landlord's agent and other great men who passed

through that lonely district. A few flowers sprang up in her sally-fringed garden, which were not the less tenderly cherished that the seeds from which they grew were transmitted from the emigrant's garden in the other hemisphere. Her life up to the moment when she received this joyous letter, had been calmly and sadly happy. She looked forward with a serene feeling of mingled hope and resignation to the day of her son's return, and never once suffered the eagerness of her affection to outstep her gratitude to Heaven and her entire dependence upon the divine will.

But, forgive a mother's fondness!—There are few hearts in which the affections of the world and of nature are so entirely held under subjection by the strong hand of reason and faith, that they cannot be moved to a momentary forgetfulness of duty by a sudden and startling occasion. After the widow had heard the letter read in which her son announced his approaching return, the quiet of her life was for a time disturbed. She thought of heaven, indeed, and prayed even more fervently than before; but the burning fever that possessed her heart showed that its confidence was qualified. In the hours of devotion she often found her thoughts wandering from that Being whose breath could still or trouble the surface of the ocean, far over the wide waters themselves, to meet the vessel that was flying to her with the tidings of bliss. She shuddered as she went, morn after morn, to the cliff-head and cast her eyes on the graves of the shipwrecked voyagers which were scattered along the turf-mountain on which she trod. In the silence of the night, when she endeavoured to drown her anxieties in sleep, imagination did but overact the part with which it had terrified her waking. Stormy seas and adverse winds—a ship straining against the blast, her deck covered with pale and affrighted faces, among which she seemed to detect those of her son and of his family—winds hissing through the creaking yards—and waves tossing their horrid heads aloft and roaring for their prey. Such were the visions that beset the bed of the longing mother, and made the night ghastly to her eyes. When she lay awake, the rustling of a sudden wind among the green boughs at her window made her start and sit erect in her bed; nor would she again return to rest until she had opened the little casement, and satisfied herself, by waving her hand abroad in the night air, that her alarm was occasioned by one of its fairest and most favourable motions. So indeed it was. The Almighty, as though to convince her how far she was from conjecturing aright the quarter from which calamity might visit her, bade the winds blow during the whole of that period in the manner which, had they been in her own keeping, she would have desired. Her acquaintances and neighbours all seemed to share in her anxiety. The fishermen, after they had drawn up their canoes at evening, were careful, on their way homeward, to drop in at the widow Reardon's door, and let her know what vessels had entered the neighbouring river in the course of the day, or had appeared in the offing. She was constantly cheered with the assurance that fairer weather for a homeward-bound ship, or more likely to continue, was never known before. Still, nevertheless, the poor woman's heart was not at peace, and the days and nights lagged along with an unaccustomed heaviness.

One night in particular, towards the end of the second month, appeared to linger so very strangely, that the widow thought the morn would never dawn. An unusual darkness seemed to brood over the world; and she lay awake, gazing with longing eyes toward the little window through which the sun's earliest rays were used to greet her in her waking.

On a sudden she heard voices outside the window. Alive to the slightest circumstance that was unusual, she arose, all dark as it was, threw on her simple dress in haste, and groped her way to the front door of the dwelling. She recognized the voice of a friendly neighbour, and opened the door, supposing that he might have some interesting intelligence to communicate. She judged correctly.

"Good news! good news! Mrs. Reardon; and I give you joy of them this morning. What will you give me for telling you who is in that small boat at the shore?"

"That small boat?—what?—where?"

"Below there, ma'am, where I'm pointing my finger. Don't you see them coming up the crag towards you?"

"I cannot—I cannot—it is so dark—" the widow replied, endeavouring to penetrate the gloom.

"Dark! And the broad sun shining down upon them this whole day!"

"Day! The sun! O my Almighty Father, save me!"

"What's the matter? Don't you see them, ma'am?"

"See them?" the poor woman exclaimed, placing her hands on her eyes and shrieking aloud in her agony—"Oh! I shall never see him more!—I am dark and blind!"

The peasant started back and blessed him-

self. The next instant the poor widow was caught in the arms of her son.

"Where is she? My mother! O my darling mother, I am come back to you! Look! I have kept my word."

She strove, with a sudden effort of self-restraint, to keep her misfortune secret, and wept, without speaking, upon the neck of her long absent relative, who attributed her tears to an excess of happiness. But when he presented his young wife, and called her attention to the happy laughing faces and healthful cheeks of their children, the wandering of her eyes and the confusion of her manner left it no longer possible to retain the secret.

"My good, kind boy," said she, laying her hand heavily on his arm—"you are returned to my old arms once more, and I am grateful for it—but we cannot expect to have all we wish for in this world. O my poor boy, I can never see you—I can never see your children! I am blind."

The young man uttered a horrid and piercing cry, while he tossed his clenched hand above his head and stamped upon the earth in sudden anguish. "Blind! my mother?" he repeated—"O Heaven, is this the end of all my toils and wishes? To come home and find her dark for ever! Is it for this I have prayed and laboured! Blind and dark! O my poor mother! Oh, Heaven! O mother, mother!"

"Hold now, my boy—where are you? What way is that for a Christian to talk? Come near me, and let me touch your hands. —Don't add to my sorrows, Richard, my child, by uttering a word against the will of Heaven. —Where are you? Come near me. Let me hear you say that you are resigned to this and all other visitations of the great Lord of all light. Say this, my child, and your virtue will be dearer to me than my eyes! Ah! my good Richard, you may be sure the Almighty never strikes us except it is for our sins, or for our good. I thought too much of you, my child, and the Lord saw that my heart was straying to the world again, and he has struck me for the happiness of both. Let me hear you say that you are satisfied. I can see your heart still, and that is dearer to me than your person. Let me see it as good and dutiful as I knew it before you left me."

The disappointed exile supported her in his arms.—"Well,—well,—my poor mother," he said, "I am satisfied. Since you are the chief sufferer and show no discontent, it would be too unreasonable that I should murmur. The will of Heaven be done!—but it is a bitter —stroke." Again he folded his dark parent to his bosom and wept aloud, while his wife, retiring softly to a distance, hid her face in her cloak. Her children clung with fear and anxiety to her side, and gazed with affrighted faces upon the afflicted mother and son.

But they were not forgotten. After she had repeatedly embraced her recovered child, the good widow remembered her guests. She extended her arms towards that part of the room at which she heard the sobs and moanings of the younger mother. "Is that my daughter's voice?" she asked—"place her in my arms, Richard. Let me feel the mother of your children upon my bosom." The young woman flung herself into the embrace of the aged widow. "Young and fair, I am sure," the latter continued, passing her wasted fingers over the blooming cheek of the good American. "I can feel the roses upon this cheek, I am certain. But what are these?—Tears! My good child, you should dry our tears, instead of adding to them. Where are your children? Let me see —ah! my heart—let me *feel* them, I mean —let me take them in my arms. My little angels! Oh! If I could only open my eyes for one moment to look upon you all—but for one little instant—I would close them again for the rest of my life, and think myself happy. If it had happened only one day—one hour after your arrival—but the will of Heaven be done! perhaps even this moment, when we think ourselves most miserable, he is preparing for us some hidden blessing."

Once more the pious widow was correct in her conjecture. It is true, that day, which all hoped should be a day of rapture, was spent by the reunited family in tears and mourning. But Providence did not intend that creatures who had served him so faithfully should be visited with more than a temporary sorrow for a slight and unaccustomed transgression.

The news of the widow's misfortune spread rapidly through the country, and excited universal sympathy—for few refuse their commiseration to a fellow-creature's sorrow—even of those who would accord a tardy and measured sympathy to his good fortune. Among those who heard with real pity the story of their distress, was a surgeon who resided in the neighbourhood, and who felt all that enthusiastic devotion to his art which its high importance to the welfare of mankind was calculated to excite in a generous mind. This gentleman took an early opportunity of visiting the old widow when she was alone in the cottage. The simplicity with which she told her story, and the entire resignation which she expressed, interested and touched him deeply.

"It is not over with me yet, sir," she concluded, "for still, when the family are talking around me, I forget that I am blind; and when I hear my son say something pleasant, I turn to see the smile upon his lips; and when the darkness reminds me of my loss, it seems as if I lost my sight over again!"

The surgeon discovered on examination that the blindness was occasioned by a disease called cataract, which obscures, by an unhealthy secretion, the lucid brightness of the crystalline lens, and obstructs the entrance of the rays of light. The improvements which modern practitioners have made in this science render this disease, which was once held to be incurable, now comparatively easy of removal. The surgeon perceived at once by the condition of the eyes, that, by the abstraction of the injured lens, he could restore sight to the afflicted widow.

Unwilling, however, to excite her hopes too suddenly or prematurely, he began by asking her whether, for a chance of recovering the use of her eyes, she would submit to a little pain?

The poor woman replied, "that if he thought he could once more enable her to behold her child and his children, she would be content to undergo any pain which would not endanger her existence."

"Then," replied her visitor, "I may inform you that I have the strongest reasons to believe that I can restore you to sight, provided you agree to place yourself at my disposal for a few days. I will provide you with an apartment in my house, and your family shall know nothing of it until the cure is effected."

The widow consented, and on that very evening the operation was performed. The pain was slight, and was endured by the patient without a murmur. For a few days after the surgeon insisted on her wearing a covering over her eyes, until the wounds which he had found it necessary to inflict had been perfectly healed.

One morning, after he had felt her pulse and made the necessary inquiries, he said, while he held the hand of the widow:—

"I think we may now venture with safety to remove the covering. Compose yourself now, my good old friend, and suppress all emotion. Prepare your heart for the reception of a great happiness."

The poor woman clasped her hands firmly together and moved her lips as if in prayer. At the same moment the covering fell from her brow and the light burst in a joyous flood upon her soul. She sat for an instant bewildered and incapable of viewing any object with distinctness. The first on which her eyes reposed was the figure of a young man bending his gaze with an intense and ecstatic fondness upon hers, and with his arms outstretched as if to anticipate the recognition. The face, though changed and sunned since she had known it, was still familiar to her. She started from her seat with a wild cry of joy, and cast herself upon the bosom of her son.

She embraced him repeatedly, then removed him to a distance that she might have the opportunity of viewing him with greater distinctness—and again, with a burst of tears, flung herself upon his neck. Other voices, too, mingled with theirs. She beheld her daughter and their children waiting eagerly for her caress. She embraced them all, returning from each to each, and perusing their faces and persons as if she would never drink deep enough of the cup of rapture which her recovered sense afforded her. The beauty of the young mother—the fresh and rosy colour of the children—the glossy brightness of their hair—their smiles—their movements of joy—all afforded subjects for delight and admiration, such as she might never have experienced had she never considered them in the light of blessings lost for life. The surgeon, who thought that the consciousness of a stranger's presence might impose a restraint upon the feelings of the patient and her friends, retired into a distant corner, where he beheld, not without tears, the scene of happiness which he had been made instrumental in conferring.

"Richard," said the widow, as she laid her hand upon her son's shoulder and looked into his eyes, "did I not judge aright when I said, that even when we thought ourselves the most miserable, the Almighty might have been preparing for us some hidden blessing? Were we in the right to murmur?"

The young man withdrew his arms from his mother, clasped them before him, and bowed down his head in silence.

GERALD GRIFFIN.[1]

REFLECTION AT SEA.

See how beneath the moonbeam's smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast;
It foams and sparkles for a while,
And, murmuring, then subsides to rest.

So man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And, having swell'd a moment there,
Thus melts into eternity.

THOMAS MOORE.

[1] *Tales of the Five Senses.*

NUBIAN REVENGE.

There appears to be a wild caprice amongst the institutions, if such they may be called, of all these tropical nations. In a neighboring state to that of Abyssinia, the king, when appointed to the regal dignity, retires into an island, and is never again visible to the eyes of men but once—when his ministers come to strangle him; for it may not be that the proud monarch of Behr should die a natural death. No men, with this fatal exception, are ever allowed even to set foot upon the island, which is guarded by a band of Amazons. In another border country, called Habeesh, the monarch is dignified with the title of Tiger. He was formerly Melek of Shendy, when it was invaded by Ismael Pasha, and was even then designated by the fierce cognomen. Ismael, Mehemet Ali's second son, advanced through Nubia, claiming tribute and submission from all the tribes. Nemmir—which signifies Tiger—the king of Shendy, received him hospitably, as Mahmoud, our dragoman, informed us, and when he was seated in his tent, waited on him to learn his pleasure. 'My pleasure is,' replied the invader, 'that you forthwith furnish me with slaves, cattle, and money to the value of one hundred thousand dollars.' 'Pooh!' said Nemmir, 'you jest; all my country could not produce what you require in one hundred moons.' 'Ha! Wallah!' was the young pasha's reply, and he struck the Tiger across the face with his pipe. If he had done so to his namesake of the jungle, the insult could not have roused fiercer feelings of revenge, but the human animal did not shew his wrath at once. 'It is well,' he replied; 'let the pasha rest; *to-morrow he shall have nothing more to ask.*' The Egyptian, and the few Mameluke officers of his staff, were tranquilly smoking towards evening, entertained by some dancing-girls, whom the Tiger had sent to amuse them; when they observed that a huge pile of dried stacks of Indian corn was rising rapidly round the tent. 'What means this?' inquired Ismael angrily; 'am not I a pasha?' 'It is but forage for your highness's horses,' replied the Nubian, for, were your troops once arrived, the people would fear to approach the camp. Suddenly, the space is filled with smoke, the tent curtains shrivel up in flames, and the pasha and his comrades find themselves encircled in what they well know is their funeral pyre. Vainly the invader implores mercy, and assures the Tiger of his warm regard for him and all his family; vainly he endeavours to break through the fiery fence that girds him round; a thousand spears bear him back into the flames, and the Tiger's triumphant yell and bitter mockery mingle with his dying screams. The Egyptians perished to a man. Nemmir escaped up the country, crowned with savage glory, and married the daughter of a king, who soon left him his successor, and the Tiger still defies the old pasha's power. The latter, however, took a terrible revenge upon his people: he burned all the inhabitants of the village nearest to the scene of his son's slaughter, and cut off the right hands of five hundred men besides. So much for African warfare.

ELIOT WARBURTON.

PETTICOAT GOVERNMENT.

[MARY ELIZABETH BRADDON, born in London, in 1837. A popular novelist. Among her best known works are "*Lady Audley's Secret*," "*Aurora Floyd*," "*Henry Dunbar*," and "*Rupert Godwin*." From the first-named we make the following extract:]

What a wonderful solution of life's enigma there is in a petticoat government! Man might lie in the sunshine and eat lotuses, and fancy it always afternoon if his wife would let him! But she won't; bless her impulsive heart and active mind! She knows better than that. Whoever heard of a woman taking life as it ought to be taken? Instead of supporting it as an unavoidable nuisance, only redeemable by its brevity, she goes through it as if it were a pageant or a procession. She dresses for it, and simpers, and grins, and gesticulates for it. She pushes her neighbours, and struggles for a good place in the dismal march; she elbows, and writhes, and tramples, and prances to the one end of making the most of the misery. She gets up early, and sits up late, and is loud, and restless, and noisy, and unpitying. She drags her husband on to the woolsack, or pushes him into Parliament. She drives him full butt at the dear, lazy machinery of government, and knocks and buffets him about the wheels, and cranks, and screws, and pulleys; until somebody, for quiet's sake makes him something that she wanted him to be made. That's why incompetent men sometimes sit

in high places, and interpose their poor muddled intellects between the things to be done and the people that can do them, making universal confusion in the helpless innocence of well-placed incapacity. The square men in the round holes are pushed into them by their wives. The Eastern potentate who declared that women were at the bottom of all mischief, should have gone a little farther and seen why it is so. It is because women are *never lazy*. They don't know what it is to be quiet, They are Semiramides, and Cleopatras, and Joan of Arcs, Queen Elizabeths, and Catharine the Seconds, and they riot in battle, and murder, and clamour, and desperation. If they can't agitate the universe, and play at ball with hemispheres, they'll make mountains of warfare and vexations out of domestic molehills, and social storms in household tea-cups. Forbid them to hold forth upon the freedom of nations and the wrongs of mankind, and they'll quarrel with Mrs. Jones about the shape of a mantle or the character of a small maid-servant. To call them the weaker sex, is to utter a hideous mockery. They are the stronger sex, the noisier, the more persevering, the most self-assertive sex. They want freedom of opinion, variety of occupation, do they? Let them have it. Let them be lawyers, doctors, preachers, teachers, soldiers, legislators—anything they like—but let them be quiet—if they can.

DEATH OF GOETHE.

The following morning—it was the 22d of March 1832—he tried to walk a little up and down the room, but, after a turn, he found himself too feeble to continue. Reseating himself on the easy chair, he chatted cheerfully with Ottilie [his daughter-in-law] on the approaching spring, which would be sure to restore him. He had no idea of his end being so near. The name of Ottilie was frequently on his lips. She sat beside him, holding his hand in both of hers. It was now observed that his thoughts began to wander incoherently. "See," he exclaimed, "the lovely woman's head, with black curls, in splendid colours—a dark background!" Presently he saw a piece of paper on the floor, and asked them how they could leave Schiller's letters so carelessly lying about. Then he slept softly, and, on awakening, asked for the sketches he had just seen—the sketches of his dream. In silent anguish they awaited the close now so surely approaching. His speech was becoming less and less distinct. The last words audible were, *More light!* The final darkness drew apace, and he whose eternal longings had been for more light, gave a parting cry for it as he was passing under the shadow of death. He continued to express himself, by signs, drawing letters with his forefinger in the air while he had strength; and finally, as life ebbed, drawing figures slowly on the shawl which covered his legs. At half-past twelve he composed himself in the corner of the chair. The watcher placed a finger on her lip to intimate that he was asleep. If sleep it was, it was a sleep in which a life glided from the world. He woke no more.

GEORGE H. LEWES.

THE MEETING WITH LIVINGSTONE AT UJIJI.*

[MR. HENRY M. STANLEY, the young and gallant correspondent of *The New York Herald*, had been commissioned by Mr. Bennett, the proprietor of that journal, to go and find Livingstone, receiving *carte blanche* in the way of expenses. With dauntless courage and dexterous management he fought his way to Ujiji, and thus describes the meeting:]

We push on rapidly, lest the news of our coming might reach the people of Bunder Ujiji before we come in sight, and are ready for them. We halt at a little brook, then ascend the long slope of a naked ridge, the very last of the myriads we have crossed. This alone prevents us from seeing the lake (Tanganyika) in all its vastness. We arrive at the summit, travel across and arrive at its western rim, and—pause, reader—the port of Ujiji is below us, embowered in the palms—only five hundred yards from us. At this grand moment we do not think of the hundreds of miles we have marched, of the hundreds of hills that we have ascended and descended, of the many forests we have traversed, of the jungles and thickets that annoyed us, of the fervid salt plains that blistered our feet, of the hot suns that scorched

* U is a prefix to denote the country; thus Ujiji signifies the country of Jiji.

us, nor of the dangers and difficulties now happily surmounted. . . .

'Unfurl the flags and load your guns!' 'Ay wallah, ay wallah bana!' respond the men eagerly. 'One, two, three—fire!' A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a battery of artillery. 'Now, Kirangozi (guide), hold the white man's flag up high, and let the Zanzibar flag bring up the rear. And you must keep close together, and keep firing until we halt in the market-place, or before the white man's house. You have said to me often that you could smell the fish of the Tanganyika—I can smell the fish of the Tanganyika now. There are fish, and beer, and a long rest waiting for you. MARCH!'

Before we had gone a hundred yards, our repeated volleys had the effect desired. We had awakened Ujiji to the knowledge that a caravan was coming, and the people were rushing up in hundreds to meet us. The mere sight of the flags informed every one immediately that we were a caravan; but the American flag borne aloft by gigantic Asmani (one of the porters or carriers), whose face was one vast smile on this day, rather staggered them at first. However, many of the people who now approached us remembered the flag. They had seen it float above the American consulate, and from the mast-head of many a ship in the harbor of Zanzibar, and they were soon heard welcoming the beautiful flag with cries of 'Bindera, Kisungu!'—a white man's flag. 'Bindera Merikani!'—the American flag.

Then we were surrounded by them: by Wajiji, Wanyamwezi, Wangwana, Warundi, Waguhha, Wamanyema, and Arabs, and were almost deafened with the shouts of 'Yambo, yambo, bana! Yambo bana! Yambo bana!' To all and each of my men the welcome was given. We were now about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say, 'Goodmorning, sir!' Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous—a man dressed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head, and I ask, 'Who the mischief are you?' 'I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone,' said he, smiling, and showing a gleaming row of teeth. 'What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?' 'Yes, sir.' 'In this village?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Are you sure?' 'Sure, sure, sir. Why, I leave him just now.' 'Goodmorning, sir,' said another voice. 'Hallo,' said I, 'is this another one?' 'Yes, sir.' 'Well, what is your name?' 'My name is Chumah, sir.' 'And is the doctor well?' 'Not very well, sir.' 'Where has he been so long?' 'In Manyuema.' 'Now, you Susi, run and tell the doctor I am coming.' 'Yes, sir;' and off he darted like a madman. . . .

Soon Susi came running back, and asked me my name; he told the doctor I was coming, but the doctor was too surprised to believe him, and when the doctor asked him my name, Susi was rather staggered.

But, during Susi's absence, the news had been conveyed to the doctor that it was surely a white man that was coming, whose guns were firing and whose flag could be seen; and the great Arab magnates of Ujiji—Mohammed bin Sali, Sayd bin Majid, Abid bin Suliman, Mohammed bin Gharib, and others—had gathered together before the doctor's house, and the doctor had come out from his verandah to discuss the matter and await my arrival.

In the meantime, the head of the expedition had halted, and the Kirangozi was out of the ranks, holding his flag aloft, and Selim (the interpreter) said to me: 'I see the doctor, sir. 'Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard.' And I—what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where unseen I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those excited feelings that were well nigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it should detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.

So I did that which I thought was the most dignified. I pushed back the crowds, and passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, in the front of which stood the white man with the gray beard. As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed that he was pale, looked wearied, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of gray tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did

what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said: 'Dr. Livingstone, I presume?' 'Yes,' said he, with a kind smile, lifting his hat slightly. I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and then I say aloud: 'I thank God, doctor, I have been permitted to see you.' He answered: 'I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you.' I turn to the Arabs, take off my hat to them in response to the saluting chorus of 'Yambos' I receive, and the doctor introduces them to me by name. Then, oblivious of the crowds, oblivious of the men who shared with me my dangers, we—Livingstone and I—turn our faces towards his tembe (or hut). He points to the verandah, or rather mud platform under the broad overhanging eaves; he points to his own particular seat, which I see his age and experience in Africa has suggested—namely, a straw mat, with a goatskin over it, and another skin nailed against the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protest against taking this seat, which so much more befits him than me, but the doctor will not yield—I must take it.

We are seated, the doctor and I, with our backs to the wall. The Arabs take seats on our left. More than a thousand natives are in our front, filling the whole square densely, indulging their curiosity, and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji—one just come from Manuyema, in the west; the other from Unyanembe in the east.

DANGERS AND DIFFICULTIES OF THE CONGO EXPLORATION.

We left Nyangwé in Manuyema, November 5, 1876, traveling overland through Uregga. Unable to make progress through the dense forests, we crossed Lualaba, and continued our journey along the left bank, through North-east Ukusu. Natives opposed us, harassed us day and night, killed and wounded our people with poisoned arrows. Our struggle through these cannibal regions became almost hopeless. We endeavored to appease the savages with gifts and mildness. Our gifts they refused; our patient behaviour they regarded as cowardice. To make our position still more deplorable, our escort of 140 men engaged at Nyangwé, refused to proceed farther. At the same time the natives made a grand effort to crush us altogether. We defended ourselves; but there was only one way to escape from our hapless position—unless we accepted the alternative of returning, and abandoning the work which we had begun—and this was by making use of our cannon. Though we had decided advantage over the savages on the water, still each day's advance was but a repetition of the day previous. It was desperate fighting, pushing on down river with might and main until, in the midst of these successive struggles, we were halted by a series of great cataracts—five in number—not far apart—north and south of the equator. To pass these we had to cut our way through thirteen miles of dense forest, and drag our eighteen canoes and exploring boat overland, frequently exchanging the axes for the rifles as we were attacked. After passing these cataracts, we had a long breathing pause from the toil of dragging our vessels overland. At 2° north latitude, the Great Lualaba swerved from its almost direct northerly course, to north-west, then west, then south-west; a broad stream from two to ten miles wide, choked with islands. In order to avoid the exhausting struggle with so many tribes of desperate cannibals, we had to paddle between the islands, until, compelled by hunger most extreme, after three days passed without absolutely any food, we resolved to meet our fate, and struck for the mainland on the left bank. Happily we had reached a tribe acquainted with trade. They possessed four muskets from the west coast, and they called the great river Ikutu Ya Congo. We made blood brotherhood, and purchased an abundance of provisions; and endeavored to continue our course along the left bank. Three days later we came to a powerful tribe all armed with muskets, who, as soon as they sighted us, manned fifty-four larger canoes and attacked us. Not until three of my men were killed did I desist from crying out we were friends and offering cloths. For a distance of twelve miles the greatest and most desperate fight on this terrible river was maintained. This was the last, save one, of the thirty-two battles on the Lualaba, which river, after changing its name scores of times, became known as we approached the Atlantic Ocean, as the Kwango and the Zaire.

HENRY M. STANLEY.

A SAIL ON THE LUALABA.

When I went to the brink of the river early in the morning, not a canoe was to be seen. Shortly afterwards they began to pass from one island to another, and to haul up and set fishing traps. But not one came near us until about ten o'clock, when by dint of beckoning and shouting, some men were induced to come across from an island in the middle of the stream, and after a long palaver brought three canoes. These I hired, and started at once for Nyangwé.

The passage down the river was rapid and pleasant, owing to the swift current and the beauty of the scenery.

On the left bank the shore rose gradually till it culminated in a range of wooded hills ten or twelve miles distant; whilst the right bank rose abruptly in small cliffs crowned by hanging woods, and here and there broken by the embouchure of one of the numerous affluents of the giant stream. Islands, populous and wooded, were passed in constant succession.

From flocks of ducks feeding on the numerous sandbanks, I managed to bag two or three couple, and found them almost precisely like an English wild-duck, except in color. The body was white speckled with brown; wings, head, and tail black, shot with greenish blue.

In the afternoon the canoe-men put in at a fishing village on the right bank, and declared their intention of halting. I told them they might stop if they pleased, but I and the canoes were going on to Nyangwé; for I well knew that if we camped, neither canoes nor men would be forthcoming next morning. Seeing that I was determined, the men consented to go on.

At sunset I noticed some large huts on a bluff over the river. This was the commencement of the Arab settlement of Nyangwé, and a landing-place was just below. Jumping ashore I went into the settlement, and my appearance rather astonished the people; for they had heard nothing of our approach, and could not imagine where a solitary white man came from.

HENRY M. STANLEY

"REFLECTIONS."

[DUKE FRANÇOIS DE LA ROCHEFOUCAULD, was born at Paris, December 15, 1615. He received a military education, but abandoned the army for diplomacy, and, failing in that, devoted himself to literature. In 1662 appeared his "*Memoires*," and in 1665, his "*Réflexions*." The latter attracted great attention, as well for its elegant style and acute remarks, as for the philosophical principles it inculcates, which are of a conventional and selfish type. La Rochefoucauld is also noted as a philanthropist. He established the first model farm and the first savings bank in France, and introduced vaccination in that country. He died March 27, 1727. We extract from his "*Reflections*," as follows:]

We are all strong enough to endure the misfortunes of others.

Philosophy finds no difficulty in triumphing over past and future ills; but present ills triumph over her.

It requires greater powers of mind to support good fortune than bad.

Jealousy is in some respects just and reasonable, since its object is only to preserve a good which belongs, or which we think to belong, to us: whereas envy is a madness which cannot bear the good of others.

The harm which we do to others does not excite so much persecution and hatred as our good qualities.

If we had no failings ourselves, we should not take such pleasure in finding out those of others.

If we had no pride, we would not complain of that of others.

It seems as if nature, which has so cunningly arranged the organs of our body to render us happy, had with the same view given us pride, to spare us the pain of knowing our imperfections.

Self-interest speaks all kinds of languages and plays all kinds of parts, even that of the disinterested.

Men and the affairs of life have their peculiar point of perspective. Some we must see close at hand to be able to form an opinion of; others can be judged best at a distance.

The blemishes of the mind, like those of the face, grow worse as we grow old.

We are never made so ridiculous by the qualities we have as by those which we pretend we have.

Flattery is a kind of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.

However much we may distrust men's sincerity, we always believe that they speak to us more sincerely than to others.

We are never so happy or so unhappy as we imagine.

THE MARQUISE.

[George Sand (Madame Aurore Dupin, baroness Dudevant), born in Paris, 1st July, 1804; died at Nohant, Berri, 8th June, 1876. She was acknowledged to be the greatest modern novelist of France. She produced a mass of romances, plays, sketches, criticisms, pamphlets, and political articles. An English critic says: "Of all modern French authors, George Sand has added to fiction, has annexed from the worlds of reality and of imagination, the greatest number of original characters—of what Emerson calls new organic creations. Moreover, George Sand is, after Rousseau, the only great French author who has looked directly and lovingly into the face of nature, and learned the secrets which skies and waters, fields and lanes, can teach to the heart that loves them." Unfortunately the early novels of George Sand created much scandal, which is not yet forgotten. It is a source of regret that genius so great should have produced books which must be avoided. Amongst her best works are *Indiana*, *Consuelo*, *Little Fadette*, and *Jeanne*.]

The Marquise de R. never said brilliant things, although it is the rule in French literature that every old woman shall sparkle with wit. Her ignorance was extreme on all points which the contact of the world had not taught her, and she had none of that nicety of expression, that exquisite penetration, that marvellous tact, which belong, it is said, to women who have seen all the different phases of life and of society; she was blunt, heedless, and sometimes even cynical. She put to flight every idea I had formed concerning the noble ladies of the olden time, yet she was a genuine marquise, and had seen the court of Louis XV. But as she was, even then, an exceptional character, do not seek in her history for a serious study of the manners of any epoch. Society seems to me, at all times, so difficult either to know or to paint, that I prefer having nothing to do with it. I shall be satisfied with relating some of those personal anecdotes which establish a sympathy between men of all societies and all times.

I had never found much pleasure in the society of the lady. She seemed to me remarkable for nothing except her prodigious memory of the events of her youth, and the masculine lucidity with which she expressed her recollections. For the rest, she was, like all aged persons, forgetful of recent events, and indifferent to everything in which she had no personal interest.

Her beauty had not been of that piquant order, which, lacking splendour and regularity, cannot please in itself; a woman so made learns to be witty, in order to be as beautiful as those who are more so. The marquise had had the misfortune to be unquestionably beautiful. I have seen her portrait, for, like all old women, she had the vanity to hang it up for exhibition in her apartment.

She was represented in the character of a huntress nymph, with a low satin waist painted to imitate tiger-skin, sleeves of antique lace, a bow of sandal-wood, and a crescent of pearls lighting up her hair. It was an admirable painting, and, above all, an admirable woman, tall, slender, dark, with black eyes, austere and noble features, unsmiling deep-red lips, and hands which, it was said, had thrown the Princess of Lamballe into despair. Without lace, satin, or powder, she might indeed have seemed one of those fair and haughty nymphs who were fabled to appear to mortals in the depths of the forest or upon the solitary mountain side, only to drive them mad with passion and regret.

Nevertheless, the marquise had made few conquests; according to her own account, she had been thought dull and spiritless. The worn-out men of that time cared less for the charms of beauty than for the allurements of coquetry; women infinitely less admired than she had robbed her of all her adorers, and, strange enough, she had seemed indifferent to her fate. The little she had told me of her life made me believe that her heart had had no youth, and that a cold selfishness had paralyzed all its faculties. Yet several sincere friends surrounded her old age, and she gave alms without ostentation.

One evening I found her even more communicative than usual: there was a good deal of sadness in her thoughts. "My dear child," said she, "the Vicomte de Larrieux has just died of the gout. It is a great grief to me, for I have been his friend these sixty years. And then, there is something frightful in so many deaths. His, however, was not surprising; he was so old."

"What was his age?" asked I.

"Eighty-four years. I am eighty, but I am not as infirm as he was, and I can hope to live longer. *N'importe!* Several of my friends have gone this year, and although I tell myself that I am younger and stronger than any of them, I cannot help being frightened when I see my contemporaries sinking around me."

"And these," said I, "are the only regrets you feel for poor Larrieux, a man who worshipped you for sixty years, who never ceased to complain of your cruelty, and yet never revolted from his allegiance. He was a model lover; there are no more such men."

"My dear child," answered the marquise, "I see that you think me a cold and heartless woman. Perhaps you are right; judge for yourself. I will tell you my whole history, and, whatever opinion you may have of me, I, at least, shall not die without having made myself known to some one. Perhaps you will give me some mark of compassion which will soften the bitterness of my recollections.

"When I was sixteen I left Saint Cyr, where I had been educated, to marry the Marquis de R. He was fifty, but I dared not complain, for every one congratulated me on this splendid match, and all my portionless companions envied my lot.

"I was never very bright, and at that time I was positively stupid; the education of the cloister had completely benumbed my faculties. I left the convent with that silly ignorance of life and of the world which is foolishly considered a merit in young girls, and which often results in the misery of their whole lives.

"As a natural consequence, the experience brought me by my brief married life was lodged in so narrow a mind that it was of no use to me. I learned, not to understand life, but to doubt myself.

"I was a widow before I was seventeen, and as soon as I was out of mourning I was surrounded with suitors. I was then in all the splendour of my beauty, and it was generally admitted that there was not a face or a figure which could be compared to mine.

"But my husband, an old, worn-out, and dissipated man, who had never shown me anything but irony and disdain, and who had only married me to obtain an office promised with my hand, had left me such an aversion to marriage, that I could never be brought to contract new ties. In my ignorance of life I fancied that all men resembled him, and that in a second husband I should find M. de R.'s hard heart, his pitiless irony, and that insulting coldness which had so deeply humiliated me. This fatal entrance into life had dispelled for me all the illusions of youth. My heart, which perhaps was not naturally cold, withdrew into itself and grew full of suspicion.

"I was foolish enough to tell my real feelings to several women of my acquaintance. They did not fail to divulge what they had learned, and, without taking any account of the doubts and anguish of my heart, boldly declared that I despised all men. There is nothing which men will not more readily pardon than this feeling; my lovers soon learned to detest me, and continued their flatteries only in the hope of finding an opportunity to hold me up to ridicule. I saw mockery and treachery written upon every forehead, and my misanthropy increased every day.

"About this time there came to Paris from the provinces a man who had neither talent nor any strong or pleasing quality, but who possessed a frankness and uprightness of feeling very rare among the people with whom I lived. This was the Vicomte de Larrieux. He was soon acknowledged to be my most favoured suitor.

"He, poor fellow, loved me in the sincerity of his soul. His soul! Had he a soul? He was one of those cold, prosaic men who have not even the elegance of vice or the brilliance of falsehood. He was struck only by my beauty, and took no pains to discover my heart. This was not disdain on his part, it was incapacity. Had he found in me the power of loving, he would not have known how to respond to it.

"I do not think that there ever lived a man more wedded to material things than poor Larrieux. He ate with delight, he fell asleep in all the arm-chairs, and the remainder of the time he took snuff. He was always occupied in satisfying some appetite. I do not think he had an idea a day.

"And yet, my dear friend, will you believe it? I never had the energy to get rid of him! For sixty years he has been my torment. Constantly offended by my repulses, yet constantly drawn to me by the very obstacles I placed in the way of his passion, he has had for me the most faithful, the most untiring, the most wearisome love that ever man felt for woman."

"I am surprised," said I, "that you never should have met, in the course of your life, a man capable of understanding you, and worthy of converting you to real love. Must we conclude that the men of to-day are superior to those of the olden time?"

"That would be a great piece of vanity on your part," answered she, laughing. "I have little reason to speak well of the men of my own time, yet I doubt whether you have made much progress; but I will not moralize. The cause of my misfortune was entirely in myself. I had not the sense to judge. A woman as proud as I was should have possessed a superior character, and should have been able to distinguish at one glance among all the insipid, false, and insignificant men who surrounded me, one of those true and noble beings who are rare in every age. I was too ignorant, too narrow-minded, for this. As I have lived longer I have acquired more judgment, and I have learned that several of the objects of my

hatred deserved far other feelings. But I was then old, and my knowledge came too late."

"And while you were young," I rejoined, "were you never tempted to make a second trial? Was this deep-rooted aversion never shaken? It is strange."

The marquise was silent, then hastily laying her gold snuff-box on the table:

"I have begun my confession," said she, "and I will acknowledge everything. Listen! Once, only once in my life, I have loved, but loved as none ever loved, with a love as passionate and indomitable as it was imaginative and ideal. For you see, my child, you young men think you understand women, and you know nothing about them. If many old women of eighty were frankly to tell you the history of their lives, you would perhaps find that the feminine soul contains sources of good and evil of which you have no idea. And now, guess what was the rank of the man for whom I entirely lost my head—I, a marchioness, and one prouder and haughtier than every other?"

"The King of France, or the Dauphin, Louis XVI."

"Oh, if you begin in that manner, you will be three hours before you reach my lover. I prefer to tell you at once. He was an actor."

"A king notwithstanding, I imagine."

"The noblest, the most elegant that ever trod the boards. You are not amazed?"

"Not much. I have heard that even when the prejudices of caste were most powerful in France, such ill-assorted passions were not rare."

"Those ill-assorted passions were not tolerated by the world, I can assure you. The first time I saw him I expressed my admiration to the Countess de Ferrières, who happened to be beside me, and she answered: 'Do not speak so warmly to any one but me. You would be cruelly taunted were you suspected of forgetting that in the eyes of a woman of rank an actor can never be a man.'

"Madame de Ferrières' words remained in my mind, I know not why. At that time this contemptuous tone seemed to me absurd, and this fear of committing myself a piece of malicious hypocrisy.

"His name was Lelio; he was by birth an Italian, but spoke French admirably. He may have been thirty-five, although upon the stage he often seemed less than twenty. He played Corneille better than he did Racine, but in both he was inimitable."

"I am surprised," said I, interrupting the marquise, "that his name should not appear in the annals of dramatic talent."

"He was never famous," answered she, "and was appreciated neither by the court nor the town. I have heard that he was outrageously hissed when he first appeared. Afterwards he was valued for his sensibility, his fire, and the efforts he made to improve himself. He was tolerated, and sometimes applauded, but, on the whole, he was always considered an actor without taste.

"In those days tragedy was played 'properly;' it was necessary to die with taste, to fall gracefully, and to have an air of good breeding even in giving a blow. Dramatic art was modelled upon the usages of good society, and the diction and gestures of the actors were in harmony with the hoops and hair-powder which even then disfigured Phèdre and Clytemnestra. I had never appreciated the defects of this school of art. My reflections did not carry me far; I only knew that tragedy wearied me to death. I bravely endured it twice in the week, for it was the fashion to like it; but I listened with so cold and constrained an air that it was generally said I was insensible to the charms of fine poetry.

"One evening, after a rather long absence from Paris, I went to the Comédie Française to see *Le Cid*. Lelio had been admitted to this theatre during my stay in the country, and I saw him for the first time. He played Rodrigue. I was deeply moved by the very first tones of his voice. It was penetrating rather than sonorous, but vibrating and strongly accentuated. His voice was much criticized. That of the Cid was supposed to be deep and powerful, just as all the heroes of antiquity were supposed to be tall and strong. A king who was but five feet six could not wear the diadem; it would have been contrary to the decrees of taste.

"Lelio was small and slender; his beauty was not that of the features, but lay in the nobleness of his forehead, the irresistible grace of his attitude, the careless ease of his movements, the proud and melancholy expression of his face. I never saw in a statue, in a painting, in a man, so pure and ideal a capacity for beauty. The word *charm* should have been invented for him; it belonged to all his words, to all his glances, to all his motions.

"What shall I say? It was indeed a 'charm' which he threw around me. This man, who stepped, spoke, moved, without system or affectation, who sobbed with his heart as much as with his voice, who forgot himself to become identified with his passion; this man, in whom the body seemed wasted and shattered by the soul, and a single one of whose glances con-

tained all the love I had failed to find in real life, exercised over me a really magnetic power. He had not been born in an age which could give him sympathy and fame; I alone could follow and understand him, and he was for five years my king, my life, my love.

"I could no longer live without seeing him; he ruled, he governed me. To me he was not a man, but in a different sense from that of Mme. de Ferrières. To me he was much more; his was an intellectual power, which formed my soul at its will. Soon I was unable to conceal the impression he made upon me. I gave up my box at the Comédie Française in order not to betray myself. I pretended I had become pious, and that in the evening I went to pray in the churches. Instead of that I dressed myself as a workwoman, and mingled with the common people, that I might listen to him unconstrained. At last I bribed one of the employes of the theatre and obtained possession of a little hidden corner where no one could see me, and which I reached by a side corridor. As an additional precaution, I dressed myself as a school-boy. The follies I committed for a man with whom I had never exchanged a word or a glance, had for me all the charms of mystery and all the illusions of happiness. When the hour for the theatre sounded in the large clock of my drawing-room, I was seized with violent palpitations. While my carriage was getting ready I tried to collect, to control myself; and if Larrieux happened to be with me, I was harsh and rude to him, to send him away. I used infinite art to rid myself of all other intruders. The ingenuity with which this theatrical passion inspired me is incredible. I must have had great dissimulation and great tact to have hidden it for five years from Larrieux, who was the most jealous of men, and from all the malicious people who surrounded me.

"I must tell you that instead of struggling against this passion, I yielded to it with eagerness, with delight. It was so pure! Why should I have blushed for it? It gave me new life; it initiated me into all the feelings I had wished to experience; it almost made me a woman.

"I was happy, I was proud to feel myself thrill and tremble. The first time my dormant heart beat aloud was to me a triumph. I learned to pout, to laugh, to be playful and capricious. It was remarked that I grew handsomer every day, that my dark eye softened, that my smile was more expressive, that what I said was truer and had more meaning than could have been expected.

"My recollections of this period of my life are disconnected, for their number overwhelms me. As I tell them to you, it seems to me that I grow young again, and that my heart beats once more at the name of Lelio. I have just told you that when I heard the clock strike I trembled with joy and impatience. Even now I seem to feel the delicious oppression which used to overwhelm me at the sound of that clock. Since then, through the vicissitudes of fortune I have come to find myself very happy in the possession of a few small rooms in the Marais. Well, of my magnificent house, my aristocratic *faubourg*, and my past splendour, I regret only that which could have recalled to me those days of love and dreams. I have saved from the general ruin some pieces of furniture which belonged to me at that time, and which I look upon with as much emotion as if the hour for the theatre were about to strike and my horses were pawing at the door. Oh, my child, never love as I loved. It is a storm which death alone can quell!

"Then I started, young, gay, and happy. I learned to take pleasure in being young, wealthy, and beautiful. Happiness revealed itself through every sense, by every pore. Seated in my coach, my feet buried in furs, I could see myself reflected in the mirror in front of me. The costume of that time, which has since been so much laughed at, was of extraordinary richness and splendour. When arranged with taste, and modified in its exaggerations, it endowed a beautiful woman with dignity, a softness, a grace, of which the portraits of that time can give you no idea. A woman, clothed in this panoply of feathers, silks, and flowers, was obliged to move slowly. I have seen very fair women in white robes with long trains of watered silk, their hair powdered and dressed with white plumes, who might without hyperbole have been compared to swans. Despite all Rousseau has said, those enormous folds of satin, that profusion of muslin, which enveloped a slender little body as down envelops the dove, made us resemble birds rather than wasps. Long wings of lace fell from our arms, and our ribbons, our dresses, and our jewels were variegated with the most brilliant colours. Balancing ourselves in our little high-heeled shoes, we seemed to fear to touch the earth, and we walked with the disdainful circumspection of a little bird on the edge of a brook.

"At the time of which I am speaking blond powder began to be worn, and gave the hair a light and soft colour. This method of modifying the crude shades of the hair gave softness

to the face, and an extraordinary brilliance to the eyes. The forehead was completely uncovered, its outline melted insensibly into the pale shades of the hair; it thus appeared higher and broader, and all women had a majestic air. It was then the fashion to dress the hair low, with large curls thrown back and falling on the neck. This was very becoming to me, and I was celebrated for the taste and magnificence of my dress. I sometimes wore red velvet trimmed with grebe-skin, sometimes white satin edged with tiger-skin, sometimes lilac damask shot with silver, with white feathers and pearls in my hair. Thus attired I would pay a few visits until the hour for the second piece at the theatre, for Lelio never played in the first.

"I created a sensation wherever I appeared, and, when I again found myself in my carriage, I contemplated with much pleasure the reflected image of the woman who loved Lelio, and might have been beloved by him. Until then, the only pleasure I had found in being beautiful lay in the jealousy I excited. But from the moment that I loved, I began to enjoy my beauty for its own sake. It was all I had to offer Lelio as a compensation for the triumphs which were denied him in Paris, and I loved to think of the pride and joy this poor actor, so misjudged, so laughed at, would feel, were he told that the Marquise de R. had dedicated her heart to him.

"These were but dreams, however, as brief as they were beautiful. As soon as my thoughts assumed some consistency, as soon as they took the form of any plan whatever, I had the fortitude to suppress them, and all the pride of rank reasserted its empire over my soul. You seem surprised at this. I will explain it by-and-by. Let me still linger in the magic world of my recollections.

"About eight o'clock my carriage stopped at the little church of the Carmelites, near the Luxembourg, and I sent it away, for I was supposed to attend the religious lectures which were given there at that hour. But I only crossed the church and the garden, and came out in another street. I went to the garret of a young needlewoman named Florence, who was devoted to me. I locked myself up in her room, and joyfully laid aside all my adornments to don the black, square-cut coat, the sword and wig of a young college provisor. Tall as I was, with my dark complexion and inoffensive glance, I really had the awkward, hypocritical look of a little priestling who had stolen to the play. I took a hackney-coach, and hastened to hide myself in my little box at the theatre. Then my joy, my terror, my impatience ceased. A profound calm descended upon me, and I remained until the rising of the curtain as if absorbed in the expectation of a great solemnity.

"As the vulture surrounds the partridge in his magnetic flight, and holds her panting and motionless in the magic circle he describes above her, the soul of Lelio, that great soul of a poet and tragedian, enveloped all my faculties, and plunged me into a torpor of admiration. I listened, my hands clasped upon my knees, my chin upon the front of the box, and my forehead bathed in perspiration. I hardly breathed; the crude light of the lamps tortured my eyes, which, dry and burning, were fastened on his every gesture, his every step. I wished to seize his least breath, the slightest shadow upon his brow. His feigned emotions, his simulated misfortunes, impressed me as if they were real. I could hardly distinguish between truth and illusion. To me, Lelio no longer existed; he was Rodrigue, Bajazet, Hippolyte. I hated his enemies; I trembled at his dangers; his sorrows drew from me floods of tears; and when he died I was compelled to stifle my screams with my handkerchief. Between the acts I sank down exhausted in the back part of my box; I was as one dead until the meagre tones of the orchestra warned me that the curtain was about to rise again. Then I sprang up, full of strength and ardour, to admire, to feel, to weep. How much freshness, poetry, and youth there was in that man's talent! That whole generation must have been of ice not to have fallen at his feet.

"And yet, although he offended every conventional idea, although he could not adapt himself to the taste of that silly public, although he scandalized the women by the carelessness of his dress and deportment, and displeased the men by his contempt for their foolish exactions, there were moments when, by an irresistible fascination, by the power of his eye and his voice, he held the whole of this ungrateful public as if in the hollow of his hand, and compelled it to applaud and to tremble. This happened but seldom, for the entire spirit of an age cannot be suddenly changed; but when it did happen, the applause was frantic. It seemed as if the Parisians, subjugated by his genius, wished to atone for all their injustice. As for me, I believed that this man had at times a supernatural power, and that those who most bitterly despised him were compelled to swell his triumph in spite of themselves. In truth, at such times the Comédie Française seemed smitten with madness, and the specta-

tors, on leaving the theatre, were amazed to remember that they had applauded Lelio. As for me, I seized the opportunity to give full career to my emotion; I shouted, I wept, I passionately called his name. Happily for me, my weak voice was drowned in the storm which raged around me.

"At other times he was hissed when he seemed to me sublime, and then I left the theatre, my heart full of rage. Those nights were the most dangerous for me. I was violently tempted to seek him out, to weep with him, to curse the age in which we lived, and console him by offering him my enthusiasm and my love.

"One evening, as I left the theatre by the side passage which led to my box, a small, slender man passed in front of me, and turned into the street. One of the stage-carpenters took off his hat and said: 'Good evening, Monsieur Lelio.' Eager to obtain a near view of this extraordinary man, I ran after him, crossed the street, and, forgetting the danger to which I exposed myself, followed him into a café. Fortunately, it was not one in which I was likely to meet any one of my own rank.

"When, by the light of a smoky lamp, I looked at Lelio, I thought I had been mistaken and had followed another man. He was at least thirty-five, sallow, withered, and worn-out. He was badly dressed, he looked vulgar, spoke in a hoarse broken voice, shook hands with the meanest wretches, drank brandy, and swore horribly. It was not until I had heard his name repeated several times that I felt sure that this was the divinity of the theatre, the interpreter of the great Corneille. I could recognize none of those charms which had so fascinated me, not even his glance, so proud, so ardent, and so sad. His eye was dull, dead, almost stupid; his strongly accentuated pronunciation seemed ignoble when he called to the waiter, or talked of gambling and taverns. He walked badly, he looked vulgar, and the paint was only half-wiped from his cheeks. It was no longer Hippolyte—it was Lelio. The temple was empty; the oracle was dumb; the divinity had become a man, not even a man—an actor.

"He went out, and I sat stupified, without even presence of mind enough to drink the hot spiced wine I had called for. When I remembered where I was, and perceived the insulting glances which were fixed upon me, I became frightened. It was the first time I had ever found myself in such an equivocal position and in such immediate contact with people of that class.

"I rose and tried to escape, but forgot to pay my reckoning. The waiter ran after me; I was terribly ashamed; I was obliged to return, enter into explanations at the desk, and endure all the mocking and suspicious looks which were turned upon me. When I left I thought I was followed. In vain I looked for a hackney-coach; there were none remaining in front of the theatre. I constantly heard heavy steps echoing my own. Trembling, I turned my head, and recognized a tall, ill-looking fellow whom I had noticed in one corner of the café, and who had very much the air of a spy or something worse. He spoke to me; I do not know what he said; I was too much frightened to hear, but I had still presence of mind enough to rid myself of him. The boldness which terror gives transformed me into a heroine. I struck him in the face with my cane, and, leaving him stunned at my audacity, I started away swift as an arrow, and did not stop till I reached Florence's little garret. When I awoke the next morning in my bed with its wadded curtains and coronal of pink feathers, I almost thought I had dreamed, and felt greatly mortified when I recollected the disillusions of the previous night. I thought myself thoroughly cured of my love, and I tried to rejoice at it, but in vain. I was filled with a mortal regret, the weariness of life again entered my heart, the world had not a pleasure which could charm me.

"Evening came, but brought no more beneficent emotions. Society seemed to me insipid. I went to church, listened to the evening lecture with the determination of becoming pious; I caught cold, and came home quite ill.

"I remained in bed several days. The Comtesse de Ferrières came to see me, assured me that I had no fever, that lying still made me ill, that I must amuse myself, go out, go to the theatre. She compelled me to go with her to see 'Cinna.' 'You no longer go to the theatre,' said she to me; 'your health is undermined by your piety and the dulness of your life. You have not seen Lelio for some time; he is improved, and he is now sometimes applauded. I think he may some day become very tolerable.'

"I do not know why I allowed myself to be persuaded. However, as I was completely disenchanted with Lelio, I thought I no longer ran any risk in braving his fascinations in public. I dressed myself with excessive brilliance, and, in a great procenium box, fronted a danger in which I no longer believed.

"But the danger was never more imminent. Lelio was sublime, and I had never been more in love with him. My recent adventure seemed but a dream. I could not believe that Lelio was other than he seemed upon the stage. In spite of myself, I yielded to the terrible agitations into which he had the power of throwing me. My face was bathed in tears, and I was compelled to cover it with my handkerchief. In the disorder of my mind I wiped off my rouge and my patches, and the Comtesse de Ferrières advised me to retire to the back of my box, for my emotion was creating a sensation in the house. I fortunately had the skill to make every one believe that it was the playing of Mdlle. Hippolyte Clairon which affected me so deeply. She was, in my opinion, a very cold and formal actress, too superior perhaps to her profession, as it was then understood; but her manner of saying '*Tout beau,*' in 'Cinna,' had given her a great reputation.

"It must be said, however, that when she played with Lelio she outdid herself. Although she took pains to proclaim her share in the fashionable contempt for his method of acting, she consciously felt the influence of his genius, and was inspired by him when the passion of the scene placed them in relation.

"That evening Lelio noticed me either on account of my dress or my emotion; for I saw him, when he was not acting, bend over one of the spectators who, at that epoch, sat upon the stage, and inquire my name. I guessed his question by the manner they both looked at me. My heart beat almost to suffocation, and I noticed during the play that Lelio's eyes turned several times towards me. What would I not have given to hear what the Chevalier de Brétillac, whom he had questioned, had said to him about me! Lelio's face did not indicate the nature of the information he had received, for he was obliged to retain the expression suited to his part. I knew this Brétillac very slightly, and I could not imagine whether he would speak well or ill of me.

"That night I understood for the first time the nature of the passion which enchained me to Lelio. It was a passion purely intellectual, purely ideal. It was not him I loved, but those heroes of ancient times whose sincerity, whose fidelity, whose tenderness he knew how to represent; with him, and by him, I was carried back to an epoch of forgotten virtues. I was proud enough to think that in those days I should not have been misjudged and hated, and that I should not have been reduced to loving a phantom of the footlights. Lelio was to me but the shadow of the Cid, the representative of that antique chivalric love now ridiculed in France. The man, the actor, I did not fear, for I had seen him; I could love him only upon the stage. My Lelio was a fictitious being who had no existence outside the theatre. The illusions of the stage, the glare of the footlights, were a part of the being whom I loved. Without them he was nothing to me, and faded like a star before the brightness of day. I had no desire to see him off the boards; I should have been in despair had I met him. It would have been to me like contemplating the ashes of a great man.

"One evening as I was going to the Carmelite church with the intention of leaving it by the opposite door, I perceived that I was followed, and became convinced that henceforth it would be almost impossible to conceal the object of my nocturnal expeditions. I decided to go publicly to the theatre. I acquired by degrees enough hypocrisy to hide my feelings, and besides, I began to profess a warm admiration for Mdlle. Hippolyte Clairon, which accounted sufficiently for the emotion I showed. I was now under greater constraint, and, compelled as I was to be perpetually conscious of myself, my enjoyment became less poignant and profound. But this circumstance involved another, which soon established a complete compensation. Lelio saw me and watched me; my beauty had struck him, my sensibility flattered him. His attention sometimes wandered so much as to displease the public. Soon I could no longer doubt. He was madly in love with me.

"My box had pleased the Princesse de Vaudemont. I gave it up to her, and took for myself a smaller one, less in view of the house, and better situated. I was almost upon the stage, I did not lose one of Lelio's glances; and he could look at me without its being seen by the public. But I no longer needed to catch his eye in order to understand all his feelings. The sound of his voice, his sighs, the expression which he gave to certain verses, certain words, told me that he was speaking to me. I was the happiest and proudest of women, for then it was the hero, not the actor, who loved me.

"After two years of an unknown and solitary love, cherished in the depths of my own soul, three winters passed over this same love, now shared by him; yet never a look, a glance of mine gave Lelio reason to hope for anything beyond this mysterious and tacit correspondence. I have since heard that Lelio often followed me in my walks and drives; so little did I desire to see him outside the theatre,

that I never perceived it. Of the eighty years I have passed in the world, those five are the only ones in which I really lived.

"One day I read in the *Mercure de France* the name of a new actor engaged at the Comédie Française to replace Lelio, who was about to leave France. This announcement was a mortal blow to me. I could not conceive how I should exist when deprived of these emotions, this life of passion and storm. This event gave an immense development to my love, and was well nigh my ruin.

"I no longer struggled with myself; I no longer sought to stifle at once all thoughts contrary to the dignity of my rank. I regretted that he was not what he appeared upon the stage; I wished him as young and handsome as he seemed each night before the footlights, that I might sacrifice to him all my pride, all my prejudices.

"While I was in this state of irresolution, I received a letter in an unknown hand. It is the only love-letter I have ever kept; though Larrieux has written me innumerable protestations, and I have received a thousand perfumed declarations from a hundred others, it is the only real love-letter that was ever sent me."

The Marquise rose, opened with an untrembling hand an inlaid casket, and took from it a crumpled worn-out letter, which I read with difficulty.

"Madam,—I am certain that you will feel nothing but contempt for this letter; you will not even deem it worthy of your anger. But, to a man falling into an abyss, what matters one more stone at the bottom? You will think me mad, and you will be right. You will perhaps pity me, for you will not doubt my sincerity. However humble your piety may have made you, you will understand the extent of my despair; you must already know how much evil and *how much good your eyes can do.*

"If you give one compassionate thought, if, to-night at the theatre, I perceive upon your features a slight expression of pity, I shall be less wretched when I depart; I shall bear with me a memory which may give me strength to live far from France, and there pursue my arduous and barren career.

"But you must know this already, madam; it is impossible that the violent emotions I have betrayed upon the stage, my cries of wrath and despair, have twenty times revealed to you my passion. You cannot have lighted all these flames without being conscious of what you did. Perhaps you played with me as a tiger with his prey; perhaps the spectacle of my folly and my tortures were your pastime. But, no; to think so were to presume too much. No, madam, I do not believe it; you never thought of me. You felt the verses of the great Corneille, you identified yourself with the noble passions of tragedy; that was all. And I, madman that I was, I dared to think that my voice alone sometimes awoke your sympathies, that my heart echoed in yours, that between you and me there was something more than between me and the public. Oh, my madness was arrant, but it was sweet! Leave me my illusions, madam; what are they to you? Do you fear that I should boast of them? By what right should I do so, and who would believe me? I should only make myself the laughing-stock of sensible people. Leave me this conviction; it has given me more joy than the severity of the public has caused me sorrow. Let me bless you, let me thank you upon my knees, for the sensibility which I have discovered in your soul, and which no other soul has ever shown me; for the tears which I have seen you shed for my fictitious sorrows, and which have often raised my inspiration almost to delirium; for the timid glances which sought, at least I believed so, to console me for the coldness of my audience. Oh, why were you born to pomp and splendour! Why am I an obscure and nameless artist! Why have I not riches and the favour of the public, that I might exchange them for a name, for one of those titles which I have hitherto disdained, and which, perhaps, would permit me to aspire as high as you are placed! Once I deemed the distinctions conferred upon talent superior to all others. To what purpose, thought I, is a man a chevalier or a marquis but to be the sillier, the vainer, and the more insolent? I hated the pride of men of rank, and thought I should be sufficiently avenged for their disdain if my genius raised me above them. Dreams and delusions all! my strength has not equalled my mad ambition. I have remained obscure; I have done worse—I have touched success, and allowed it to escape me. I thought myself great, and I was cast down to the dust; I imagined that I was almost sublime, and I was condemned to be ridiculous. Fate took me—me and my audacious dreams—and crushed me as if I had been a reed! I am a most wretched man!

"But I committed my greatest folly when I cast my eyes beyond that row of lights which marks between me and the rest of society a line of invincible separation. It is to me the circle of Popilius. I, an actor, I dared to raise my eyes and fasten them upon a beautiful woman—upon a woman, young, lovely, and of

high rank; for you are all this, madam, and I know it. The world accuses you of coldness and of exaggerated piety. I alone understand you. Your first smile, your first tear, sufficiently disproved the absurd fables which the Chevalier de Brétillac repeated against you.

"But, then, what a destiny is yours! What fatality weighs upon you as upon me, that in the midst of a society so brilliant, which calls itself so enlightened, you should have found only the heart of a poor actor to do you justice! Nothing will deprive me of the sad and consoling thought, that had we been born in the same rank, you would have been mine in spite of my rivals, in spite of my own inferiority. You would have been compelled to acknowledge that there is in me something greater than their wealth and their titles—the power of loving you. "LELIO."

"This letter," continued the Marquise, "was of a character very unusual at the time it was written, and seemed to me, notwithstanding some touches of theatrical declamation at the beginning so powerful, so true, so full of fresh bold passion, that I was overwhelmed by it. The pride which still struggled within me faded away. I would have given all the remaining days I had to live for one hour of such love.

"I will not tell you of my anxiety, my uncertainty, my terror; I could not recollect them with any coherence. I answered in these words, as nearly as I can remember:—

"'I do not accuse you, Lelio; I accuse Destiny. I do not pity you alone; I pity myself also. Neither pride nor prudence shall make me deny you the consolation of believing that I have felt a preference for you. Keep it, for it is the only one I can offer you. I can never consent to see you.'

"Next day I received a note which I hastily read and threw into the fire, to prevent Larrieux from seeing it, for he came suddenly upon me while I was reading it. It read thus:

"'MADAM,—I must see you or I must die. Once—once only, but for a single hour, if such is your will. Why should you fear an interview, since you trust my honour and my prudence? Madam, I know who you are; I am well aware of your piety, of the austerity of your life. I am not fool enough to hope for anything but a word of compassion, but it must fall from your own lips. My heart must receive and bear it away, or my heart must break. 'LELIO.'

"I must say in my own praise, for a generous and magnanimous trust is always praiseworthy, that not for a moment did I fear that Lelio would betray the trust I placed in him.

"I believed implicity in the humility, in the sincerity of Lelio. Besides, I had ample reason to trust my own strength. I resolved to see him. I had completely forgotten his faded features, his low-bred manners, his vulgar aspect; I recollected only the fascination of his genius, his letters, and his love. I answered:

"'I will see you. Find some secure place, but hope for nothing but for what you have asked. Should you seek to abuse my trust, you would be a villain, and I should not fear you.'

"Answer:

"'Your trust would save you from the basest of villains. You will see, madam, that Lelio is not unworthy of it. The Duke —— has often been good enough to offer me the use of his house in the Rue de Valois. Deign to go thither after the play.'

"Some explanations and directions as to the locality of the house followed.

"I received this note at four o'clock. The whole negotiation had occupied but a day. I had spent it in wandering through the house like one distracted; I was in a fever. This rapid succession of events bore me along as in a dream.

"When I had made the final decision, when it was impossible to draw back, I sank down upon my ottoman, breathless and dizzy.

"I was really ill. A surgeon was sent for, and I was bled. I told my servants not to mention my indisposition to any one; for I dreaded the intrusion of officious advisers, and was determined not to be prevented from going out that night.

"I threw myself upon my bed to await the appointed hour, and gave orders that no visitors should be admitted.

"The blood-letting had relieved and weakened me; I sank into a great depression of spirits. All my illusions vanished with the excitement which had accompanied my fever. Reason and memory returned; I remembered my disenchantment in the coffee-house, and Lelio's wretched appearance there; I prepared to blush for my folly, and to fall from the height of my deceitful visions to a bare and despicable reality. I no longer understood how it had been possible for me to consent to exchange my heroic and romantic tenderness for the revulsion of feeling which awaited me, and the sense of shame which would henceforth poison all my recollections. I bitterly regretted what I had done; I wept my illusions, my love, and that future of pure and secret joys which I was about to forfeit. Above all, I mourned for Lelio, whom

in seeing I should for ever lose, in whose love I had found five years of happiness, and for whom in a few hours I should feel nothing but indifference.

"In the paroxysm of my grief I violently wrung my arms; the vein re-opened, and I had barely time to ring for my maid, who found me in a swoon upon my bed. A deep and heavy sleep, against which I struggled in vain, seized me. I neither dreamed nor suffered; I was as one dead for several hours. When I again opened my eyes my room was almost dark, my house silent; my waiting-woman was asleep in a chair at the foot of my bed. I remained some time in such a state of numbness and weakness that I recollected nothing. Suddenly my memory returned, and I asked myself whether the hour and the day of rendezvous were passed, whether I had slept an hour or a century; whether I had killed Lelio by breaking my word. Was there yet time? I tried to rise, but my strength failed me. I struggled for some moments as if in a nightmare. At last I summoned all the forces of my will to the assistance of my exhausted body. I sprang to the floor, opened the curtains, and saw the moon shining upon the trees of my garden. I ran to the clock; the hands marked ten. I seized my maid and waked her: 'Quinette, what day of the week is it?' She sprang from her chair, screaming, and tried to escape from me, for she thought me delirious; I reassured her, and learned that I had only slept three hours. I thanked God. I asked for a hackney-coach. Quinette looked at me with amazement. At last she became convinced that I had the full use of my senses, transmitted my order, and began to dress me.

"I asked for my simplest dress; I put no ornaments in my hair, and refused to wear any rouge. I wished above all things for Lelio's esteem and respect, for they were far more precious to me than his love. Nevertheless, I was pleased when Quinette, who was much surprised at this new caprice, said, examining me from head to foot:

"'Truly, madam, I know not how you manage it. You are dressed in a plain white robe, without either train or pannier; you are ill and as pale as death; you have not even put on a patch; yet I never saw you so beautiful as to-night. I pity the men who will look upon you!'

"'Do you think me so very austere, my poor Quinette?'

"'Alas! madam, every day I pray Heaven to make me like you; but up to this time'——

"'Come, simpleton, give me my mantle and muff.'

"At midnight I was in the house of the Rue de Valois. I was carefully veiled, a sort of *valet de chambre* received me; he was the only human being to be seen in this mysterious dwelling. He led me through the windings of a dark garden to a pavilion buried in silence and shadow. Depositing his green silk lantern in the vestibule, he opened the door of a large dusky room, showed me by a respectful gesture and with a most impassive face a ray of light proceeding from the other extremity, and said, in a tone so low that it seemed as if he feared to awaken the sleeping echoes: 'Your ladyship is alone, no one else has yet come. Your ladyship will find in the summer parlour a bell which I will answer should you need anything.' He disappeared as if by enchantment, shutting the door upon me.

"I was terribly frightened; I thought I had fallen into some trap. I called him back. He instantly reappeared, and his air of stupid solemnity reassured me. I asked him what time it was, although I knew perfectly well, for I had sounded my watch twenty times in the carriage. 'It is midnight, answered he, without raising his eyes. I now resolutely entered the summer parlour, and I realized how unfounded were my fears when I saw that the doors which opened upon the garden were only of painted silk. Nothing could be more charming than this boudoir; it was fitted up as a concert-room. The walls were of stucco as white as snow, and the mirrors were framed in unpolished silver. Musical instruments of unusually rich material were scattered about, upon seats of white velvet trimmed with pearls. The light came from above through leaves of alabaster which formed a dome overhead. This soft even light might have been mistaken for that of the moon. A single statue of white marble stood in the middle of the room; it was an antique, and represented Isis veiled, with her finger upon her lips. The mirrors which reflected us, both pale and draped in white, produced such an illusion upon me that I was obliged to move in order to distinguish my figure from hers.

"Suddenly the silence was interrupted; a door was opened and closed, and light footsteps sounded upon the floor. I sank into a chair more dead than alive, for I was about to see Lelio shorn of the illusions of the stage. I closed my eyes, and inwardly bade them farewell before I reopened them.

"But how much was I surprised! Lelio was beautiful as an angel. He had not taken

off his stage dress, and it was the most elegant I had seen him wear. His Spanish doublet was of white satin, his shoulder and garter knots of cherry ribbons, and a short cloak of the same colour was thrown over his shoulder. He wore an immense ruff of English lace; his hair was short and unpowdered, partially covered by a cap with white feathers and a diamond rose. In this costume he had just played Don Juan in the 'Festin de Pierre.' Never had I seen him so beautiful, so young, so poetical, as at that moment. Velasquez would have worshipped such a model.

"He knelt before me. I could not help stretching out my hand to him, he seemed so submissive, so fearful of displeasing me. A man sufficiently in love to tremble before a woman was so rare in those times, and this one was thirty-five, and an actor.

"It seemed to me then, it seems to me still, that he was in the first bloom of youth. In his white dress he looked like a young page; his forehead had all the purity, his heart all the ardour of a first love. He took my hands and covered them with kisses. My senses seemed to desert me; I caressed his burning forehead, his stiff black hair, and the brown neck which disappeared in the soft whiteness of his collar. He wept like a woman; I was overwhelmed with his sobs.

"I wept delicious tears. I compelled him to raise his head and look at me. How beautiful he was! How splendid, how tender were his eyes! How much fascination his warm true soul communicated to the very defects of his face, and the scars left upon it by time and toil! Oh, the power of the soul! He who understands not its miracles has never loved! When I saw the premature wrinkles upon his beautiful forehead, when I saw the pallor of his lips, the languor of his smile, my heart melted. I felt that I must needs weep for his griefs, his disappointments, the labours of his life. I identified myself with him in all his sorrows, even that of his long hopeless love for me, and I had but one wish—to compensate him for the ills he had suffered.

"'My dear Lelio, my great Rodrigue, my beautiful Don Juan!' cried I, in my delirium. He spoke to me, he told me all the phases of his love; he told me how from a dissipated actor I had made him a man full of life and ardour; how I had raised him in his own eyes, and restored to him the illusions of his youth; he spoke of his respect, his veneration for me, of his contempt for the species of love which was then in fashion. Never did a more penetrating eloquence speak to the heart of a woman; never did Racine make love utter itself with such a conviction of its own truth, such poetry, such strength. Everything elevated and profound, everything sweet and fiery which passion can inspire, lay in his words, his voice, his eyes, his caresses, and his submission. Alas! did he deceive himself? Was he playing a part?"

"I certainly do not think so," cried I, looking at the Marquise. She seemed to grow young as she spoke, and, like the fairy Urgela, to cast off her hundred years. I know not who has said that a woman's heart has no wrinkles.

"Listen to the end," said she. "I threw my arms around his neck; I shivered as I touched the satin of his coat, as I breathed the perfume of his hair. My emotion was too violent, and I fainted.

"He recalled me to myself by his prompt assistance. I found him still kneeling at my feet. 'Pity me, kill me,' cried he. He was paler and far more ill than I.

"'Listen, Lelio,' said I. Here we separate for ever, but let us carry from this place a whole future of blissful thoughts and adored memories. I swear, Lelio, to love you till my death. I swear it without fear, for I feel that the snows of age will not have the power to extinguish this ardent flame.'

"Lelio knelt before me; he did not implore me, he did not reproach me; he said that he had not hoped for as much happiness as I had given him, and that he had no right to ask for more. Nevertheless, as he bade me farewell, his despair, the emotion which trembled in his voice, terrified me. I asked him if he would not find happiness in thinking of me, if the ecstacy of our meeting would not lend its charm to all the days of his life, if his past and future sorrows would not be softened each time he recalled it. He roused himself to promise, to swear all I asked. He again fell at my feet and passionately kissed my dress. I made a sign, and he left me. The carriage I had sent for came. The automatic servant of the house knocked three times outside to warn me. Lelio despairingly threw himself in front of the door; he looked like a spectre. I gently repulsed him, and he yielded. I crossed the threshold, and as he attempted to follow me, I showed him a chair in the middle of the room, underneath the statue of Isis. He sat down in it. A passionate smile wandered over his lips, his eyes sent out one more flash of gratitude and love. He was still beautiful, still young, still a grandee of Spain. After a few steps, when I was about to lose him for ever, I turned back and looked at him once more. Despair had

crushed him. He was old, altered, frightful. His body seemed paralyzed. His stiffened lips attempted an unmeaning smile. His eyes were glassy and dim; he was now only Lelio, the shadow of a lover and a prince."

The Marquise paused; then, while her aspect changed like that of a ruin which totters and sinks, she added: "Since then I have not heard him mentioned."

The Marquise made a second and a longer pause; then, with the terrible fortitude which comes with length of years, which springs from the persistent love of life or the near hope of death, she said with a smile: "Well, do you not now believe in the ideality of the eighteenth century?"

BURIAL ANTHEM.

[Rev. Henry Hart Milman, born 10th February, 1791; died 24th September, 1868. He was eminent as a historian and a poet. *Fazio*, a tragedy, was his first work of any importance, and appeared in 1815. In 1820 he published the *Fall of Jerusalem*, a sacred poem, and subsequently wrote the *History of Christianity*, *History of the Jews*, &c.]

Brother, thou art gone before us,
And thy saintly soul is flown
Where tears are wiped from every eye,
And sorrow is unknown.
From the burden of the flesh,
And from care and fear released,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

The toilsome way thou'st travell'd o'er,
And borne the heavy load,
But Christ hath taught thy languid feet
To reach his bless'd abode;
Thou'rt sleeping now, like Lazarus
Upon his father's breast;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

Sin can never taint thee now,
Nor doubt thy faith assail,
Nor thy meek trust in Jesus Christ
And the Holy Spirit fail:
And there thou'rt sure to meet the good,
Whom on earth thou lovedst best,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

"Earth to earth," and "dust to dust,"
The solemn priest hath said,
So we lay the turf above thee now,
And we seal thy narrow bed:
But thy spirit, brother, soars away
Among the faithful bless'd,
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.

ON A SPRIG OF HEATH.

[Mrs. Anne Grant, of Laggan, born in Glasgow, 21st February, 1755; died in Edinburgh, 7th November, 1838. Her father, Duncan Macvicar, held a commission in the army, and served some time in America. Having returned to this country, he was in 1773 appointed barrack-master of Fort Augustus, Inverness-shire. Here his daughter married the Rev. James Grant, minister of the neighbouring parish of Laggan. In 1801 Mrs. Grant was left a widow with eight children, and in straitened circumstances. She then turned to account her literary abilities, and produced several poetical and prose works, the most successful of which were, *Poems on Various Subjects*, 1803; *Letters from the Mountains*, 1806; and *Superstitions of the Highlands of Scotland*, 1811. She was awarded a pension of £50 a year by government in 1825.]

Flower of the waste! the heath-fowl shuns
For thee the brake and tangled wood,—
To thy protecting shade she runs,
Thy tender buds supply her food;
Her young forsake her downy plumes
To rest upon thy opening blooms.

Flower of the desert though thou art!
The deer that range the mountain free,
The graceful doe, the stately hart,
Their food and shelter seek from thee;
The bee thy earliest blossom greets,
And draws from thee her choicest sweets.

Gem of the heath! whose modest bloom
Sheds beauty o'er the lonely moor;
Though thou dispense no rich perfume,
Nor yet with splendid tints allure,
Both valour's crest and beauty's bower
Oft hast thou deck'd, a favourite flower.

Flower of the wild! whose purple glow
Adorns the dusky mountain's side,
Not the gay hues of Iris' bow,
Nor garden's artful, varied pride,
With all its wealth of sweets could cheer,
Like thee, the hardy mountaineer.

Flower of his heart! thy fragrance mild,
Of peace and freedom seems to breathe;
To pluck thy blossoms in the wild,
And deck his bonnet with the wreath,
Where dwelt of old his rustic sires,
Is all his simple wish requires.

Flower of his dear-loved native land!
Alas, when distant, far more dear!
When he from some cold foreign strand,
Looks homeward through the blinding tear,
How must his aching heart deplore,
That home and thee he sees no more!

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

[Jane Taylor, born in London, 23d September, 1783; died at Ongar, Essex, 12th April, 1824. She was a member of a literary family. Her father, who was minister of an Independent congregation, was the author of several works; her mother produced several useful books for domestic guidance; her brother, Isaac Taylor, LL.D., obtained distinction as a writer on metaphysical and religious subjects; and her sister Ann was, in conjunction with Jane, the author of many poems and hymns for children. The chief works of Jane were: *Display, a Tale; Essays in Rhyme on Morals and Manners;* and under the signature Q. Q. she contributed to the *Youth's Magazine* a series of moral sketches and tales, which obtained the highest praise. The following is one of the series.]

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family were stirring, suddenly stopped.

Upon this the dial-plate, if we may credit the fable, changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; and I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the very point of *striking*.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands.—"Very good," replied the pendulum: "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards year after year as I do." "As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here: and, although there is a window, I dare not stop even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours: perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being *quick* at figures, presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself, I'll stop."

The dial could scarcely keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:—

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden notion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which, although it may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do*. Would you now do me the favour to give about half-a-dozen strokes, to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now," resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum. "Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon, if we stand idling thus."

Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to

swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen-shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the matter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half-an-hour in the night.

STANZAS TO AN OLD FRIEND.

Tandemque nobis exsulibus placent
Relicta.————————

CASIMIR.

Come, here's a health to thee and thine;
Trust me, whate'er we may be told,
Few things are better than old wine,
When tasted with a friend that's old·
We're happy yet; and, in our track,
New pleasures if we may not find,
There is a charm in gazing back
On sunny prospects left behind.

Like that famed hill in western clime,
Through·gaudy noonday dark and bare,
That tinges still, at vesper time,
With purple gleam the evening air;
So there's a joy in former days,
In times, and scenes, and thoughts gone by,
As beautified their heads they raise,
Bright in Imagination's sky.

Time's glass is fill'd with varied sand,
With fleeting joy and transient grief;
We'll turn, and with no sparing hand,
O'er many a strange fantastic leaf;
And fear not—but, 'mid many a blot,
There are some pages written fair,
And flow'rs that time can wither not,
Preserved, still faintly fragrant there.

As the hush'd night glides gentlier on,
Our music shall breathe forth its strain,
And tell of pleasures that are gone,
And heighten those that yet remain:
And that creative breath, divine,
Shall waken many a slumbering thrill,
And call forth many a mystic line
Of faded joys, remember'd still.

Again, the moments shall she bring
When youth was in his freshest prime,
We'll pluck the roses that still spring
Upon the grave of buried time.

There's magic in the olden song;—
Yea, e'en ecstatic are the tears
Which will steal down, our smiles among,
Roused by the sounds of other years.

And, as the mariner can find
Wild pleasure in the voiced roar
E'en of the often-dreaded wind
That wreck'd his every hope before:
If there's a pang that lurks beneath—
For youth had pangs—oh! let it rise,
'Tis sweet to feel the poet breathe
The spirit of our former sighs.

We'll hear the strains we heard so oft
In life's first, warm, impassion'd hours,
That fell on our young hearts as soft
As summer dews on summer flowers;
And as the stream, where'er it hies,
Steals something in its purest flow,
Those strains shall taste of ecstacies
O'er which they floated long ago.

E'en in our morn, when fancy's eye
Glanced sparkling o'er a world of bliss,
When joy was young, and hope was high,
We could not feel much more than this:
Howe'er, then, time our day devours,
Why should our smiles be overcast?
Why should we grieve for fleeting hours,
Who find a future in the past?

THOMAS DOUBLEDAY.

LINES WRITTEN IN SICKNESS.

Oh, Death! if there be quiet in thine arms,
And I must cease—gently, O gently come
To me! and let my soul learn no alarms,
But strike me, ere a shriek can echo, dumb,
Senseless, and breathless.—And thou, sickly life,
If the decree be writ that I must die,
Do thou be guilty of no needless strife,
Nor pull me downwards to mortality,
When it were fitter I should take a flight—
But whither? Holy Pity, hear, oh hear!
And lift me to some far-off skyey sphere,
Where I may wander in celestial light:
Might it be so—then would my spirit fear
To quit the things I have so loved, when seen—
The air, the pleasant sun, the summer green—
Knowing how few would shed one kindly tear,
Or keep in mind that I had ever been?

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

THE WINE-CELLAR.

Facilis descensus Averni,
Sed revocare gradum, superasque evadere ad auras,
Hic labor, hoc opus est.—VIRG.

In the deep discovery of the subterranean world, a shallow part would satisfy some inquirers, who if two or three yards were opened beneath the surface, would not care to rake the bowels of Potosi and regions towards the centre.—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Men have always attached a peculiar interest to that region of the earth which extends for a few yards beneath its surface. Below this depth the imagination, delighting to busy itself among the secrets of Time and Mortality, hath rarely cared to penetrate. A few feet of ground may suffice for the repose of the first dwellers of the earth until its frame shall grow old and perish. The little coin, silent picture of forgotten battles, lies among the roots of shrubs and vegetables for centuries, till it is turned into light by some careful husbandman, who ploughs an inch deeper than his fathers. The dead bones which, loosened from their urns, gave occasion to Sir Thomas Browne's noblest essay, "had outlasted the living ones of Methusalem, and in a yard under ground, and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and spacious buildings above them, and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests." Superstition chooses the subterranean space which borders on the abodes of the living, and ranges her vaults and mysterious caverns near to the scenes of revelry, passion, and joy; and within this narrow rind rest the mighty products of glorious vintages, the stores of that divine juice which, partaking of the rarest qualities of physical and intellectual nature, blends them in happier union within us. Here, in this hallowed ground, the germs of inspiration and the memorials of decay lie side by side, and Bacchus holds divided empire with the King of Terrors.

As I sat indulging this serious vein of reflection some years ago, when my relish of philosophy and port was young, a friend called to remind me that we had agreed to dine together with rather more luxury than usual. I had made the appointment with boyish eagerness, and now started gladly from my solitary reveries to keep it. The friend with whom I had planned our holiday, was one of those few persons whom you may challenge to a convivial evening with a mathematical certainty of enjoying it;—which is the rarest quality of friendship. Many who are equal to great exigencies, and would go through fire and water to serve you, want the delicate art to allay the petty irritations and heighten the ordinary enjoyments of life, and are quite unable to make themselves agreeable at a *tête-à-tête* dinner. Not so my companion; who, zealous, prompt, and consoling in all seasons of trial, had good sense for every little difficulty, and a happy humour for every social moment; at all times a better and wiser self. Blessed with good but never-boisterous spirits; endowed with the rare faculty not only of divining one's wishes, but instantly making them his own; skilful in sweetening good counsel with honest flattery; able to bear with enthusiasm in which he might not participate, and to avoid smiling at the follies he could not help discerning; ever ready to indulge the secret wish of his guest "for another bottle," with heart enough to drink it with him, and head enough to take care of him when it was gone, he was (and yet is) the pleasantest of advisers, the most genial of listeners, and the quietest of lively companions. On this memorable day he had, with his accustomed forethought, given particular orders for our entertainment, and I hastened to enjoy it with him, little thinking how deep and solemn was the pleasure which awaited us.

We arrived at the —— Coffee-house about six on a bright afternoon in the middle of September, and found everything ready and excellent: the turtle magnificent and finely relieved by lime-punch effectually iced; grilled salmon crisply prepared for its appropriate lemon and mustard; a leg of Welsh mutton just tasted as a "sweet remembrancer" of its heathy and hungry hills; woodcocks with thighs of exquisite delicacy and essence "deeply interfused" in thick soft toast; and mushrooms, which Nero justly called "the flesh of the gods,"[1] simply broiled and faintly sprinkled

[1] This trait sufficiently accounts for the flowers which were seen scattered on the sepulchre of Nero when the popular indignation raged highest against his memory—the grateful Roman had eaten his mushroom under imperial auspices. Had Lord Byron been acquainted with the flavour of choice mushrooms, he would have turned to give it honour due after the following stanza, one of the noblest in that work which, with all its faults of waywardness and haste is a miracle of language, pathos, playfulness, sublimity, and sense.

When Nero perish'd by the justest doom
Which ever the destroyer yet destroy'd,
Amidst the roar of liberated Rome,
The nations free and the world overjoy'd,
Some hand unseen strew'd flowers upon his tomb—
Perhaps the weakness of a heart not void
Of feeling for some kindness done when power
Had left the wretch one uncorrupted hour!

with cayenne. Our conversation was, of course, confined to mutual invitations and expressive criticisms on the dishes; the only table-talk which men of sense can tolerate. But the most substantial gratifications, in this world at least, must have an end: and the last mushroom was at length eaten. Unfortunately for the repose of the evening, we were haunted by the recollection of some highly-flavoured port, and, in spite of strong evidence of identity from conspiring waiters, sought for the like in vain. Bottle after bottle was produced and dismissed as "not the thing," till our generous host, somewhat between liberal hospitality and just impatience, smilingly begged us to accompany him into the cellar, inspect the whole of "his little stock," and choose for ourselves! We took him at his word; another friend of riper years and graver authority joined us; and we prepared to follow our guide, who stood ready to conduct us to the banks of Lethe. All the preparations, like those which preceded similar descents of the heroes of old, bespoke the awfulness and peril of the journey. Our host preceded us with his massive keys to perform an office collateral to that of St. Peter; behind, a dingy imp of the nether regions stood with glasses in his hands and a prophetic grin on his face; and each of us was armed with a flaming torch to penetrate the gloom which now stretched through the narrow entrance before us.

We descended the broken and winding staircase with cautious steps, and, to confess the truth, not without some apprehension for our upward journey, yet hoping to be numbered among that select class of Pluto's visitors, "quos ardens evexit ad æthera virtus." On a sudden, turning a segment of a mighty cask, we stood in the centre of the vast receptacle of spirituous riches. The roof of solid and stoutly compacted brickwork, low, but boldly arched, looked substantial enough to defy all attacks of the natural enemy—water, and resist a second deluge. From each side ran long galleries, partially shown by the red glare of the torches, extending one way far beneath the busy trampling of the greatest shopkeepers and stock-jobbers in the world; and, on the other, below the clamour of the Old Bailey Court and the cells of its victims. What a range! Here rest, cooling in the deep-delved cells, the concentrated essences of sunny years! In this archway huge casks of mighty wine are scattered in bounteous confusion, like the heaped jewels and gold on the "rich strond" of Spenser, the least of which would lay Sir Walter's Fleming low! Throughout that long succession of vaults, thousands of bottles, "in avenues disposed," lie silently waiting their time to kindle the imagination, to sharpen the wit, to open the soul, and to unchain the trembling tongue. There may you feel the true grandeur of quiescent power, and walk amidst the palpable elements of madness or of wisdom. What stores of sentiment in that butt of raciest sherry! What a fund of pensive thought! What suggestions for delicious remembrance! What "aids to reflection!" (genuine as those of Coleridge) in that hock of a century old! What sparkling fancies, whirling and foaming, from a stout body of thought in that full and ripe champagne! What mild and serene philosophy in that Burgundy, ready to shed "its sunset glow" on society and nature! This pale brandy, softened by age, is the true "spirit" which "disturbs us with the joy of elevated thoughts." That hermitage, stealing gently into the chambers of the brain, shall make us "babble of green fields;" and that delicate claret, innocently bubbling and dancing in the slender glass, shall bring its own vine-coloured hills more vividly before us even than Mr. Stanfield's pencil! There from a time-changed bottle, tenderly drawn from a crypt, protected by huge primeval cobwebs, you may taste antiquity, and feel the olden time on your palate! As we sip this marvellous port,[1] to the very colour of which age has been gentle, methinks we have broken into one of those rich vaults in which Sir Thomas Browne, the chief butler of the tomb, finds treasures rarer than jewels. "Some," saith he, "discover sepulchral vessels containing liquors which time hath incrassated into jellies. For besides lacrymatories, notable lamps, with oils and aromatic liquors, attended noble ossuaries; and some yet retaining a vinosity and spirit in them, which, if any have tasted, they have far exceeded the palates of antiquity;—liquors, not to be computed by years of annual magistrates, but by great conjunctions and the fatal periods of kingdoms. The draughts of consulary date were but crude unto these, and Opimian wine but in the must unto them."

We passed on from flavour to flavour with our proud and liberal guide, whose comments added zest even to the text which he had to dilate on. A scent, a note of music, a voice long unheard, the stirring of the summer

[1] Old port wine is more ancient to the imagination than any other, though in fact it may have been known fewer years: as a broken Gothic arch has more of the spirit of antiquity about it than a Grecian temple. Port reminds us of the obscure middle ages; but hock, like the classical mythology, is always young.

breeze may startle us with the sudden revival of long-forgotten feelings and thoughts, but none of these little whisperers to the heart is so potently endowed with this simple spell as the various flavours of port to one who has tried, and, in various moods of his own mind, relished them all. This full, rough, yet fruity wine, brings back that first season of London life when topics seemed exhaustless as words, and coloured with rainbow hues; when Irish students, fresh from Trinity College, Dublin, were not too loud or familiar to be borne; when the florid fluency of others was only tiresome as it interrupted one's own; when the vast Temple Hall was not too large or too cold for sociality; and ambition, dilating in the venerable space, shaped dreams of enterprise, labour, and glory, till it required more wine to assuage its fervours. This taste of a liquor, firm yet in body, though tawny with years, bears with it to the heart that hour when, having returned to my birth-place after a long and eventful absence, and having been cordially welcomed by my hearty friends, I slipped away from the table, and hurried, in the light of a brilliant sunset, to the gently declining fields and richly wooded hedgerows which were the favourite haunt of my serious boyhood. The swelling hills seemed touched with ethereal softness; the level plain was invested "with purpureal gleams;" every wild rose and stirring branch was eloquent with vivid recollections; a thousand hours of happy thoughtfulness came back upon the heart; and the glorious clouds which fringed the western horizon looked prophetic of golden years "predestined to descend and bless mankind." This soft, highly-flavoured port, in every drop of which you seem to taste an aromatic flower, revives that delicious evening, when, after days of search for the tale of *Rosamond Grey*, of which I had indistinctly heard, I returned from an obscure circulating library with my prize, and brought out a long-cherished bottle, given me two years before as a curiosity, by way of accompaniment to that quintessence of imaginative romance. How did I enjoy, with a strange delight, its scriptural pathos, like a newly discovered chapter of the Book of Ruth; hang enamoured over its young beauty, lovelier for the antique frame of language in which it was set; and long to be acquainted with the author, though I scarcely dared aspire so high, and little anticipated those hundreds of happy evenings since passed in his society, which now crowd on me in rich confusion!—Thus is it that these subtlest of remembrancers not only revive some joyful season, but this also "contains a glass which shows us many more," unlocking the choicest stores of memory, that cellar of the brain, in which lie the treasures which make life precious.

But see! our party have seated themselves beneath that central arch to enjoy a calmer pleasure after the fatigues of their travel. They look romantic as banditti in a cave, and good-humoured as a committee of aldermen. A cask which has done good service in its day —the shell of the evaporated spirit—serves for a table round which they sit on rude but ample benches. The torches planted in the ground cast a broad light over the scene, making the ruddy wine glisten, and seeming by their irregular flickering as if they too felt the influence of the spot. My friend, usually so gentle in his convivialities, has actually broken forth into a song, such as these vaults never heard; our respected senior sits trying to preserve his solemn look, but unconsciously smiling; and Mr. B——l, the founder of the banquet, is sedulously doing the honours with only intenser civility, and calling out for fresh store of ham-sandwiches and broiled mushrooms, to enable us to do justice to the liquid delicacies before us. The usual order of wines is disregarded; no affected climax, no squeamish assortments of tastes for us here; we despise all rules, and yield a sentimental indulgence to the aberrations of the bottle. "Riches fineless" are piled around us; we are below the laws and their ministers; and just, lo! in the furthest glimmer of the torches lies outstretched our black Mercury, made happy by our leavings, and seeming to rejoice that in the cellar, as in the grave, all men are equal.

How the soul expands from this narrow cell and bids defiance to the massive walls! What Elysian scenes begin to dawn amidst the darkness! Now do I understand the glorious tale of Aladdin and the subterranean gardens. It is plain that the visionary boy had discovered just such a cellar as this, and there eagerly learned to gather amaranthine fruits, and range in celestial groves, till the Genius of the Ring, who has sobered many a youth, took him in charge, and restored him to common air. Here is the true temple, the inner shrine of Bacchus. Feebly have they understood the attributes of the benignant god who have represented him as delighting in a garish bower with clustering grapes; here he rejoices to sit, in his true citadel, amidst his mightier treasures. Methinks we could now, in prophetic mood, trace the gay histories of these his embodied inspirations, among those who shall feel them hereafter; live at once along a thou-

sand lines of sympathy and thought which they shall kindle; reverse the melancholy musing of Hamlet, and trace that which the bunghole-stopper confines to "the noble dust of an Alexander," which it shall quicken; and, peeping into the studies of our brother contributors, see how that vintage which flushed the hills of France with purple, shall mantle afresh in the choice articles of the *New Monthly Magazine*.

But it is time to stop, or my readers will suspect me of a more recent visit to the cellar. They will be mistaken. One such descent is enough for a life; and I stand too much in awe of the Powers of the Grave to venture again so near to their precincts.

T. N. Talfourd.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
  My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
  One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
  But being too happy in thy happiness,—
    That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
      In some melodious plot
  Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
    Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
  Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
  Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth.
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
  Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
    With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
      And purple-stained mouth,
  That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
    And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
  What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
  Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
  Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
    Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
      And leaden-eyed despairs;
  Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
    Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
  Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
  Though the dull brain perplexes and retards.
Already with thee! tender is the night,
  And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
    Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
      But here there is no light,
  Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
    Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
  Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs;
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
  Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
  White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
    Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
      And mid-May's eldest child,
  The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
    The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling, I listen; and, for many a time
  I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
  To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
  To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
    While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
      In such an ecstasy!
  Still would'st thou sing, and I have ears in vain,
    To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird!
  No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night, was heard
  In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
  Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
    She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
      The same that oft-times hath
  Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
    Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
  To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
  As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
  Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
    Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
      In the next valley-glades:
  Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
    Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

John Keats.

GLORIFIED SPIRITS.

[William Rathbone Greg, is author of various works, political and literary—"*Political Problems for our Age and Country;*" "*The Creed of Christendom;*" "*Literary and Social Judgments;*" *Truth versus Edification;*" "*Enigmas of Life;*" "*Rocks Ahead, or the Warnings of Cassandra;*" &c. Mr. Greg is a man of intellectual power, and fine aspirations. Though unorthodox in opinions he is sound at heart, religious in feeling, and a sincere well-wisher of humanity. He is most popular on directly practical questions, with a philanthropic turn. Mr. Greg (born in Liverpool about 1810) succeeded John Ramsey M'Culloch in 1864 as Comptroller of H. M. Stationery Office. The following extracts are from the most eloquent of his writings—the "*Enigmas of Life*": He died in 1881.]

Whether in the lapse of ages and in the course of progressive being, the more dormant portions of each man's nature will be called out, and his desires, and therefore the elements of his heaven change; whether the loving will learn to thirst for knowledge, and the fiery and energetic to value peace, and the active and earnest to grow weary of struggle and achievement, and to long for tenderness and repose, and the rested to begin a new life of aspiration, and those who had long lain satisfied with the humble constituents of the beatific state, to yearn after the conditions of a loftier being, we cannot tell. Probably. It may be, too, that the tendency of every thought and feeling will be to gravitate towards the great centre, to merge in one mighty and all-absorbing emotion. The thirst for knowledge may find its ultimate expression in the contemplation of the Divine Nature—in which indeed all may be contained. It may be that all longings will be finally resolved into striving after a closer union with God, and all human affections merged in the desire to be a partaker in His nature. It may be that in future stages of our progress, we shall become more and more severed from the human, and joined to the divine; that, starting on the threshold of the eternal world with the one beloved being who has been the partner of our thoughts and feelings on this earth, we may find, as we go forward to the goal, and soar upward to the throne, and dive deeper and deeper into the mysteries and immensities of creation, that *affection* will gradually emerge in *thought*, and the cravings and yearnings of the heart be calmed and superseded by the sublimer interests of the perfected intelligence; that the hands which have so long been joined in love may slowly unclasp, to be stretched forth towards the approaching glory; that the glance of tenderness which we cast on the companion at our side may become faint, languid, and hurried before the earnest gaze with which we watch "the light that shall be revealed." We might even picture to ourselves that epoch in our progress through successively loftier and more purified existence, when those who on earth strengthened each other in every temptation, sustained each other under every trial, mingled smiles at every joy and tears at every sorrow; and who, in succeeding varieties of being, hand in hand, heart with heart, thought for thought, penetrated together each new secret, gained each added height, glowed with each new rapture, drank in each successive revelation, shall have reached that point where all lower affections will be merged in one absorbing Presence; when the awful nearness of the perfect love will dissolve all other ties and swallow up all other feelings; and when the finished and completed soul, before melting away into that sea of light which will be its element for ever, shall turn to take a last fond look of the now glorified but thereby lost companion of so much anguish and so many joys! But we cannot *yet* contemplate the prospect without pain: therefore it will not be *yet;* not till we can contemplate it with joy: for heaven is a scene of bliss and recompense, not of sorrow and bereavement.

HUMAN DEVELOPMENT.

Two glorious futures lie before us: the progress of the race here, the progress of the man hereafter. History indicates that the individual man needs to be transplanted in order to excel the past. He appears to have reached his perfection centuries ago. Men lived then whom we have never yet been able to surpass, rarely even to equal. Our knowledge has, of course, gone on increasing, for that is a material capable of indefinite accumulation. But for power, for the highest reach and range of mental and spiritual capacity in every line, the lapse of two or three thousand years has shown no sign of increase or improvement. What sculptor has surpassed Phidias? What poet has transcended Æschylus, Homer, or the author of the Book of Job? What de-

vout aspirant has soared higher than David or Isaiah? What statesman have modern times produced mightier or grander than Pericles? What patriot martyr truer or nobler than Socrates? Wherein, save in mere acquirements, was Bacon superior to Plato? or Newton to Thales or Pythagoras? Very early in our history individual men beat their wings against the allotted boundaries of their earthly dominions; early in history God gave to the human race the types and patterns to imitate and approach, but never to transcend. Here, then, surely we see clearly intimated to us our appointed work—namely, to raise the masses to the true standard of harmonious human virtue and capacity, not to strive ourselves to overleap that standard; not to put our own souls or brains into a hotbed, but to put all our fellow-men into a fertile and wholesome soil. If this be so, both our practical course and our speculative difficulties are greatly cleared. The timid fugitives from the duties and temptations of the world, the selfish coddlers and nursers of their own souls, the sedulous cultivators either of a cold intellect or of a fervent spiritualism, have alike deserted or mistaken their mission, and turned their back upon the goal. The philanthropists, in the measure of their wisdom and their purity of zeal, are the real fellow-workmen of the Most High. This principle may give us the clue to many dispensations which at first seem dark and grievous, to the grand scale and the distracting slowness of nature's operations; to her merciless inconsideration for the individual when the interests of the race are in question:

> So careful of the type she seems,
> So careless of the single life.
>
> *In Memoriam.*

Noble souls are sacrificed to ignoble masses; the good champion often falls, the wrong competitor often wins; but the great car of humanity moves forward by those very steps which revolt our sympathies and crush our hopes, and which, if we could, we would have otherwise.

WILLIAM RATHBONE GREG.

THE PROPHETIC LANGUAGE.

[The character and most prominent discoveries of Newton are summed up in his epitaph, of which the following is a translation: "Here lies interred ISAAC NEWTON, Knight, who, with an energy of mind almost divine, guided by the light of mathematics purely his own, first demonstrated the motions and figures of the planets, the paths of comets and the causes of the tides; who discovered, what before his time no one had even suspected, that rays of light are differently refrangible, and that this is the cause of colours; and who was a diligent, penetrating and faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity, and the sacred writings. In his philosophy, he maintained the majesty of the Supreme Being; in his manners, he expressed the simplicity of the gospel. Let mortals congratulate themselves that the world has seen so great and excellent a man, the glory of human nature." Newton died March 20, 1727.]

For understanding the prophecies, we are, in the first place, to acquaint ourselves with the figurative language of the prophets. This language is taken from the analogy between the world natural and an empire or kingdom considered as a world politic.

Accordingly the whole world natural, consisting of heaven and earth, signifies the whole world politic, consisting of thrones and people; or so much of it as is considered in the prophecy. And the things in that world signify the analogous things in this. For the heavens, and the things therein, signify thrones and dignities, and those who enjoy them; and the earth, with the things thereon, the inferior people; and the lowest parts of the earth, called Hades, or Hell, the lowest or most miserable part of them. Whence, ascending towards heaven, and descending to the earth, are put for rising and falling in power and honour; rising out of the earth or waters, and falling into them, for the rising up to any dignity, or dominion, out of the inferior state of the people, or falling down from the same into that inferior state; descending into the lower parts of the earth, for descending to a very low and unhappy state; speaking with a faint voice out of the dust, for being in a weak and low condition; moving from one place to another, for translation from one office, dignity, or dominion to another; great earthquakes, and the shaking of heaven and earth, for the shaking of dominions, so as to distract or overthrow them; the creating a new heaven and earth, and the passing away of an old one, or the beginning and end of the world, for the rise and reign of the body politic signified thereby.

In the heavens, the sun and moon are, by the interpreters of dreams, put for the persons of kings and queens. But in sacred prophecy, which regards not single persons, the sun is put for the whole species and race of kings, in the kingdom or kingdoms of the

world politic, shining with regal power and glory; the moon for the body of the common people, considered as the king's wife; the stars for subordinate princes and great men, or for bishops and rulers of the people of God, when the sun is Christ; light for the glory, truth, and knowledge, wherewith great and good men shine and illuminate others; darkness for obscurity of condition, and for error, blindness, and ignorance; darkening, smiting, or setting of the sun, moon, and stars, for the ceasing of a kingdom, or for the desolation thereof, proportional to the darkness; darkening the sun, turning the moon into blood, and falling of the stars, for the same; new moons, for the return of a dispersed people into a body politic or ecclesiastic.

Fire and meteors refer to both heaven and earth, and signify as follows: Burning anything with fire, is put for the consuming thereof by war; a conflagration of the earth, or turning a country into a lake of fire, for the consumption of a kingdom by war; the being in a furnace, for the being in slavery under another nation; the ascending up of the smoke of any burning thing for ever and ever, for the continuation of a conquered people under the misery of perpetual subjection and slavery; the scorching heat of the sun, for vexatious wars, persecutions, and troubles inflicted by the king; riding on the clouds, for reigning over much people; covering the sun with a cloud, or with smoke, for oppression of the king by the armies of an enemy; tempestuous winds, or the motion of clouds, for wars; thunder, or the voice of a cloud, for the voice of a multitude; a storm of thunder lightning, hail, and overflowing rain, for a tempest of war descending from the heavens and clouds politic on the heads of their enemies: rain, if not immoderate, and dew, and living water, for the graces and doctrines of the Spirit; and the defect of rain, for spiritual barrenness.

In the earth, the dry land and congregated waters, as a sea, a river, a flood, are put for the people of several regions, nations, and dominions; imbittering of waters, for great affliction of the people by war and persecution; turning things into blood, for the mystical death of bodies politic—that is, for their dissolution; the overflowing of a sea or river, for the invasion of the earth politic, by the people of the waters; drying up of waters, for the conquests of their regions by the earth; fountains of waters, for cities, the permanent heads of river politic; mountains and islands, for the cities of the earth and sea politic, with the territories and dominions belonging to those cities; dens and rocks of mountains, for the temples of cities; the hiding of men in those dens and rocks, for the shutting up of idols in their temples; houses and ships, for families, assemblies, and towns in the earth and sea politic; and a navy of ships of war, for an army of that kingdom that is signified by the sea.

Animals also, and vegetables, are put for the people of several regions and conditions; and particularly trees, herbs, and land-animals, for the people of the earth politic; flags, reeds, and fishes, for those of the waters politic; birds and insects, for those of the politic heaven and earth; a forest, for a kingdom; and a wilderness, for a desolate and thin people.

If the world politic, considered in prophecy, consists of many kingdoms, they are represented by as many parts of the world natural, as the noblest by the celestial frame, and then the moon and clouds are put for the common people; the less noble, by the earth, sea, and rivers, and by the animals or vegetables, or buildings therein; and then the greater and more powerful animals and taller trees, are put for kings, princes, and nobles. And because the whole kingdom is the body politic of the king, therefore the sun, or a tree, or a beast, or bird, or a man, whereby the king is represented, is put in a large signification for the whole kingdom; and several animals, as a lion, a bear, a leopard, a goat, according to their qualities, are put for several kingdoms and bodies politic; and sacrificing of beasts, for slaughtering and conquering of kingdoms; and friendship between beasts, for peace between kingdoms. Yet sometimes vegetables and animals are, by certain epithets or circumstances, extended to other significations; as a tree, when called "the tree of life" or "of knowledge;" and the beast, when called "the old serpent," or worshipped.

THE STUDY OF NATURE RECOMMENDED.

[JOHN RAY (or WRAY), born at Black Notley, Essex, England, 1627, was the son of a blacksmith. He was educated at Cambridge, and was for a time lecturer on Greek, and Mathematical instructor in Trinity College. Later he took church orders, which he soon resigned.

He achieved high distinction as a naturalist, and is the author of numerous valuable works, among which are: "*Catalogus Plantarum Angliæ*" (1670); "*Methodus Plantarum Nova*" (1682); "*The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of Creation*" (1691); "*A Collection of English Proverbs*" (1690). He died in 1705.]

Let us then consider the works of God, and observe the operations of his hands: let us take notice of and admire his infinite wisdom and goodness in the formation of them. No creature in this sublunary world is capable of so doing beside man; yet we are deficient herein: we content ourselves with the knowledge of the tongues, and a little skill in philology, or history perhaps, and antiquity, and neglect that which to me seems more material. I mean natural history and the works of the creation. I do not discommend or derogate from those other studies; I should betray mine own ignorance and weakness should I do so; I only wish they might not altogether jostle out and exclude this. I wish that this might be brought in fashion among us; I wish men would be so equal and civil, as not to disparage, deride, and vilify those studies which themselves skill not of, or are not conversant in. No knowledge can be more pleasant than this, none that doth so satisfy and feed the soul; in comparison whereto that of words and phrases seems insipid and jejune. That learning, saith a wise and observant prelate, which consists only in the form and pedagogy of arts, or the critical notion upon words and phrases, hath in it this intrinsical imperfection, that it is only so far to be esteemed as it conduceth to the knowledge of things, being in itself but a kind of pedantry, apt to infect a man with such odd humours of pride, and affectation, and curiosity, as will render him unfit for any great employment. Words being but the images of matter, to be wholly given up to the study of these, what is it but Pygmalion's frenzy to fall in love with a picture or image. As for oratory, which is the best skill about words, that hath by some wise men been esteemed but a voluptuary art, like to cookery, which spoils wholesome meats, and helps unwholesome, by the variety of sauces, serving more to the pleasure of taste than the health of the body.

ALL THINGS NOT MADE FOR MAN.

There are infinite other creatures without this earth, which no considerate man can think were made only for man. For it seems to me highly absurd and unreasonable to think that bodies of such vast magnitude as the fixed stars were only made to twinkle to us; nay, a multitude of them there are that do not so much as twinkle, being, either by reason of their distance or their smallness, altogether invisible to the naked eye, and only discoverable by a telescope; and it is likely, perfecter telescopes than we yet have may bring to light many more; and who knows how many lie out of the ken of the best telescope that can possibly be made? And I believe there are many species in nature, even in this sublunary world, which were never taken notice of by man, and consequently no use to him, which yet we are not to think were created in vain; but may be found out by, and of use to, those who shall live after us in future ages. But though in this sense it be not true that all things were made for man, yet thus far it is, that all the creatures in the world may be some way or other useful to us, at least to exercise our wits and understanding, in considering and contemplating of them, and so afford us subject of admiring and glorifying their and our Maker. Seeing, men, we do believe and assert that all things were in some sense made for us, we are thereby obliged to make use of them for those purposes for which they serve us, else we frustrate this end of their creation. . . . . Some reproach methinks it is to learned men that there should be so many animals still in the world whose outward shape is not yet taken notice of or described, much less their way of generation, food, manners, uses, observed.

JOHN RAY.

All men are mad in more or less degree
And differ only as the case may be.—BOILEAU.

INOCULATION FOR SMALL-POX,

EIGHTY YEARS BEFORE JENNER.

[LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU, was born at Thoresby, Notts, England, in 1690. She was a daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and second cousin to the novelist Fielding. Besides the literary distinction that she obtained through the brilliant "*Letters*" written during her travels, she is noted for having introduced small-pox inoculation into England. Died in 1762.]

ADRIANOPLE, April 1, O. S. 1717.

Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is entirely harmless, by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met—commonly fifteen or sixteen together—the old woman comes with a nut-shell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what veins you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle—which gives you no more pain than a common scratch—and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty spots in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time, they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may however, have courage enough to war with them. Upon this occasion, admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, &c.

AGAINST EXCESSIVE GRIEF.

[DR. JOHNSON said: "Sir William Temple was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose; before his time, they were careless of arrangement, and did not mind whether a sentence ended with an important word or an insignificant word, or with what part of speech it was concluded." It is true that some of Temple's productions are eminently distinguished by harmony and cadence; but that he was the first to introduce the latter, will not be admitted by any one who is familiar with the prose of Cowley, Bishop Hall, Jeremy Taylor, and Dryden.]

The honor which I received by a letter from your ladyship* was too great not to be acknowledged; yet I doubted whether that occasion could bear me out in the confidence of giving your ladyship any further trouble. But I can no longer forbear, on account of the sensible wounds that have so often of late been given your friends here, by the desperate expressions in several of your letters, respecting your temper of mind, your health, and your life; in all which you must allow them to be extremely concerned. Perhaps none can be, at heart, more partial than what I am to whatever regards your ladyship, nor more inclined to defend you on this very occasion, how unjust and unkind soever you are to yourself. But when you throw away your health, or your life, so great a remainder of your own family, and so great hopes of that into which you are entered, and all by a desperate melancholy, upon an event past remedy, and to which all the mortal race is perpetually subject, gives me leave to tell you, madam, that what you do is not at all consistent either with so good a Christian, or so reasonable and so great a person, as your ladyship appears to the world in all other lights.

I know no duty in religion more generally

*Addressed to the Countess of Essex in 1674, after the death of her only daughter.

agreed on, nor more justly required by God Almighty, than a perfect submission to His will in all things; nor can I think any disposition of mind can either please Him more, or become us better, than that of being satisfied with all He gives, and contented with all He takes away. None, I am sure, can be of more honor to God, nor of more ease to ourselves. For, if we consider Him as our Maker, we cannot contend with Him; if as our Father, we ought not to distrust Him; so that we may be confident, whatever He does is intended for good; and whatever happens that we interpret otherwise, yet we can get nothing by repining, nor save anything by resisting.

But if it were fit for us to reason with God Almighty, and your ladyship's loss were acknowledged as great as it could have been to any one, yet, I doubt, you would have but ill grace to complain at the rate you have done, or rather as you do; for the first emotions or passions may be pardoned; it is only the continuance of them which makes them inexcusable. In this world, madam, there is nothing perfectly good; and whatever is called so, is but either comparatively with other things of its kind, or else with the evil that is mingled in its composition; so he is a good man who is better than men commonly are, or in whom the good qualities are more than the bad; so in the course of life, his condition is esteemed good which is better than that of most other men, or in which the good circumstances are more than the evil. By this measure, I doubt madam, your complaints ought to be turned into acknowledgments, and your friends would have cause to rejoice rather than condole with you. When your ladyship has fairly considered how God Almighty has dealt with you in what He has given, you may be left to judge yourself how you have dealt with Him in your complaints for what He has taken away. If you look about you, and consider other lives as well as your own, and what your lot is, in comparison with those that have been drawn in the circle of your knowledge; if you think how few are born with honor, how many die without name or children, how little beauty we see, how few friends we hear of, how much poverty, and how many diseases there are in the world, you will fall down upon your knees, and, instead of repining at one affliction, will admire so many blessings as you have received at the hand of God.

To put your ladyship in mind of what you are, and of the advantages which you have, would look like a design to flatter you. But this I may say, that we will pity you as much as you please, if you will tell us who they are whom you think, upon all circumstances, you have reason to envy. Now, if I had a master who gave me all I could ask, but thought fit to take one thing from me again, either because I used it ill, or gave myself so much over to it as to neglect what I owed to him, or to the world; or, perhaps because he would show his power, and put me in mind from whom I held all the rest, would you think I had much reason to complain of hard usage, and never to remember any more what was left me, never to forget what was taken away?

It is true you have lost a child, and all that could be lost in a child of that age; but you have kept one child, and you are likely to do so long; you have the assurance of another, and the hopes of many more. You have kept a husband, great in employment, in fortune, and in the esteem of good men. You have kept your beauty and your health, unless you have destroyed them yourself, or discouraged them to stay with you by using them ill. You have friends who are as kind to you as you can wish, or as you can give them leave to be. You have honor and esteem from all who know you; or if ever it fails in any degree, it is only upon that point of your seeming to be fallen out with God and the whole world, and neither to care for yourself, nor anything else after what you have lost.

You will say, perhaps, that one thing was all to you, and your fondness of it made you indifferent to everything else. But this, I doubt, will be so far from justifying you, that it will prove to be your fault as well as your misfortune. God Almighty gave you all the blessings of life, and you set your heart wholly upon one, and despise or undervalue all the rest; is this His fault or yours? Nay, is it not to be very unthankful to Heaven, as well as very scornful to the rest of the world? is it not to say, because you have lost one thing God has given, you thank Him for nothing He has left, and care not what He takes away? is it not to say, since that one is gone out of the world, there is nothing left in it which you think can deserve your kindness or esteem? A friend makes a feast, and places before me all that his care or kindness could provide; but I set my heart upon one dish alone, and if that happens to be thrown down, I scorn all the rest, and though

he sends for another of the same kind, yet I rise from the table in a rage, and say: "My friend is become my enemy, and he has done me the greatest wrong in the world." Have I reason, madam, or good grace in what I do? or would it become me better to eat of the rest that is before me, and think no more of what had happened, and could not be remedied?

Christianity teaches and commands us to moderate our passions; to temper our affections towards all things below; to be thankful for the possession, and patient under the loss, whenever He who gave shall see fit to take away. Your extreme fondness was perhaps as displeasing to God before as now your extreme affliction is; and your loss may have been a punishment for your faults in the manner of enjoying what you had. It is at least pious to ascribe all the ill that befalls us to our own demerits, rather than to injustice in God. And it becomes us better to adore the issues of His providence in the effects, than to inquire into the causes; for submission is the only way of reasoning between a creature and its Maker; and contentment in His will is the greatest duty that we can pretend to, and the best remedy we can apply to all our misfortunes.

Passions are perhaps the stings without which, it is said, no honey is made. Yet I think all sorts of men have ever agreed they ought to be our servants, and not our masters; to give us some agitation for entertainment or exercise, but never to throw our reason out of its seat. It is better to have no passions at all, than to have them too violent; or such alone as, instead of heightening our pleasures, afford us nothing but vexation and pain.

In all such losses as your ladyship's has been, there is something that common nature cannot be denied; there is a great deal that good nature may be allowed. But all excessive and outrageous grief or lamentation for the dead was accounted, among the ancient Christians, to have something heathenish; and, among the civil nations of old, to have something barbarous; and therefore it has been the care of the first to moderate it by their precepts, and of the latter to restrain it by their laws. When young children are taken away, we are sure they are well, and escape much ill, which would in all appearance have befallen them if they had stayed longer with us. Our kindness to them is deemed to proceed from common opinions or fond imaginations, not friendship or esteem; and to be grounded upon entertainment rather than use in the many offices of life. Nor would it pass from any person besides your ladyship to say you lost a companion and a friend of nine years old; though you lost one, indeed, who gave the fairest hopes that could be of being both in time and everything else that is estimable and good. But yet that itself is very uncertain, considering the chances of time, the infection of company, the snares of the world, and the passions of youth; so that the most excellent and agreeable creature of that tender age might, by the course of years and accidents, become the most miserable herself; and a greater trouble to her friends by living long, than she could have been by dying young.

Yet, after all, madam, I think your loss so great, and some measure of your grief so deserved, that, would all your passionate complaints, all the anguish of your heart, do anything to retrieve it; could tears water the lovely plant, so as to make it grow again after once it is cut down; could sighs furnish new breath, or could it draw life and spirits from the wasting of yours, I am sure your friends would be so far from accusing your passion, that they would encourage it as much, and share it as deeply, as they could. But alas! the eternal laws of the creation extinguish all such hopes, forbid all such designs; nature gives us many children and friends to take them away, but takes none away to give them to us again. And this makes the excesses of grief to be universally condemned as unnatural, because so much in vain; whereas nature does nothing in vain; as unreasonable, because so contrary to our own designs; for we all design to be well and at ease, and by grief we make ourselves troubles most properly out of the dust, whilst our ravings and complaints are but like arrows shot up in the air at no mark, and so to no purpose, but only to fall back upon our own heads and destroy ourselves.

Perhaps, madam, you will say this is your design, or, if not, your desire; but I hope you are not so far gone, or so desperately bent. Your ladyship knows very well your life is not your own, but His who lent it you to manage and preserve in the best way you can, and not to throw it away, as if it came from some common hand. Our life belongs, in a great measure, to our country and our family; therefore, by all human law, as well as divine, self-murder has ever been agreed

upon as the greatest crime; and it is punished here with the utmost shame, which is all that can be inflicted upon the dead. But is the crime much less to kill ourselves by a slow poison than by a sudden wound? Now, if we do it, and know we do it, by a long and continual grief, can we think ourselves innocent? What great difference is there, if we break our hearts or consume them, if we pierce them or bruise them; since all terminates in the same death, as all arises from the same despair? But what if it does not go so far; it is not, indeed, so bad as it might be, but that does not excuse it. Though I do not kill my neighbor, is it no hurt to wound him? or to spoil him of the conveniences of life? The greatest crime is for a man to kill himself; is it a small one to wound himself by anguish of heart, by grief, or despair, to ruin his health, to shorten his age, to deprive himself of all the pleasure, ease, and enjoyment of life? . . .

Whilst I had any hope that your tears would ease you, or that your grief would consume itself by liberty and time, your ladyship knows very well I never accused it, nor ever increased it by the common formal ways of attempting to assuage it: and this, I am sure, is the first office of the kind I ever performed, otherwise than in the most ordinary forms. I was in hopes what was so violent could not be long; but when I observed it to grow stronger with age, and increase like a stream the further it ran; when I saw it draw out to such unhappy consequences, and threaten not less than your child, your health and your life, I could no longer forbear this endeavor. Nor can I end it without begging of your ladyship, for God's sake, for your own, for that of your children and friends, your country and your family, that you would no longer abandon yourself to so disconsolate a passion; but that you would at length awaken your piety, give way to your prudence, or, at least, rouse up the invincible spirit of the Percies, which never yet shrunk at any disaster; that you would sometimes remember the great honors and fortunes of your family, not always the losses; cherish those veins of good humor that are so natural to you, and sear up those of ill, that would make you so unkind to your children and to yourself; and, above all, that you would enter upon the cares of your health and your life. For my part, I know nothing that could be so great an honor and a satisfaction to me, as if your ladyship would own me to have contributed towards this cure; but, however, none can perhaps more justly pretend to your pardon for the attempt, since there is none, I am sure, who has always had at heart a greater honor for your ladyship's family, nor can have more esteem for you, than, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

THE CUSTOMS CORDON.

[ANTON ALEXANDER VON AUERSPERG ("Anastasius Grün), a popular German poet, was born April 11, 1806. His poem *The Last Knight*, and the pieces collected in *Walks of a Poet of Vienna*, gave him a place among the best living poets of his country.]

OUR country is a garden, which the timid gardener's doubt
With an iron palisado has inclosed round about;
But without live folk whom entrance to this garden could make glad;
And a guest who loves sweet scenery cannot be so very bad.

Black and yellow lists go stretching round our borders grim and tight;
Custom-house and beadle-watchers guard our frontiers day and night,—
Sit by day before the tax-house, lurk by night i' th' long damp grass,
Silent, crouching on their stomachs, lowering round on all that pass;

That no single foreign dealer, foreign wine, tobacco bale,
Foreign silk, or foreign linen, slyly steal within their pale;
That a guest, than all more hated, set not foot upon our earth,—
Thought, which in a foreign soil in foreign light, has had its birth!

Finally the watch grows weary, when the ghostly hour draws near;
For in our good land how many from all spectres shrink in fear!
Cold and cutting blows the north wind, on each limb doth faintness fall;
To the pot house steal the watchers, where both wine and comfort call.

See! there start forth from the bushes, from the night-wind's shrouding wings,
Men with heavy packs all laden, carts upheaped with richest things:
Silent as the night-fog creeping, through the noiseless tracts they wend;
See! there, too, goes *Thought* amongst them towards his mission's sacred end

With the smugglers must he travel,—he whom nothing
hides from sight;
With the murky mists go creeping,—he the son of Day
and Light!
O, come forth, ye thirsty drinkers! weary watchers-
out, this way!
Fling yourselves in rank and file,—post yourselves in
armed array!

Point your muskets! sink your colors, with the free-
man's solemn pride!
Let the drums give joyful thunder! —cast the jealous
barriers wide!
That with green palms all-victorious, proud and free in
raiment bright,
Through the hospitable country THOUGHT may wander,
scattering light!

TWO ROMAN LEGENDS.

CORIOLANUS.—CINCINNATUS.

[HENRY GEORGE LIDDELL, D. D., born in England in 1811, studied at the Charter House; graduated at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1833, with the highest honors; was head-master of Westminster school; chaplain extraordinary to the Queen (1862); became dean of Christ Church in 1855, and vice-chancellor in 1870; translated (with Dean Scott), "*Passow's Greek Lexicon*;" and wrote a "*History of Rome*," from the earliest times to the establishment of the Empire (1855).]

LEGEND OF CORIOLANUS AND THE VOLSCIANS.

Caius Marcius was a youth of high patrician family, being of the blood of the Sabine king, Ancus Marcius; and he was brought up by his mother Volumnia, a true Roman matron, noble and generous, proud and stern, implacable towards enemies, unforgiving towards the faults of friends. Caius grew up with all the faults and virtues of his mother, and was soon found among the chief opponents of the Plebeians. He won a civic crown of oak for saving a fellow-citizen at the battle of Lake Regillus, when he was seventeen years of age. But he gained his chief fame in the Volscian wars. For the Romans, being at war with this people, attacked Corioli, a Latin city which then had fallen into the hands of the Volscians. But the assailants were driven back by the garrison; when Caius Marcius rallied the fugitives, turned upon his pursuers, and, driving them back in turn, entered the gates along with them; and the city fell into the hands of the Romans. For this brave conduct he was named after the city which he had taken, Caius Marcius Coriolanus.

Now it happened, soon after this, that there was a great dearth at Rome, and that Gelon, the Greek king of Syracuse, sent ships laden with corn to relieve the distress of the citizens. It was debated in the Senate how this corn should be distributed. Some were for giving it away to the poorer sort; some were for selling it at a low price; but Coriolanus, who was greatly enraged at the concessions that had been made to the Plebeians, and hated to see them protected by their new officers, the Tribunes, spoke vehemently against these proposals, and said: "Why do they ask us for corn? They have got their Tribunes. Let them go back to the Sacred Hill, and leave us to rule alone. Or let them give up their Tribunes, and they shall have the corn." This insolent language wrought up the Plebeians to a height of fury against Caius Marcius, and they would have torn him in pieces; but their Tribunes persuaded them to keep their hands off, and then cited him before the Comitia to give account of his conduct. The main body of the Patricians were not inclined to imperil themselves by supporting Coriolanus; so, after some violent struggles, he declined to stand his trial, but left Rome, shaking the dust from his feet against his thankless countrymen (for so he deemed them), and vowing that they should bitterly repent of having driven Caius Marcius Coriolanus into exile.

He made his way to Antium, another Latin city which had become the capital of the Volscians, and going to the house of Attius Tullius, one of the chief men of the nation, he seated himself near the hearth by the household gods, a place which among the Italian nation was held sacred. When Tullius entered, the Roman rose and greeted his former enemy: "My name (he said) is Caius Marcius; my surname Coriolanus —the only reward now remaining for all my services. I am an exile from Rome, my country; I seek refuge in the house of my enemy. If you will use my services, I will serve you well; if you would rather take vengeance on me, strike, I am ready."

Tullius at once accepted the offer of the "banished lord;" and determined to break the treaty which there then was between his people and the Romans. But the Volscians were afraid to go to war. So Tullius had recourse to fraud. It happened that one

Atinius, a Plebeian of Rome, had been warned in a dream to go to the Consuls, and order them to celebrate the Great Games over again, because of some defect in their first celebration. But he was afraid and would not go. Then his son fell sick and died; and again he dreamt the same dream; but still he would not go. Then he was himself stricken with palsy; and so he delayed no longer, but made his friends carry him on a litter to the Consuls. And they believed his words, and the Great Games were celebrated again with increased pomp; and many of the Volscians, being at peace with Rome came to see them. Upon this Tullius went secretly to the Consuls, and told them that his countrymen were thronging to Rome, and he feared they had mischief in their thoughts. Then the Consuls laid this secret information before the Senate; and the Senate decreed that all Volscians should depart from Rome before sunset. This decree seemed to the Volscians to be a wanton insult, and they went home in a rage. Tullius met them on their way home at the fountain of Ferentina, where the Latins had been wont to hold their councils of old; and he spoke to them and increased their anger, and persuaded them to break off their treaty with the Romans. So the Volscians made war against Rome, and chose Attius Tullius their countryman and Caius Marcius the Roman to be their commanders.

The army advanced against Rome, ravaging and laying waste all the lands of the Plebeians, but letting those of the Patricians remain untouched. This increased the jealousy between the Orders, and the Consuls found it impossible to raise an army to go out against the enemy. Coriolanus took one Latin town after another, and even the Volscians deserted their own general to serve under his banners. He now advanced and encamped at the Cluilian Foss, within five miles of the city.

Nothing was now to be seen within the walls but consternation and despair. The temples of the gods were filled with suppliants; the Plebeians themselves pressed the Senate to make peace with the terrible Coriolanus. At length this great council agreed to send five men, chiefs among the Patricians, to turn away the anger of their countryman. He received them with the utmost sternness; said that he was now general of the Volscians, and must do what was best for his new friends; that if they wished for peace they must restore all the lands and places that had been taken from the Volscians, and must admit these people to an equal league, and put them on an equal footing with the Latins. The deputies could not accept these terms, so they returned to Rome. The Senate sent them back, to ask for milder terms; but the haughty exile would not suffer them to enter his camp.

Then went forth another deputation, graver and more solemn than the former,—the Pontiffs, Flamens, and Augurs, all attired in their priestly robes, who besought him, by all that he held sacred, by the respect he owed to his country's gods, to give them assurance of peace and safety. He treated them with grave respect, but sent them away without relaxing any of his demands.

It seemed as if the glory of Rome were departing, as if the crown were about to be transferred to the cities of the Volscians. But not so was it destined to be. It chanced that as all the women were weeping and praying in the temples, the thought arose among them that they might effect what Patricians and Priests had alike failed to do. It was Valeria, the sister of the great Valerius Poplicola, who first started the thought, and she prevailed on Volumnia, the stern mother of the exile, to accompany the mournful train. With them also went Virgilia, his wife, leading her two boys by the hand, and a crowd of other women. Coriolanus beheld them from afar, as he was sitting on a raised seat among the Volscian chiefs, and resolved to send back them also with a denial. But when they came near, and he saw his mother at the head of the sad procession, he sprang from his seat, and was about to kiss her. But she drew back with all the loftiness of a Roman matron, and said: "Art thou Caius Marcius, and am I thy mother? or art thou the general of the Volscian foe, and I a prisoner in his camp? Before thou kissest me, answer me that question." Caius stood silent, and his mother went on: "Shall it be said that it is to me—to me alone—that Rome owes her conqueror and oppressor? Had I never been a mother, my country had still been free. But I am too old to feel this misery long. Look to thy wife and little ones; thou art enslaving thy country, and with it thou enslavest them." The fierce Roman's heart sunk before the indignant words of her whom he had feared and respected from his childhood; and when his wife and children hanging about him added their soft

prayers to the lofty supplications of his mother, he turned to her with bitterness of soul, and said: "O my mother, thou hast saved Rome, but destroyed thy son!"

So he drew off his army, and the women went back to Rome and were hailed as the saviours of their country. And the Senate ordered a temple to be built on the spot where Coriolanus had yielded, and dedicated to "Woman's Fortune" (Fortuna Muliebris); and Valeria was the first priestess of the temple.

But Coriolanus returned to dwell among the Volscians; and Tullius, who had before become jealous of his superiority, excited the people against him, saying that he had purposely spared their great enemy the city of Rome, even when it was within their grasp. So he lost favour, and was slain in a tumult; and the words he had spoken to his mother were truly fulfilled.

LEGEND OF CINCINNATUS AND THE ÆQUIANS.

In the course of the Æquian wars, Minucius, one of the Consuls of the year 458 B. C., suffered himself to be cut off from Rome in a narrow valley of Mount Algidus, and it seemed as if hope of delivery there was none. However, five horsemen found means to escape and report at Rome the perilous condition of the Consul and his army. Then the other Consul referred the matter to the Senate, and it was agreed that the only man who could deliver the army was L. Quinctius Cincinnatus. Therefore this man was named Dictator, and deputies were sent to acquaint him with his high dignity.

Now this Lucius Quinctius was called Cincinnatus, because he wore his hair in long curling locks (*cincinni*); and, though he was a Patrician, he lived on his own small farm, like any plebeian yeoman. This farm was beyond the Tiber in the Vatican district; and here he lived contentedly with his wife Racilia.

Three years before he had been reduced to poverty by the necessity of paying the bail-money forfeited by his son Kæso, a wild and insolent young man, who despised the Plebeians and hated their Tribunes; like Coriolanus he was impeached by one of the Tribunes for acts of insolence and violence against the people. His father interceded for him, and was likely to have prevailed, when one Volscius Fictor alleged that his brother, an old and sickly man, had been attacked by Kæso and a party of young Patricians by night in the Suburra, and had died of the treatment then received. The indignation of the people rose high; and Kæso, again like Coriolanus, fled from Rome. Next year all Rome was alarmed by finding that the Capitol had been seized by an enemy during the night. This enemy was Appius Herdonius, a Sabine, and with him was associated a band of desperate men, exiles and runaway slaves. The Consul, P. Valerius, collected a force, and took the Capitol; but he was himself killed in the assault, and L. Quinctius Cincinnatus, father of the banished Kæso, was chosen to succeed him. When he heard the news of his elevation, he turned to his wife and said: "I fear, Racilia, our little field must remain this year unsown." Then he assumed the robe of state, and went to Rome. Now it was believed that Kæso had been concerned in the desperate enterprise that had just been defeated. Perhaps he fell in the assault of the Capitol; at all events, he is heard of no more. His father was very bitter against the Tribunes and their party, to whom he attributed his son's disgrace, and he used all the power of the Consulate to thwart the Tribunes. At the end of his year of office, however, when the Patricians wished to continue him in the consulship, he warned them against setting an example of violating the constitution, and returned to his rustic life as if he had never left it.

It was two years after these events, that the deputies of the Senate, who came to invest him with the ensigns of dictatorial power, found him working on his little farm. He was clad in his tunic only; and as the deputies advanced, they bade him put on his toga, that he might receive the commands of the Senate in seemly disguise. So he wiped off the dust and sweat, the signs of labour, and bade his wife fetch his toga, and asked anxiously whether all was right or no. Then the deputies told him how the army was beset by the Æquian foe, and how the Senate looked on him as the saviour of the state. A boat was provided to carry him over the Tiber; and when he reached the other bank, he was greeted by the Senate, who attended him to the City, while he himself walked in state, with his four-and-twenty lictors.

Next day Cincinnatus chose L. Tarquitius as his Master of the Horse. This man was a Patrician, but, like the Dictator himself, was poor,—so poor, that he could not

afford to keep a horse, but was obliged to serve among the foot soldiers.

That same day the Dictator and his Master of the Horse, came down into the Forum, ordered all the shops to be shut, and all business to be suspended. All men of the military age were to meet them in the Field of Mars before sunset, each man with five days' provisions and twelve stakes; the elder men were to see to the provisions, while the soldiers were preparing the stakes. Thus all was got ready in time: the Dictator led them forth, and they marched so rapidly that by night they had reached Mount Algidus, where the army of the Consul was hemmed in.

Then the Dictator, when he had discovered the place of the enemy's army, ordered his men to put all their baggage down in one place and then to surround the enemy's camp. They obeyed, and each one raising a shout, began digging a trench and fixing his stakes, so as to form a palisade round the enemy. The Consul's army, which was hemmed in, heard the shout of their brethren, and flew to arms; and so hotly did they fight all night, that the Æquians had no time to attend to the new foe, and next morning they found themselves hemmed in on all sides by the trench and palisade, so that they were now between two Roman armies. They were thus forced to surrender. The Dictator required them to give up their chiefs, and made their whole army pass under the yoke, which was formed by three spears fixed upright in the ground, and a fourth bound across them at the top.

Cincinnatus returned to Rome amid the shouts and exultation of the rescued soldiers; they gave him a golden crown, in token that he had saved the lives of many citizens; and the Senate decreed that he should enter the city in triumph.

So Cincinnatus accomplished the purpose for which he had been made Dictator in twenty-four hours. One evening he marched forth to deliver the Consul, and the next evening he returned victorious.

But he would not lay down his high office till he had avenged his son Kæso. Accordingly he summoned Volscius Fictor, the accuser, and had him tried for perjury. The man was condemned and went into exile; and then Cincinnatus once more returned to his wife and farm.

WISDOM is to the soul what health is to the body. ROCHEFOUCAULD.

TO THE MAN-OF-WAR-BIRD.

[* WALT WHITMAN, born at West Hills, Long Island, N. Y., May 31, 1819. He learned printing and subsequently the carpenter's trade. Later he taught school and for brief periods edited papers in New Orleans and Huntington, L. I. His poetical writings are by some critics highly lauded and by others strongly condemned His *Leaves of Grass*, appeared in 1855; *Drum-Taps*, in 1865; and *Two Rivulets*, in 1873. From his very unequal productions we select the following gem:]

Thou who hast slept all night upon the storm,
Waking renewed on thy prodigious pinions,
(Burst the wild storm? above it thou ascended'st,
And rested on the sky, thy slave that cradled thee,)
Now a blue point, far, far in heaven floating,
As to the light emerging here on deck I watch thee,
(Myself a speck, a point on the world's floating vast).
Far, far at sea, [wrecks,
After the night's fierce drifts have strewn the shore with
With re-appearing day as now so happy and serene,
The rosy and elastic dawn, the flashing sun,
The limpid spread of air cerulean,
Thou also re-appearest.
Thou born to match the gale (thou art all wings),
To cope with heaven and earth and sea and hurricane,
Thou ship of air that never furl'st thy sails,
Days, even weeks, untired and onward, through spaces, realms gyrating,
At dusk thou look'st on Senegal, at morn America,
That sport'st amid the lightning-flash and thunder-cloud,
In them, in thy experiences, had'st thou my soul,
What joys! what joys were thine!

TRENCHER FRIENDS.

[THEOGNIS, a native of Megara, of whose personal history very little is known, was born in Greece about 570 B. C. and died 490 B. C. He was of noble birth.]

Many are trencher-friends; few adhere to thee in matters of difficulty. Nothing is harder to detect than a soul, of base alloy, O Cyrurs', and nothing of more value than caution. The loss of alloyed gold and silver may be borne; it is easy for a shrewd intellect to discover its real quality; but if a friend's heart be secretly untrue, and a treacherous heart be within him, this is the falsest thing that the gods have made for man, and this is the hardest of all to discover. For thou canst not know man's mind or woman's either, before thou hast proved it, like a beast of burden.

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* Walt Whitman's complete works, published by D. McKay, Philadelphia, 1887.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

Fair fancied picture!—worthy of thy theme!
Our hearts go to thee, and we sit us down
'Mong the high-shadowing trees, on turf o'ergrown
With flowers, and mark the lake's transparent gleam—
The dark and sunny mountains, and the sky
So softly delicate; and list the voices
Of those primeval beings, joyously
Spending the time where all around rejoices.
Our hearts go to thee; thou hast fill'd up our dream
Of a long-lost felicity, which made
The youth of this gray world. We love thy theme,
For man too has his youth, which, when decay'd
He wanders feebly on his pilgrimage—
Seems to his fancy still THE GOLDEN AGE.

THOMAS BRYDSON.

THE SHEPHERDS' GOLDEN AGE.[1]

[William Browne, born at Tavistock, 1590; died, 1645. The author of *Britannia's Pastorals*, the *Shepherd's Pipe*, and other poems, is now almost forgotten. But in his own time he was popular, and won the highest compliments from Selden, Drayton, Jonson, and many others. Milton is said to have made a study of his style, which was modelled upon that of the Italian writers, and is in consequence marred by far-fetched conceits. Milton's *Lycidas* and Browne's *Philarete* are sometimes compared with no discredit to the latter.]

O! the golden age
Met all contentment in no surplusage
Of dainty viands, but (as we do still)
Drank the pure water of the crystal rill,
Fed on no other meats than those they fed,
Labour, the salad that their stomachs bred;
Nor sought they for the down of silver swans,
Nor those sow-thistle locks each small gale fans,
But hides of beasts, which when they liv'd they kept,
Served them for bed and covering when they slept.
If any softer lay, 'twas (by the loss
Of some rock's warmth) on thick and spongy moss,
Or on the ground; some simple wall of clay
Parting their beds from where their cattle lay.
And on such pallets one man clipped then
More golden slumbers than this age again.
. . . . . .

Unknown was then the Phrygian broidery,
The Tyrian purple and the scarlet dye;
Such as their sheep clad, such they wove and wore,
Russet or white, or those mix'd, and no more:
Except sometimes (to bravery inclin'd)
They dy'd them yellow caps with alder rind.
The Grecian mantle, Tuscan robes of state,
Tissue nor cloth of gold of highest rate
They never saw; only in pleasant woods,
Or by th' embordered margin of the floods,
The dainty nymphs they often did behold
Clad in their light silk robes, stitch'd oft with gold.
The Arras hangings round their comely halls
Wanted the Cerite's web and minerals:
Green boughs of trees with fatt'ning acorns lade,
Hung full with flowers and garlands quaintly made;
Their homely cots deck'd trim in low degree,
As now the court with richest tapestry.

The daisy scatter'd on each mead and down,
A golden tuft within a silver crown—
(Fair fall that dainty flower! and may there be
No shepherd grac'd that doth not honour thee!)
The primrose, when with six leaves gotten grace,
Maids as a true-love in their bosoms place;
The spotless lily by whose pure leaves be
Noted the chaste thoughts of virginity;
The harebell for the stainless azur'd hue,
Claims to be worn of none but those are true;
The rose, like ready youth, enticing stands,
And would be cropp'd if it might chose the hands;
The yellow king-cup Flora them assign'd
To be the badges of a jealous mind;
The columbine, in tawny often taken,
Is then ascribed to such as are forsaken;
Flora's choice buttons, of a russet dye,
Is hope even in the depth of misery;
The pansy, thistle, all with prickles set,
The cowslip, honey-suckle, violet,
And many hundreds more that graced the meads,
Gardens and groves (where beautious Flora treads),
Were by the Shepherds' daughters (as yet are
Us'd in our cots) brought home with special care:
For bruising them they not alone would quell
But rot the rest, and spoil their pleasing smell.
Much like a lad who in his tender prime
Sent from his friends to learn the use of time,
As are his mates, or good or bad, so he
Thrives to the world, and such his actions be.
As in the rainbow's many-coloured hue
Here see we watchet deepen'd with a blue,
There a dark tawny with a purple mix'd,
Yellow and flame, with streaks of green betwixt,
A bloody stream into a blushing run
And end still with the colour which begun,

[1] From *Britannia's Pastorals* (song iii. book ii.), by William Browne.

Drawing the deeper to a lighter stain,
Bringing the highest to the deep'st again.
With such rare art each mingleth with his fellow,
The blue with watchet, green and red with yellow;
Like to the changes which we daily see
About the dove's neck with variety,
Where none can say (tho' he it strict attends),
Here one begins, and there the other ends.
So did the maidens with their various flowers
Deck up their windows and make neat their bowers;
Using such cunning as they did dispose
The ruddy peony with the lighter rose,
The monkshood with the buglos, and entwine
The white, the blue, the flesh-like columbine,
With pinks, sweet-williams, that far off the eye
Could not the manner of their mixtures spy.
Then with those flowers they most of all did prize
(With all their skill and in most curious wise
On tufts of herbs or rushes) would they frame
A dainty border round the shepherd's name.
Or posies make, so quaint, so apt, so rare,
As if the Muses only lived there:
And that the after world should strive in vain
What they then did to counterfeit again.
Nor will the needle nor the loom e'er be
So perfect in their best embroidery;
Nor such composures make of silk and gold,
As theirs, when nature all her cunning told.
The word of mine did no man then bewitch:
They thought none could be fortunate if rich.
And to the covetous did wish no wrong,
But what himself desir'd—to live here long.
As of their songs, so of their lives they deem'd,
Not of the longest, but best performed, esteem'd.
They thought that Heaven to him no life did give
Who only thought upon the means to live.
Nor wish'd they 'twere ordained to live here ever,
But as life was ordain'd they might persevere.
O! happy men, you ever did possess
No wisdom but was mixed with simpleness;
So, wanting malice, and from folly free,
Since reason went with your simplicity.
You search'd yourselves if all within were fair,
And did not learn of others what you were.
Your lives the patterns of those virtues gave
Which adulation tells men now they have.
With poverty in love we only close
Because our lovers it most truly shows:
When they who in that blessed age did move,
Knew neither poverty nor want of love.
The hatred which they bore was only this,
That every one did hate to do amiss.
Their fortune still was subject to their will:
Their want (O, happy!) was the want of ill.

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

[Sir Richard Steele, born in Dublin, 1671; died at Llangunnor, near Caermarthen, Wales, 1st September, 1729. He is distinguished as the "first of the British periodical essayists." He originated the *Tatler*, and of its 271 numbers he wrote 164; and Addison wrote 36. The *Spectator*, *Guardian*, *Rambler*, and other periodicals, were subsequently published on the model of the *Tatler*. Few men have acted so many different parts in life: he was a soldier, a writer of comedies, and the author of *The Christian Hero*—composed, it is said, chiefly for his own edification; he was a member of parliament, a commissioner of forfeited estates in Scotland (1715), and the patentee of the Royal Company of Comedians. The following is an excellent summary of his character and life: "Steele was one of the most amiable and one of the most improvident of men. His precepts were far better than his practice; his principles proved no match for his tastes. Often sinning, often repenting, always good-natured, and generally in debt, he multiplied troubles as few men will, and bore them better than most men can."]

Charity is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands, says an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence, of this virtue. A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow anything. Charity is therefore a habit of good-will, or benevolence, in the soul, which disposes us to the love, assistance, and relief of mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind is no less entitled to the reward of this virtue than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable to an extravagance this way. I never saw an indigent person in my life without reaching out to him some of this imaginary relief. I cannot but sympathize with every one I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To give my reader a right notion of myself in this particular, I shall present him with the secret history of one of the most remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in search of the philosopher's stone. It is frequently observed of men who have been busied in this pursuit, that though they have failed in their principal design, they have however made such discoveries in their way to it as have sufficiently recompensed their inquiries. In the same manner, though I cannot boast of my success in that affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it, because it produced in my mind such an habitual exercise of charity as made it much

better than perhaps it would have been had I never been lost in so pleasing a delusion.

As I did not question but I should soon have a new Indies in my possession, I was perpetually taken up in considering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it I employed a whole day in walking about this great city to find out proper places for the erection of hospitals. I had likewise entertained that project, which has since succeeded in another place, of building churches at the court-end of the town, with this only difference, that instead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have seen them all finished in less than one year.

I had with great pains and application got together a list of all the French Protestants; and, by the best accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all those estates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the sake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return some of them double of what they had lost.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and used to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a sprain in his leg that he had met with over-against St. Clement's Church. This so affected me, that as a standing mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compassion to the rest of my fellow-citizens, I resolved to new-pave every street within the liberties, and entered a memorandum in my pocket-book accordingly. About the same time I entertained some thoughts of mending all the highways on this side the Tweed, and of making all the rivers in England navigable.

But the project I had most at heart was the settling upon every man in Great Britain three pounds a year (in which sum may be comprised, according to Sir William Pettit's observations, all the necessities of life), leaving to them whatever else they could get by their own industry to lay out on superfluities.

I was above a week debating in myself what I should do in the matter of impropriations, but at length came to a resolution to buy them all up, and restore them to the church.

As I was one day walking near St. Paul's, I took some time to survey that structure, and not being entirely satisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had some thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own expense.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and six, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time that public matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burdens that were laid upon them. This made me resolve to set aside one morning to consider seriously the state of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it, because I was obliged, whether I would or no, to sit at home in my morning-gown, having, after a most incredible expense, pawned a new suit of clothes, and a full-bottomed wig, for a sum of money, which my operator assured me was the last he should want to bring all our matters to bear. After having considered many projects, I at length resolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a scheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year had things succeeded to my wishes. As I was in this golden dream somebody knocked at my door. I opened it, and found it was a messenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked so miserably poor that I was resolved to make his fortune before he delivered his message. But seeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honour, as much as a prince is, to give a reward to one that brings him the first news of a victory. I knew this was the long-expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for with great impatience above half a year before. In short, I broke open my letter in a transport of joy, and found it as follows:—

"Sir,—After having got out of you everything you can conveniently spare, I scorn to trespass upon your generous nature, and therefore must ingenuously confess to you that I know no more of the philosopher's stone than you do. I shall only tell you for your comfort, that I could never yet bubble a blockhead out of his money. They must be men of wit and parts who are for my purpose. This made me apply myself to a person of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have succeeded you yourself can best tell.—Your humble Servant to command, "Thomas White.

"I have locked up the laboratory, and laid the key under the door."

I was very much shocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my disappointment, though not so much for what I myself as what the public suffered by it. I think, however, I ought to let the world know what I designed for them, and hope that such of my readers who find they had a share in my good intentions will accept of the will for the deed.

THE CHOIRS.

[Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock, called "The German Homer," and "the father of Modern German poetry," was born in Quedlinburg, Prussian Saxony, July 2, 1724, and died March 14, 1803. Besides the epic poem, *Messiah*, and the drama *Hermann's Schlacht*, his two greatest works, he wrote a number of odes and other poems.]

Dear dream which I must ne'er behold fulfilled,
Thou beamy form, more fair than orient day,
Float back, and hover yet
Before my swimming sight!

Do they wear crowns in vain, that they forbear
To realize the heavenly portraiture?
Shall marble hearse them all,
Ere the bright change be wrought?

Hail chosen ruler of a freer world!
For thee shall bloom the never-fading song,
Who bidd'st it be,—to thee
Religion's honors rise.

Yes! could the grave allow, of thee I'd sing:
For once would Inspiration string the lyre,—
The streaming tide of joy,
My pledge for loftier verse.

Great is thy deed, my wish. He has not known
What 'tis to melt in bliss, who never felt
Devotion's raptures rise
On sacred Music's wing:

Ne'er sweetly trembled, when adoring choirs
Mingle their hallowed songs of solemn praise;
And, at each awful pause,
The unseen choirs above.

Long float around my forehead, blissful dream!
I hear a Christian people hymn their God,
And thousands kneel at once,
Jehovah, Lord, to thee!

The people sing their Saviour, sing the Son;
Their simple song according with the heart,
Yet lofty, such as lifts
The aspiring soul from earth.

On the raised eyelash, on the burning cheek,
The young tear quivers; for they view the goal,
Where shines the golden crown,
Where angels wave the palm.

Hush! the clear song wells forth. Now flows along
Music, as if poured artless from the breast;
For so the Master willed
To lead its channelled course.

Deep, strong, it seizes on the swelling heart,
Scorning what knows not to call down the tear,
Or shroud the soul in gloom,
Or steep in holy awe.

Borne on the deep, slow sounds, a holy awe
Descends. Alternate voices sweep the dome,
Then blend their choral force,—
The theme, *Impending Doom*,*

Or the triumphal *Hail to Him who rose*,
While all the host of heaven o'er Sion's hill
Hovered, and, praising, saw
Ascend the Lord of Life.

One voice alone, one harp alone, begins;
But soon joins in the ever fuller choir.
The people quake. They feel
A glow of heavenly fire.

Joy, joy! they scarce support it. Rolls aloud
The organ's thunder,—now more loud and more,—
And to the shout of all
The temple trembles too.

Enough! I sink! The wave of people bows
Before the altar,—bows the front to earth;
They taste the hallowed cup,
Devoutly, deeply, still.

One day, when rest my bones beside a fane,
Where, thus assembled worshippers adore,
The conscious grave shall heave.
Its flowrets sweeter bloom;

And on the morn that from the rock He sprang,
When panting Praise pursues his radiant way,
I'll hear,—*He rose again*
Shall vibrate through the tomb.

PRECEPTS OF LIFE.

[Baruch (Benedict) Spinoza, the eminent metaphysician, was born at Amsterdam, November 24, 1632, being a member of the Portuguese-Jewish community in that city. On account of the pantheistic character of his writings he was formally expelled from the Synagogue in 1656, and was subsequently compelled by persecution to live in seclusion, supporting himself by grinding optical glasses, and by painting. He died February 21, 1677. We make the following extrac from that portion of his work on *Ethics* which treats the Deliverance of Man.]

By a careful system of duly ordering and linking together the affections of our body we may bring it to pass that we are not easily wrought on by evil passions. For greater force is needed to control emotions ordered and linked according to the intellectual

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*The words in italics are passages from an Easter-hymn of Luther's, very popular in Germany.

order than those which are uncertain and loose. Wherefore the best we can compass, so long as we have not a perfect knowledge of our emotions, is to lay out a method and settled rules of life, to commit these to memory, and constantly to apply them to such particular cases as do commonly meet us in life, that so our imagination may be penetrated therewith, and we may ever have them at hand. We laid down for example, among the precepts of life, that hatred should be conquered by love or high-mindedness, not repaid in kind. Now that this command of reason may always be ready for us at need, we should often think upon and consider the wrongs commonly done by men, and in what manner they are warded off by a noble mind. For thus we shall knit the image of a wrong done us to the imagination of this precept which will always be at hand when a wrong is offered us. . . . .

But we shall note that in ordering our thoughts and imaginations we are ever to attend to that which is good in a particular thing, that we may always be determined to action by an emotion of pleasure. For example, if one sees that he exceedeth in the pursuit of honour, let him think of the right use thereof, and for what purpose it is to be pursued, and by what means to be acquired; not of the misuse and vanity of it, the inconsistency of mankind and the like, of which no man thinks except for infirmity of spirit. For with such thoughts do ambitious men most plague themselves, when they despair of attaining the station they are bent upon; and so venting their anger they would fain be thought philosophers. 'Tis certain that they are most greedy of honour who are loudest concerning the misuse of it and the vanity of the world. Nor is this peculiar to the case of ambition, but it is common to all who meet with ill-fortune and lack strength of mind. . . . So he who endeavours to govern his emotions and desires purely by the love of freedom will strive, as best he may, to know the virtues and their causes, and to fill his mind with the joy which arises from the true knowledge of them; but in no wise to study men's faults, nor to flatter them and make merry with a false show of liberty; and whoever will diligently observe and use these precepts (for they are not difficult), assuredly in a short space of time he will be able for the most part to guide his actions after the rule of reason.

THE SACRIFICE OF POLYXENA.

[EURIPIDES, one of the three great tragic poets of Greece, was born at Athens B. C. 473, and died B. C. 406. As he was strolling through a wood, a pack of the royal hounds attacked and tore him to pieces. From *Hecuba*, one of his ten dramas founded on the Tale of Troy, we give the scene in which the beautiful virgin, Polyxena, youngest daughter of Priam and Hecuba, is sacrificed to conciliate the gods of Greece, offended by the death of Achilles. The herald reports to Hecuba how bravely her daughter met her doom:]

The assembled host of Greece before the tomb
Stood in full ranks at this sad sacrifice—
Achilles' son holding the virgin's hand
On the mount's summit: near to him I stood;
Of chosen youths an honorable train
Were ready there her strugglings to restrain.

[When silence had been proclaimed through the host, and libations poured to the shade of Achilles, Pyrrhus spoke these words:—]

"O son of Peleus, O my father,
Accept my offering soothing to the dead:
Drink this pure crimson stream of virgin-blood,
Loose all our cables, fill our sails, and grant
Swift passage homeward to the Grecian host."

[The people joined in the prayer. Pyrrhus drew from its scabbard his golden sword, and—]

At his nod
The noble youths stept forth to hold the maiden
Which, she perceiving, with these words addressed them:
"Willing I die; let no hand touch me; boldly
To the uplifted sword I hold my neck.
You give me to the gods, then give me free."
Loud the applause, then Agamemnon cried:
"Let no man touch her": and the youths drew back.
Soon as she heard the royal words, she clasped
Her robe, and from her shoulder rent it down,
And bared her snow-white bosom, beauteous
Beyond the deftest sculptor's nicest art.
Then bending to the earth her knee, she said—
Ear never yet has heard more mournful words—:
"If 'tis thy will, young man, to strike this breast,
Strike; or my throat dost thou prefer, behold
It stretched to meet thy sword."

[Even the "rugged Pyrrhus" is touched with pity, pauses, and at last reluctantly—]

Deep in her bosom plunged the shining steel.
Her life-blood gushed in streams: yet e'en in death,
Studious of modesty, her beauteous limbs
She covered with her robe.

Such is the contrast to be found in human character, in some a benevolence that consoles and bestows a relief; in others a destructive persecution of their fellow-men.

(ERASMUS, b. 1447, d. 1536.)

A SKEPTIC'S ILLUSTRATION OF THE POSSIBILITY OF A FUTURE EXISTENCE.

[Denis Diderot, was born at Langres, France, October 5, 1713. Among his first writings were an *Essay on Merit and on Virtue;* and *Letter on the Blind,* (1749). The latter established his reputation, but it cost him a year's imprisonment. In later years he wrote several novels, but his reputation is chiefly founded on the *Encyclopédie raisonnée des Sciences, des Arts et Métiers,* of which he and D'Alembert were joint editors, and for which work his acute intellect and vast information peculiarly fitted him. He is considered the head of the skeptical philosophers styled Encyclopedists. He died July 30, 1784.]

A young Mexican, tired of his work, was sauntering one day on the seashore. He spied a plank, with one end resting on the land, and the other dipping into the water. He sat down on the plank, and there gazing over the vast space that lay spread out before him, he said to himself:—"It is certain that my old grandmother is talking nonsense, with her history of I know not what inhabitants, who, at I know not what time, landed here from I know not where, from some country far beyond our seas. It is against common sense: do I not see the ocean touch the line of the sky? And can I believe against the evidence of my senses, an old fable of which nobody knows the date, which everybody arranges according to his fancy, and which is only a tissue of absurdities, about which people are ready to tear out one another's eyes? As he was reasoning in this way, the waters rocked him gently on his plank, and he fell asleep. As he slept, the wind arose, the waves carried away the plank on which he was stretched out, and behold our youthful reasoner embarked on a voyage.

La Maréchale.—Alas, that is the image of all of us; we are each on our planks; the wind blows, and the flood carries us away.

C.—He was already far from the mainland when he awoke. No one was ever so surprised as our young Mexican, to find himself out on the open sea, and he was mightily surprised, too, when having lost from sight the shore on which he had been idly walking only an instant before, he saw the sea touching the line of the sky on every side. Then he began to suspect that he might have been mistaken, and that, if the wind remained in the same quarter, perhaps he would be borne to that very shore and among those dwellers on it, about whom his grandmother had so often told him.

La Maréchale.—And of his anxiety, you say nothing.

C.—He had none. He said to himself: "What does it matter, provided that I find land? I have reasoned like a giddy-pate, granted: but I have been sincere with myself, and that is all that can be required of me. If it is no virtue to have understanding, at any rate it is no crime to be without it." Meanwhile the wind continued, the man and the plank floated on, and the unknown shore came into sight. He touched it, and behold him again on land.

La Maréchale.—Ah, we shall all of us see one another there, one of these days.

C.—I hope so, madam; wherever it may be, I shall always be very proud to pay you my homage. Hardly had he quitted his plank, and put his foot on the sand, when he perceived a venerable old man standing by his side. He asked him where he was, and to whom he had the honour of speaking. "I am the sovereign of the country," replied the old man. "You have denied my existence?"—"Yes, it is true."—"And the fact of my empire?"—"It is true!"—"I forgive you, for I am he who sees the bottom of all hearts, and I have read at the bottom of yours that you are of good faith; but the rest of your thoughts and your actions are not equally innocent." Then the old man, who held him by the ear, recalled to him all the errors of his life; and as each was mentioned, the young Mexican bowed himself upon the ground, beat his breast, and besought forgiveness.

MARLOWE'S "FAUSTUS."

[Christopher Marlowe, next to Shakspeare the ablest of the British dramatists, was born in 1564, and died in 1593, from a wound received in a quarrel. His *Tragical History of the Life and Death of Doctor Faustus,* a powerfully conceived work, formed the basis of Goethe's "Faust." Beside this he wrote *Tamburlain, The Jew of Malta,* and *Edward III.,* and several anonymous dramas are attributed to him. By many critics Marlowe is believed to be the author of the second and third parts of Shakspeare's "Henry VI."]

Faustus.—Wagner, his Servant.

Faustus. Say, Wagner, thou hast perused my will. How dost thou like it?

Wagner. Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I do yield
My life and lasting service for your love. [*Exit.*

Three Scholars enter.

Faust. Gramercy, Wagner.
Welcome, gentlemen.

First Scholar. Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are changed.

Faust. O gentlemen!

Second Scholar. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still, but now must die eternally. Look, sirs, comes he not? comes he not?

First Sch. O my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

Sec. Sch. Is all our pleasure turned to melancholy?

Third Scholar. He is not well with being over-solitary.

Sec. Sch. If it be so, we will have physicians, and Faustus shall be cured.

First Sch. 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.

Faust. A surfeit of a deadly sin, that hath damned both body and soul.

Sec. Sch. Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

Faust. But Faustus's offence can ne'er be pardoned. The serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. O gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, oh, would I had ne'er seen Wirtemberg, never read a book! and what wonders have I done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world: for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world; yea, heaven itself—heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy—and must remain in hell for ever. Hell, O hell, for ever. Sweet friends what shall become of Faustus, being in hell for ever?

Sec. Sch. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured? on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed? O my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears! Gush forth blood instead of tears, yea, life and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue: I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold 'em, they hold 'em!

Scholars. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Why, Lucifer and Mephistophilis. O gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning.

Scholars. O God forbid!

Faust. God forbid it indeed, but Faustus hath done it: for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood; the date is expired: this is the time, and he will fetch me.

First Sch. Why did not Faustus tell of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God: to fetch me body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity; and now it is too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Sec. Sch. Oh, what may we do to save Faustus!

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

Third Sch. God will strengthen me; I will stay with Faustus.

First Sch. Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Sec. Sch. Pray thou, and we will pray, that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell; if I live till morning, I'll visit you; if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

Scholars. Faustus, farewell.

FAUSTUS alone.—The Clock strikes Eleven.

Faust. O Faustus.
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually.
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease and midnight never come.
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day! or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.
O lente lente currite, noctis equi.
The stars move still, time runs; the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
Oh, I will leap to heaven: who pulls me down?
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament;
One drop of blood will save me: Oh, my Christ,
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ.
Yet I will call on him: O spare me, Lucifer.
Where is it now? 'tis gone!
And see a threatening arm and angry brow.
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of Heaven.
No? then I will headlong run into the earth:
Gape, earth! O no, it will not harbour me.
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence have allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud;
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven.

The Watch strikes.

Oh, half the hour is past: 't will all be past anon.
Oh, if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain.

Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at the last be saved;
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Oh, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be changed,
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in elements;
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Cursed be the parents that engendered me!
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath deprived thee of the joys of heaven.

The Clock strikes Twelve.

It strikes, it strikes; now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

Thunder, and enter the Devils.

O soul, be changed into small water-drops,
And fall into the ocean: ne'er be found.
O mercy, Heaven, look not so fierce on me.
Adders and serpents, let me breathe awhile:
Ugly hell, gape not; come not, Lucifer:
I'll burn my books: O Mephistophilis! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Scholars.

First Sch. Come, gentlemen, let us go to visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen
Since first the world's creation did begin;
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard;
Pray Heaven the Doctor have escaped the danger.

Sec. Sch. O help us, heavens! see, here are Faustus' limbs,
All torn asunder by the hand of death.

Third Sch. The devil whom Faustus served hath torn him thus:
For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought
I heard him shriek and call aloud for help;
At which same time the house seemed all on fire
With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.

Sec. Sch. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such
As every Christian heart laments to think on;
Yet, for he was a scholar once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial;
And all the scholars, clothed in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral. [*Exeunt.*

Chorus. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough
That sometime grew within this learned man:
Faustus is gone! Regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things;
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practice more than heavenly power permits.

[The classical taste of Marlowe is evinced in the fine apostrophe to Helen of Greece whom the spirit Mephistophilis conjures up, 'between two Cupids,' to gratify the sensual gaze of Faustus:]

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Ilium?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!
Her lips suck forth my soul—see where it flies.
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again:
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy shall Wittenberg be sacked;
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumed crest:
Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss.
Oh, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars!
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

THE WATERLOO OF HANNIBAL.

[Theodor Mommsen, born at Garding, Sleswick, Nov. 30, 1817; studied law and philology at Kiel; travelled 1844–47 in France and Italy; was appointed professor of Roman Law at Leipsic in 1848, at Zurich in 1852, at Breslau in 1854, and at Berlin in 1858. He is best known by his History of Rome (not yet completed), from which we extract.]

The two armies came to a decisive battle at Zama (not far, probably, from Sicca). Hannibal arranged his infantry in three lines; in the first division the Carthaginian hired troops, in the second the African militia and the Phœnician civic force, along with the Macedonian corps, in the third the veterans who had followed him from Italy. In front of the line were placed 80 elephants; the cavalry were stationed on the wings. Scipio likewise disposed his legions in three divisions, as was the wont of the Romans, and so arranged them that the elephants could pass through and along the line without breaking it. Not only was this disposition completely successful, but the elephants making their way to the sides disordered also the Carthaginian cavalry on the flank, so that Scipio's cavalry (which, moreover, was by the arrival of Massinissa's troops rendered far superior to the enemy) had little trouble in dispersing them and were

soon engaged in full pursuit. The struggle in the case of the infantry was more severe. The conflict lasted long between the first divisions on both sides; at length, in the extremely bloody hand to hand encounter, both parties fell into confusion, and were obliged to seek a support in the second divisions. The Romans found that support; but the Carthaginian militia showed itself so unsteady and wavering, that the Mercenaries believed themselves betrayed, and a hand-to-hand combat arose between them and the Carthaginian civic force. But Hannibal now hastily withdrew what remained of the first two lines to the flanks, and pushed forward his choice Italian troops along the whole line. Scipio, on the other hand, gathered together in the centre as many of the first line as still were able to fight, and made the second and third divisions close on the right and left of the first. Once more on the same spot began a still more fearful conflict; Hannibal's old soldiers never wavered, despite the superior numbers of the enemy, till the cavalry of the Romans and of Massinissa, returning from the pursuit of the beaten cavalry of the enemy surrounded them on all sides. This not only terminated but annihilated the Punic army; the same soldiers who, fourteen years before, had given way at Cannæ, had retaliated on their conquerors at Zama. With a handful of men Hannibal arrived, a fugitive, at Hadrumetum.

THE GERMAN FATHERLAND.

[Ernst Moritz Arndt, patriot, scholar, traveller and poet, was born Dec. 26, 1769, at Schoritz, in Rügen. His prose and poetry alike are of high excellence and have taken strong hold upon the national feeling.]

Which is the German's fatherland?
Is't Prussia's or Swabia's land?
Is't where the Rhine's rich vintage streams?
Or where the Northern sea gull screams?—
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
Bavaria's or Styria's land?
Is 't where the Marsian ox unbends?
Or where the Marksman iron rends?—
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so.

Which is the German's fatherland?
Pomerania's, or Westphalia's land?
Is it where sweep the Dunian waves?
Or where the thundering Danube raves?—
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
O, tell me now the famous land!
Is 't Tyrol, or the land of Tell?
Such lands and people please me well.—
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
Come, tell me now the famous land.
Doubtless, it is the Austrian state,
In honors and in triumphs great.—
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
So tell me now the famous land!
Is 't what the Princes won by sleight
From the Emperor's and Empire's right?—
Ah, no, no, no!
His fatherland's not bounded so!

Which is the German's fatherland?
So tell me now at last the land!—
As far 's the German accent rings
And hymns to God in heaven sings,—
That is the land,—
There, brother, is thy fatherland?

There is the German's fatherland,
Where oaths attest the grasped hand,—
Where truth beams from the sparkling eyes,
And in the heart love warmly lies;—
That is the land,—
There, brother, is thy fatherland!

That is the German's fatherland,
Where wrath pursues the foreign band,—
Where every Frank is held a foe,
And Germans all as brothers glow;—
That is the land,—
All Germany's thy fatherland!

THE RIGHT OF PROPERTY.

[Jeremy Bentham, the eminent writer on ethics and jurisprudence, and founder of the utilitarian school of philosophy, was born in London, February 15, 1748, and died June 6, 1832. Among his works are: *Defence of Usury* (1787); *Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation* (1789); *Treatise on Civil and Penal Legislation* (1802); and *Rationale of Judicial Evidence*, (1827). "The style of Mr. Bentham," says Hazlitt, "is unpopular, not to say unintelligible . . . His works have been translated into French—they ought to be translated into English." Macaulay says that Ben-

tham found English jurisprudence a gibberish and left it a Science.]

The laws, in creating property, have created wealth; but, with respect to poverty, it is not the work of the laws,—it is the primitive condition of the human race. The man who lives only from day to day, is precisely the man in a state of nature. The savage, the poor in society, I acknowledge, obtain nothing but by painful labour; but in a state of nature what could he obtain but at the price of his toil? Has not hunting its fatigues, fishing its dangers, war its uncertainties? And if man appear to love this adventurous life—if he have an instinct greedy of these kinds of peril—if the savage rejoice in the delights of an idleness so dearly purchased—ought it to be concluded that he is more happy than our day labourers? No, the labour of these is more uniform, but the reward is more certain; the lot of woman is more gentle; infancy and old age have more resources; the species multiplies in a proportion a thousand times greater, and this alone would suffice to show on which side is the superiority of happiness. Hence the laws, in creating property, have been benefactors to those who remain in their original poverty. They participate more or less in the pleasures, advantages, and resources of civilized society; their industry and labour place them among the candidates for fortune; they enjoy the pleasures of acquisition; hope mingles with their labours. The security which the law gives them, is this of little importance? Those who look from above at the inferior ranks see all objects less than they really are; but, at the base of the pyramid, it is the summit which disappears in its turn. So far from making these comparisons, they dream not of them; they are not tormented with impossibilities; so that all things considered, the protection of the laws contributes as much to the happiness of the cottage as to the security of the palace. It is surprising that so judicious a writer as Beccaria should have inserted, in a work dictated by the soundest philosophy, a doubt subversive of the social order. *The right of property*, says he, *is a terrible right, and may not, perhaps, be necessary.* Upon this right tyrannical and sanguinary laws have been founded. It has been most frightfully abused; but the right itself presents only ideas of pleasure, of abundance, and of security. It is this right which has overcome the natural aversion to labour—which has bestowed on man the empire of the earth—which has led nations to give up their wandering habits—which has created a love of country and posterity. To enjoy quickly—to enjoy without punishment—this is the universal desire of man; this is the desire which is terrible, since it arms all those who possess nothing against those who possess anything. But the law, which restrains this desire, is the most splendid triumph of humanity over itself.

TO THE SEA.

[Frederick Leopold, Count of Stolberg, a popular German poet, born 1750, died 1819. His poems are chiefly lyrical, although he wrote also odes, didactic poems and dramas.]

Thou boundless, shining, glorious Sea,
With ecstasy I gaze on thee;
Joy, joy to him whose early beam
Kisses thy lip, bright Ocean-stream!

Thanks for the thousand hours, old Sea,
Of sweet communion held with thee:
Oft as I gazed, thy billowy roll
Woke the deep feelings of my soul.

Drunk with the joy, thou deep-toned Sea,
My spirit swells to heaven with thee;
Or, sinking with thee, seeks the gloom
Of nature's deep, mysterious tomb.

At evening, when the sun grows red,
Descending to his watery bed,
The music of the murmuring deep
Soothes e'en the weary earth to sleep.

Then listens thee the evening star,
So sweetly glancing from afar;
And Luna hears thee when she breaks
Her light in million-colored flakes.

Oft when the noonday heat is o'er,
I seek with joy the breezy shore,
Sink on thy boundless, billowy breast,
And cheer me with refreshing rest.

The poet, child of heavenly birth,
Is suckled by the mother Earth;
But thy blue bosom, holy Sea,
Cradles his infant fantasy.

The old blind minstrel on the shore
Stood listening thy eternal roar.

And golden ages, long gone by,
Swept bright before his spirit's eye.

On wing of swan the holy flame
Of melodies celestial came,
And Iliad and Odyssey
Rose to the music of the Sea.

LITERATURE IN GAUL FROM THE SIXTH TO THE EIGHTH CENTURY.

[François Pierre Guillaume Guizot, a distinguished French historian and statesman, born at Nîmes, 1787, died at Paris, 1874. From his earliest days, Guizot was devoted to literature; at twenty-two he published a dictionary of French synonyms, and in 1821 and the year following his *History of the Origin of Representative Government*, and a treatise on the government of France since the Restoration. He became lecturer on history at the Sorbonne, and edited two great collections of Memoirs on the English Revolution and on the history of France. His great work, *History of Civilization in France*, with the *General History of Civilization in Europe*, which introduced it, appeared in 1828-30. He wrote a life of Washington, a critical work upon Shakspeare, a history of his own times in eight volumes, besides a multitude of other works, critical, historical, religious, biographical and political. The political career of Guizot was conspicuous, although he proved rather conservative and unpopular with the country.]

In studying the state of Gaul in the fourth and fifth centuries, we find two literatures, the one sacred, the other profane. The distinction was marked in persons and in things; the laity and the ecclesiastics studied, meditated, wrote; and they studied, they wrote, they meditated, upon lay subjects, and upon religious subjects. Sacred literature dominated more and more, but it was not alone,—profane literature still existed.

From the sixth to the eighth century there is no longer any profane literature; sacred literature stands alone; priests only study or write; and they only study, they only write, save rare exceptions, upon religious subjects. The general character of the epoch is the concentration of intellectual development in the religious sphere.

The fourth and fifth centuries, you will remember, were in no want of civil schools, of civil professors, instituted by the temporal power, and teaching the profane sciences. Towards the end of the sixth century everything is changed: there are no longer civil schools; ecclesiastical schools alone subsist. Those great municipal schools of Trèves, of Poictiers, of Vienna, of Bordeaux, etc., have disappeared; and in their place have arisen schools called cathedral or episcopal schools, because each episcopal see had its own. The cathedral school was not always alone; we find in certain dioceses other schools, of an uncertain nature and origin,—wrecks, perhaps, of some ancient civil school, which, in becoming metamorphosed, had perpetuated itself. In the diocese of Rheims, for example, there existed the school of Mouzon some distance from the chief place of the diocese, and in high credit, although Rheims had a cathedral school. The clergy began also, about the same epoch, to create other schools in the country, also ecclesiastical, destined to form young readers who should one day become priests. In 529 the Council of Vaison strongly recommended the propagation of country schools; they were, indeed, multiplied very irregularly, numerous in some dioceses, scarcely any in others. Finally, there were schools in the great monasteries. . . .

Even in nunneries study was not neglected; that which Saint Césaire founded at Arles, contained, at the commencement of the sixth century, two hundred nuns, for the most part occupied in copying books, sometimes religious books, sometimes, probably, even the works of the ancients. The metamorphosis of civil schools into ecclesiastical schools was complete. Let us see what was taught in them. We shall often find in them the names of sciences formerly professed in the civil schools—rhetoric, logic, grammar, geometry, astrology, etc.; but these were evidently no longer taught except in their relations to theology. This is the foundation of the instruction: all was turned into Commentary of the Scriptures,—historical, philosophical, allegorical, moral commentary. They desired only to form priests; all studies, whatsoever their nature, were directed towards this result.

Sometimes they went even further: they rejected the profane sciences themselves, whatever might be the use made of them. At the end of the sixth century, Saint Dizier, Bishop of Vienne, taught grammar in his cathedral school. Saint Gregory the Great, sharply blamed him for it. "It is not fit," he writes to him, "that a mouth sacred to the praises of God should be

opened for those of Jupiter." I do not know exactly what the praises of God or of Jupiter had to do with grammar; but what is evident is the crying down of the profane studies, although cultivated by the priests.

The same fact is visible, and far more plainly, in the written literature. No more philosophical meditation, no more learned jurisprudence, no more literary criticism; save some chronicles, some occasional poems, we have nothing belonging to this time except religious works. Intellectual activity appears only under this form, displays itself only in this direction.

A still more important revolution, and less perceived, is manifested: not only did literature become entirely religious, but, religious, it ceased to be literary; there was no longer any literature, properly so called. In the finest times of Greece and Rome, and in Gaul, up to the fall of the Roman Empire, people studied, they wrote, for the mere pleasure of studying, of knowing, in order to procure for themselves and for others intellectual enjoyment. . . At the epoch which now occupies us it was otherwise; people no longer studied in order to know; they no longer wrote for the sake of writing. Writings and studies took a practical character and aim. Whoever abandoned himself thereto, aspired to immediate action upon men, to regulate their actions, to govern their life, to convert those who did not believe, to reform those who believed and did not practice. Science and eloquence were means of action, of government. There is no longer a disinterested literature; no longer any true literature. The purely speculative character of philosophy, of poetry, of letters, of the arts, has vanished; it is no longer the beautiful that men seek; when they meet with it, it no longer serves merely for enjoyment; positive application, influence over men, authority, is now the end, the triumph of all works of mind, of all intellectual development.

It is from not having taken proper heed to this characteristic of the epoch that, in my opinion, a false idea has been formed of it. We find there scarcely any work, no literature, properly so called, no disinterested intellectual activity distinct from positive life. It has been thence concluded that this was a time of apathy and moral sterility,—a time abandoned to the disorderly struggle of material forces, in which intellect was without development and without power. . . It was in an eminent degree otherwise. . . We find in it, upon looking nearer, a world, as it were, of writings; not very considerable, it is true, and often little remarkable, but which, from their number and the ardor which reigns in them, attest a rare movement of mind and fertility. They are sermons, instructions, exhortations, homilies, and conferences upon religious matters. Never has any political revolution, never has the liberty of the press, produced more pamphlets. Three-fourths, nay, perhaps ninety-nine in a hundred of these little works have been lost: destined to act at the very moment, almost all improvised, rarely collected by their authors, or by others, they have not come down to us; and yet an immense number remains to us; they form a true and rich literature.

A SERIOUS SYMPTOM OF BIBLIOMANIA.

[Thomas Frognall Dibdin, D. D., was born in Calcutta, in 1776. Among his best known works are *Bibliomania; The Bibliographical Decameron, or Ten Days' Pleasant Discourse on Illuminated Manuscripts, etc.* (1817); and *Reminiscences of a Literary Life.* He died in 1847 Our extract is from *Bibliomania.*]

Lysander.—A passion for books *illustrated,* or adorned with *numerous prints,* representing characters, or circumstances, mentioned in the work, is a very general and violent symptom of the Bibliomania. The origin, or first appearance of this symptom, has been traced by some to the publication of the Rev. ——— Granger's *Biographical History of England.* . . . Granger's work seems to have sounded the tocsin for a general rummage after, and plunder of, old prints. Venerable philosophers, and veteran heroes, who had long reposed in unmolested dignity within the magnificent folio volumes which recorded their achievements, were instantly dragged forth from their peaceful abodes, to be inlaid by the side of some clumsy modern engraving, within an *Illustrated Granger!*

Nor did the madness stop here. Illustration was the order of the day; and *Shakspeare* and *Clarendon* became the next objects of its attack. From these it glanced off, in a variety of directions, to adorn the pages of humbler wights; and the passion,

or rather this symptom of the Bibliomania, yet rages with undiminished force. If judiciously treated, it is of all the symptoms, the least liable to mischief. . .

There is another mode of *illustrating copies* by which this symptom of the Bibliomania may be known; it consists in bringing together, from different works (including newspapers and magazines, and by means of the scissors, or otherwise by transcription,) every page or paragraph which has any connection with the character or subject under discussion. . .

Lisardo.—Forgive me if I digress a little. But is not the knowledge of *rare, curious* and *beautiful prints*—so necessary, it would seem, towards the perfecting of *illustrated copies*—is not this knowledge of long and difficult attainment?

Lysander.—Unquestionably, this knowledge is very requisite towards becoming a complete pupil in the school of Granger. Nor is it, as you very properly suppose, of short or easy acquirement.

Almanda.—How so? A very little care, with a tolerably good taste, is only required to know when a print is *well-engraved.*

Lysander.—Alas, Madam! the excellence of engraving is oftentimes but a *secondary* consideration!

Belinda.—Do, pray, explain.

Lysander.—I will, and as briefly and perspicuously as possible. There are, first of all, *all the varieties of the same print* to be considered! whether it have the *name of the character*, or *artist*, omitted or subjoined; whether the head of the print be without the body, or the body without the head—and whether this latter be finished in the outline, or ghostly white! Then you must go to the dress of this supposed portrait:—whether full or plain; court or country-fashioned: whether it have a hat or no hat; feather, or no feather; gloves, or no gloves; sword, or no sword, and many other such momentous points.

Now let us next discuss the serious subject of the *background!*—whether it be square or oval; dark or light; put in or put out; stippled or stroked; and sundry other similar, but most important, considerations. Again; there are engravings of *different sizes* and *different periods*, of the same individual or object: and of these the varieties are as infinite as of any of those attached to the vegetable system. I will not even attempt an outline of them. But I had nearly forgotten to warn you, in your *Rembrandt* prints, to look sharply after *The Burr!*

Alman.—Mercy on us—what is this Burr?

Lysand.—A slight imperfection only; which, as it rarely occurs, makes the impression more valuable. It is only a sombre tinge attached to the copper, before the plate is sufficiently polished by being worked, and it gives a smeared effect, like smut upon a lady's face, to the impression! But I am becoming satirical. Which is the next symptom that you have written down for me to discourse upon?

THE SCHOOL BOY'S DREAM

ON THE NIGHT BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS.

"'Twas the half-year's last day, a festal one;
Light tasks and feast and sport, hoop, cricket, kite,
Employed us fully, till the summer night
Stole o'er the roofs of happy Alderton.
Homer in-doors, and field games out of school,
Made medley of my dreams; for, when I slept,
The quaintest vision o'er my fancy swept,
That ever served the lordship of misrule:
Our hoops through gods and heroes ran a-muck;
Our kites o'erhung the fleet, a public gaze!
And one wild ball the great Achilles struck—
Oh! how he towered and lightened at the stroke!
But, tho' his formal pardon I bespoke,
I told him plainly 'twas our holidays."

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

CHILDREN.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," says Wordsworth. And who of us that is not too good to be conscious of his own vices, who has not felt rebuked and humbled under the clear and open countenance of a child?—who that has not felt his impurities foul upon him in the presence of a sinless child? These feelings make the best lesson that can be taught a man; and tell him in a way, which all else he has read or heard never could, how paltry is all the show of intellect compared with a pure and good heart. He that will humble himself and go to a child for instruction, will come away a wiser man.

If children can make us wiser, they surely can make us better. There is no one more to

be envied than a good-natured man watching the workings of children's minds, or overlooking their play. Their eagerness, curious about everything, making out by a quick imagination what they see but a part of—their fanciful combinations and magic inventions, creating out of ordinary circumstances and the common things which surround them, strange events and little ideal worlds, and these all working in mystery to form matured thought, is study enough for the most acute minds, and should teach us, also, not too officiously to regulate what we so little understand. The still musing and deep abstraction in which they sometimes sit, affect us as a playful mockery of older heads. These little philosophers have no foolish system, with all its pride and jargon, confusing their brains. Theirs is the natural movement of the soul, intense with new life and busy after truth, working to some purpose, though without a noise.

When children are lying about seemingly idle and dull, we, who have become case-hardened by time and satiety, forget that they are all sensation, that their outstretched bodies are drinking in from the common sun and air, that every sound is taken note of by the ear, that every floating shadow and passing form come and touch at the sleepy eye, and that the little circumstances and the material world about them make their best school, and will be the instructors and formers of their characters for life.

And it is delightful to look on and see how busily the whole acts, with its countless parts fitted to each other, and moving in harmony. There are none of us who have stolen softly behind a child when labouring in a sunny corner digging a lilliputian well, or fencing in a six-inch barn-yard, and listened to his soliloquies and his dialogues with some imaginary being, without our hearts being touched by it. Nor have we observed the flush which crossed his face when finding himself betrayed, without seeing in it the delicacy and propriety of the after man.

A man may have many vices upon him, and have walked long in a bad course, yet if he has a love of children, and can take pleasure in their talk and play, there is something still left in him to act upon—something which can love simplicity and truth. I have seen one in whom some low vice had become a habit, make himself the plaything of a set of riotous children with as much delight in his countenance as if nothing but goodness had ever been expressed in it; and have felt as much of kindness and sympathy toward him as I have of revolting toward another who has gone through life with all due propriety, with a cold and supercilious bearing toward children, which makes them shrinking and still. I have known one like the latter attempt, with uncouth condescension, to court an open-hearted child, who would draw back with an instinctive aversion; and I have felt as if there were a curse upon him. Better to be driven out from among men than to be disliked of children.

RICHARD H. DANA.

EVELYN HOPE.[1]

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!
Sit and watch by her side an hour.
That is her book-shelf, this her bed:
She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,
Beginning to die, too, in the glass.
Little has yet been changed, I think:
The shutters are shut, no light may pass
Save two long rays through the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!
Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name;
It was not her time to love: beside,
Her life had many a hope and aim,
Duties enough and little cares,
And now was quiet, now astir,
Till God's hand beckoned unawares,
And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?
What, your soul was pure and true,
The good stars met in your horoscope,
Made you of spirit, fire and dew—
And just because I was thrice as old,
And our paths in the world diverged so wide,
Each was nought to each, must I be told?
We were fellow-mortals, nought beside?

No, indeed! for God above
Is great to grant, as mighty to make,
And creates the love to reward the love,—
I claim you still, for my own love's sake!
Delayed it may be for more lives yet,
Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few—
Much is to learn and much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it will,
When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,
In the lower earth, in the years long still,
That body and soul so pure and gay?
Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,
And your mouth of your own geranium's red—
And what you would do with me, in fine,
In the new life come in the old one's stead.

[1] From *Men and Women*, by Robert Browning. London: Chapman & Hall.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,
Given up myself so many times,
Gained me the gains of various men,
Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;
Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,
Either I missed or itself missed me—
And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!
What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;
My heart seemed full as it could hold—
There was place and to spare for the frank young smile
And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.
So, hush,—I will give you this leaf to keep—
See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.
There, that is our secret! go to sleep;
You will wake, and remember, and understand.

ROBERT BROWNING.

DEATH.

Death is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday or a maid-servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men, and many fools; and the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die.

I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who, while living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends' desire by giving way that after a few days' burial, they might send a painter to his vault, and if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death *unto the life*. They did so, and found his face half-eaten, and his midriff and backbone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood, from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and dead paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and at first it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as the lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age, it bowed the head and broke its stalk, and at night, having lost some of its leaves and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces. So does the fairest beauty change, and it will be as bad with you and me; and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? What friends to visit us? What officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funerals?

A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. In the same Escurial where the Spanish princes live in greatness and power, and decree war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more: and where our kings have been crowned, their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the heights of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sully and dash out the dissembling colours of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust, and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world that when we die our ashes shall be equal to kings', and our accounts easier, and our pains for our crimes shall be less. To my apprehension it is a sad record which is left by Athenæus concerning Ninus the great Assyrian monarch, whose life and death is summed up in these words: "Ninus the Assyrian had an ocean of gold, and other riches more than the sand in the Caspian Sea; he never saw the stars, and perhaps he never desired it; he never stirred up the holy fire among the magi; nor touched his god with the sacred rod according to the laws: he never offered sacrifice nor worshipped the deity, nor administered justice, nor spake to the people, nor numbered them: but he was most valiant to eat and drink, and having mingled his wines, he threw the rest upon the stones. This man is dead: behold his sepulchre, and now hear where Ninus is. Sometime I was Ninus, and drew the breath of a living man, but now am nothing but clay. I have nothing but what I did eat, and what I served to myself in lust is all my portion: the wealth with which I was blessed my enemies meeting

together shall carry away, as the mad Thyades carry a raw goat. I am gone to hell: and when I went thither, I neither carried gold, nor horse, nor silver chariot. I that wore a mitre, am now a little heap of dust."[1]

JEREMY TAYLOR.

GOD.[2]

O thou eternal One! whose presence bright
All space doth occupy, all motion guide;
Unchanged through time's all-devastating flight;
Thou only God! There is no God beside!
Being above all beings! Mighty One!
Whom none can comprehend and none explore;
Who fill'st existence with *Thyself* alone:
Embracing all,—supporting,—ruling o'er,—
Being whom we call GOD—and know no more!

In its sublime research, philosophy
May measure out the ocean-deep—may count
The sands or the sun's rays—but, God! for thee
There is no weight nor measure:—none can mount
Up to Thy mysteries; Reason's brightest spark,
Though kindled by Thy light, in vain would try
To trace Thy counsels, infinite and dark:
And thought is lost ere thought can soar so high,
Even like past moments in eternity.

Thou from primeval nothingness didst call
First chaos, then existence;—Lord! on Thee
Eternity had its foundation:—all
Sprung forth from Thee:—of light, joy, harmony,
Sole origin:—all life, all beauty Thine.
Thy word created all, and doth create;
Thy splendour fills all space with rays divine,
Thou art, and wert, and shalt be! Glorious! Great!
Light-giving, life-sustaining Potentate!

Thy chains the unmeasured universe surround:
Upheld by Thee, by Thee inspired with breath!
Thou the beginning with the end hast bound,
And beautifully mingled life and death!
As sparks mount upward from the fiery blaze,
So suns are born, so worlds spring forth from Thee:
And as the spangles in the sunny rays
Shine round the silver snow, the pageantry
Of heaven's bright army glitters in Thy praise.[3]

A million torches lighted by Thy hand
Wander unwearied through the blue abyss:
They own Thy power, accomplish Thy command,
All gay with life, all eloquent with bliss.
What shall we call them? Piles of crystal light—
A glorious company of golden streams—
Lamps of celestial ether burning bright—
Suns lighting systems with their joyous beams?
But Thou to these art as the noon to night.

Yes! as a drop of water in the sea,
All this magnificence in Thee is lost:—
What are ten thousand worlds compared to Thee;
And what am *I* then? Heaven's unnumber'd host,
Though multiplied by myriads, and arrayed
In all the glory of sublimest thought,
Is but an atom in the balance weighed
Against thy greatness, is a cipher brought
Against infinity! What am I then? Nought!

Nought! but the effluence of Thy light divine,
Pervading worlds, hath reach'd my bosom too;
Yes! in my spirit doth Thy spirit shine
As shines the sunbeam in a drop of dew.
Nought! but I live, and on hope's pinions fly
Eager towards Thy presence; for in Thee
I live, and breathe, and dwell; aspiring high,
Even to the throne of Thy divinity.
I am, O God! and surely *Thou* must be!

Thou art! directing, guiding all, Thou art!
Direct my understanding then to Thee;
Control my spirit, guide my wandering heart:
Though but an atom 'midst immensity,
Still I am something, fashioned by Thy hand!
I hold a middle rank 'twixt heaven and earth,
On the last verge of mortal being stand,
Close to the realms where angels have their birth,
Just on the boundaries of the spirit-land!

The chain of being is complete in me;
In me is matter's last gradation lost,
And the next step is spirit—Deity!
I can command the lightning, and am dust!
A monarch, and a slave; a worm, a god!
Whence came I here, and how? so marvellously
Constructed and conceived? unknown! this clod
Lives surely through some higher energy;
For from itself alone it could not be!

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[1] "He who wrote in this manner," says Hazlitt, "also wore a mitre, and is now a heap of dust; but when the name of Jeremy Taylor is no longer remembered with reverence, genius will have become a mockery, and virtue an empty shade."

[2] Translated from the Russian of Derzhaving by Sir John Bowring, who says that this poem has been translated into Japanese, by order of the emperor, and is hung up, embroidered with gold, in the temple of Jeddo. It has also been translated into the Chinese and Tartar languages, written on a piece of rich silk, and suspended in the imperial palace at Pekin.

[3] "The force of this simile can hardly be imagined by those who have never witnessed the sun shining, with unclouded splendour, in a cold of twenty or thirty degrees of Reaumur. A thousand and ten thousand sparkling stars of ice, brighter than the brightest diamond, play on the surface of the frozen snow, and the slightest breeze sets myriads of icy atoms in motion, whose glancing light, and beautiful rainbow hues, dazzle and weary the eye."

Creator, yes! Thy wisdom and Thy word
Created *me!* Thou source of life and good!
Thou spirit of my spirit, and my Lord!
Thy light, Thy love, in their bright plenitude
Filled me with an immortal soul, to spring
Over the abyss of death, and bade it wear
The garments of eternal day, and wing
Its heavenly flight beyond this little sphere,
Even to its source—to Thee—its Author there.

O thoughts ineffable! O visions bless'd!
Though worthless our conceptions all of Thee,
Yet shall Thy shadowed image fill our breast,
And waft its homage to Thy Deity.
God! thus alone my lowly thoughts can soar;
Thus seek Thy presence—Being wise and good!
'Midst Thy vast works admire, obey, adore;
And when the tongue is eloquent no more,
The soul shall speak in tears of gratitude.

SIR JOHN BOWRING.

LAST HOURS OF LOUIS XIV.

[LOUIS DE ROUVROI, Duke of SAINT-SIMON, French soldier, diplomatist and annalist; born January 16, 1675. He retired from public life in 1723, from which time until his death in 1755, he devoted himself to the preparation of his *Mémoires*, a work of great historical value and literary interest.]

On Wednesday, August 28th, the King paid a compliment to Madame de Maintenon, which pleased her but little, and to which she did not answer a word. He told her that what comforted him in leaving her, was the hope that, from the age she had attained, they would soon meet again. Towards seven o'clock in the morning he ordered that Father Tellier should be called, and while he was talking to him of God, he saw in the mirror over his mantelshelf two of the pages of his bed-chamber, who were seated at the foot of his bed, weeping. He said to them. "Why do you weep? Did you think me immortal? As for me, I have never thought myself so, and, at my age, you ought to have been prepared to lose me."

A kind of Provençal peasant, a very rough fellow, heard of the King's danger as he was on his way from Marseilles to Paris, and came this morning to Versailles with a remedy which, he said, would cure gangrene. The King was so ill, and the physicians were so completely at their wits' end, that they consented to it without difficulty, in the presence of Madame de Maintenon and the Duc de Maine. Fagon wished to say something; this peasant, who was named Le Brun, treated him so brutally that Fagon, who was accustomed to ill-treat other people, and to be treated by them with the greatest awe, was quite abashed. They then gave the King ten drops of this elixir in some wine of Alicante, at eleven o'clock in the morning. Some time afterwards he felt stronger, but his pulse falling again, they gave him another dose at the end of four hours, telling him that it was to call him back to life. He replied, as he took the glass in which it was, "Life or death, which ever God pleases."

Madame de Maintenon went out of the King's room with her hood down, and was conducted by Marshal Villeroy towards her own apartments, which she did not enter. When at the bottom of the grand staircase she raised her veil. She embraced the Marshal with very dry eyes, saying to him, "Good-bye, Marshal," and got into a royal carriage that she always used, in which Madame de Quailus was waiting for her alone, and went to Saint Cyr, followed by her own carriage, in which were her women. That evening the Duc de Maine made great fun at his house of the adventure of Fagon with Le Brun. The medicine of Le Brun was continued as he wished, and he always saw the King take it. When they proposed to the King to take some soup, he replied that they must not speak to him as they would to any other man: that it was not soup he wanted, but a confessor, and he ordered him to be called. One day, when he was recovering from a state of unconsciousness, he asked for a general absolution of all his sins from Father Tellier, who asked him if he suffered much. "Ah, no," replied the King; "I should like to suffer much more, for the expiation of my sins."

On Thursday, the 29th, the day and night preceding which had been so bad, the absence of the attendants, who had no longer any work to do beyond what they had already done, left the entrance of the room much more free to the great officers who had always been excluded from it. There had been no mass the evening before, and no one thought of having it any more. The Duke of Charost, captain of the guard, who had slipped into the room, justly considered this wrong, and made one of the privileged valets ask the King if he would not be glad to hear it. The King said he wish-

ea it; upon which they went in quest of the people and necessary things, and continued to have it the following days. The morning of Thursday he seemed stronger, and some symptoms of improvement appeared, which continually increased, and the rumor of which spread in all directions.

I went that day, two hours after mid-day, to the house of the Duke of Orleans, where only eight days ago the rooms were so crowded at all hours, that, without exaggeration, a pin could not have fallen to the ground. I did not find any one whatever. When he saw me he began to laugh, and told me that I was the first man whom he had yet seen that day in his house, which, till the evening, was quite deserted. Such is the world.

Very late in the evening the case was not so encouraging as it had been in the day, during which the King had said to the priest of Versailles, who had taken advantage of the opportunity to come in, that there was no question about his life, as, from what he was told, everybody was praying for it, but for his salvation it was very necessary to pray. He chanced that day, in giving his orders, to call the Dauphin the young King. He saw a movement among those around him. "Why?" he asked, "that does not give me any pain." At eight o'clock in the evening he took the elixir of the man from Provence. His head appeared confused; he said himself that he felt very ill. Towards eleven o'clock in the evening his leg was examined. The gangrene was all over the foot, and in his knee, and the thigh was much swollen. He fainted during this examination. He perceived, with pain, the absence of Madame de Maintenon, who did not intend to return. He asked for her several times in the day: they could not hide from him that she was gone. He sent to Saint Cyr to fetch her, and she came back in the evening.

On Friday, the 30th of August, the day was as sad as the night had been: a heavy lethargy, and, at intervals his head confused. From time to time he took a little jelly and some pure water, not being able to bear wine. In his room there were only the servants that were really wanted, Madame de Maintenon, and now and then Father Tellier, whom Bloin or Maréchal had sent to summon. There were also very few in the ante-rooms; no one but M. de Maine. The King turned easily to thoughts of religion, whenever Madame de Maintenon or Father Tellier found moments when his head was less confused, but they were very few and short. About six o'clock in the evening Madame de Maintenon went to her room, gave what furniture she had there to her servant, and departed to Saint Cyr, never to return.

Saturday, the 31st of August, the day and night were terrible. There were only a few short moments of consciousness. The gangrene had reached the knee and the thigh. They gave him the medicine of Abbé Aignan, which the Duchess of Maine had sent to propose, which was an excellent cure for small-pox. The physicians consented to everything, because they had no hope. About eleven o'clock in the evening they thought him so ill that they read the prayer for the dying. The ceremony recalled him to himself. He repeated the prayer in such a strong voice, that it was heard above those of a great number of ecclesiastics, and of all those who had entered. At the end of the prayer he recognized the Cardinal de Rohan, and he said to him, "These are the last favors of the church." He was the last man to whom he spoke. He repeated several times, "Nunc et in hora mortis;" then he said, "Oh my God, be not far from me; make haste to help me." These were his last words. All the night he was insensible, and in one long agony, which terminated at a quarter past eight on Sunday morning, September 1st, 1715, three days before he completed his seventy-seventh year, in the seventy-second year of his reign.

THE NEWCASTLE APOTHECARY.

[George Colman, the Younger (son of George Colman, the Elder, a dramatist), was born in London, 1762, died 1836. He was a prolific author, and takes high rank among the comic writers of England. We subjoin a selection from *Broad Grins:*]

A man in many a country town, we know,
Professes openly with Death to wrestle;
Entering the field against the grimly foe,
Armed with a mortar and a pestle.

Yet some affirm no enemies they are,
But meet just like prize-fighters in a fair,
Who first shake hands before they box,
Then give each other plaguy knocks,

With all the love and kindness of a brother:
So—many a suffering patient saith—
Though the apothecary fights with Death,
Still they are sworn friends to one another.

A member of this Æsculapian line,
Lived at Newcastle-upon-Tyne:
No man could better gild a pill,
Or make a bill;
Or mix a draught, or bleed, or blister;
Or draw a tooth out of your head;
Or chatter scandal by your bed;
Or give a clyster.

Of occupations these were *quantum suff.:*
Yet still he thought the list not long enough:
And therefore midwifery he chose to pin to't.
This balanced things; for if he hurled
A few score mortals from the world,
He made amends by bringing others into 't.

His fame full six miles round the country ran;
In short, in reputation he was *solus:*
All the old women called him "a fine man!"
His name was Bolus.

Benjamin Bolus, though in trade—
Which oftentimes will genius fetter—
Read works of fancy, it is said,
And cultivated the belles-lettres.

And why should this be thought so odd?
Can't men have taste who cure a phthisic?
Of poetry though patron god,
Apollo patronises physic.
Bolus loved verse, and took so much delight in 't,
That his prescriptions he resolved to write in 't.

No opportunity he e'er let pass
Of writing the directions on his labels
In dapper couplets, like Gay's Fables,
Or rather like the lines in Hudibras.

Apothecary's verse! and where's the treason?
'Tis simply honest dealing; not a crime;
When patients swallow physic without reason,
It is but fair to give a little rhyme.

He had a patient lying at Death's door,
Some three miles from the town, it might be four;
To whom, one evening, Bolus sent an article
In pharmacy that's called cathartical.
And on the label of the stuff
He wrote this verse,
Which one would think was clear enough,
And terse:
When taken,
To be well shaken.

Next morning early, Bolus rose,
And to the patient's house he goes
Upon his pad,
Who a vile trick of stumbling had;
It was, indeed, a very sorry hack;
But that's of course;
For what's expected from a horse
With an apothecary on his back?
Bolus arrived, and gave a doubtful tap,
Between a single and a double rap.

Knocks of this kind
Are given by gentlemen who teach to dance;
By fiddlers, and by opera-singers;
One loud, and then a little one behind,
As if the knocker fell by chance
Out of their fingers.

The servant lets him in with dismal face,
Long as a courtier's out of place—
Portending some disaster;
John's countenance as rueful looked and grim,
As if the apothecary had physicked him,
And not his master.

"Well, how's the patient?" Bolus said.
John shook his head.
"Indeed!—hum!—ha!—that's very odd!
He took the draught?" John gave a nod.
"Well, how? what then? Speak out, you dunce!"
"Why, then," says John, "we shook him once."
"Shook him?—how?" Bolus stammered out.
"We jolted him about."
"Zounds! shake a patient, man!—a shake won't do.
"No, sir, and so we gave him two."
"Two shakes! od's curse!
'T would make the patient worse."
"It did so, sir; and so a third we tried."
"Well, and what then?" "Then, sir, my master died."

CORINNE AT THE CAPITOL.

[Anne Louise Germaine de Stael Holstein (Madame de Staël) was born at Paris, April 22, 1766. She was a daughter of Jacques Neckar, the celebrated Minister of Finance. In 1786 she married the Baron de Staël Holstein, Swedish Ambassador at Paris; and after his death, she married secretly a French officer, De Rocca. Owing to her beauty, wit and eloquence the Salon of Mme. de Staël was the centre around which gathered all the most prominent talent of France, and during the first stages of the Revolution she was a political power Her reputation was widened and perpetuated by her writings, which include: *Literature in its Relations to Social Institutions* (1796); on the *Influence of Passions on the Happiness of Individuals and of Nations* (1796); *Ten Years of Exile* (1812); and *Corinne* (1807). From the latter work our extract is taken. She died July 14, 1817.]

Oswald awoke in Rome. The dazzling sun of Italy met his first gaze and his soul

was penetrated with sensations of love and gratitude for that heaven which seemed to smile on him in these glorious beams. He heard the bells of numerous churches ringing, discharges of cannon from various distances, as if announcing some high solemnity. He inquired the cause, and was informed that the most celebrated female was that morning to be crowned at the Capitol—Corinne, the poet and improvisatrice, one of the loveliest women of Rome. He asked some questions respecting the ceremony, hallowed by the names of Petrarch and of Tasso; every reply he received warmly excited his curiosity. . . .

Oswald walked the streets of Rome, awaiting the arrival of Corinne; he heard her name every instant; every one relating some new trait, proving that she united all the talents most captivating to the fancy. One asserted that her voice was the most touching in Italy; another, that in tragic acting she had no peer; a third, that she danced like a nymph, and drew with equal grace and invention—all said that no one had ever written or extemporized verses so sweet, and that in daily conversation, she displayed alternately an ease and an eloquence which fascinated all who heard her.

A burst of exquisite melody preceded the approach of the triumphal procession. How thrilling is each event that is heralded by music! A great number of Roman nobles, and not a few foreigners, came first. "Behold her retinue of admirers!" said one. "Yes," replied another, "she receives the whole world's homage, but accords her preference to none." . . .

At last four spotless steeds appeared in the midst of the crowd, drawing an antiquely shaped car, beside which walked a maiden band in snowy vestments. Wherever Corinne passed, perfumes were thrown upon the air; the windows, decked with flowers and scarlet hangings, were peopled by gazers, who shouted, "Long live Corinne! glory to beauty and to genius!"

This emotion was general; but, to partake it, one must lay aside English reserve and French raillery. Nevil could not yield to the spirit of the scene, till he beheld Corinne—attired like Domenichino's Sibyl; an Indian shawl was twined among her lustrous black curls, a blue drapery fell over her robe of virgin white, and her whole costume was picturesque, without sufficiently varying from modern usage to appear tainted by affectation. Her attitude was noble and modest; it might, indeed, be perceived that she was content to be admired; yet a timid air blended with her joy, and seemed to ask pardon for her triumph. The expression of her features, her eyes, her smile, created a solicitude in her favor, and made Lord Nevil [Oswald] her friend even before any ardent sentiment subdued him. Her arms were transcendently beautiful; her figure tall, and, as we frequently see among the Grecian statues, rather robust—energetically characteristic of youth and happiness. There was something inspired in her air; yet the very manner in which she bowed her thanks for the applause she received, betrayed a natural disposition sweetly contrasting the pomp of her extraordinary situation. She gave you at the same instant the idea of a priestess of Apollo advancing towards his temple, and of a woman born to fulfil the usual duties of life with perfect simplicity—in truth, her every gesture elicited not more wondering conjecture than it conciliated sympathy and affection. . . .

At the foot of the steps leading to the Capitol, the car stopped, and all her friends rushed to offer their hands; she took that of Prince Castel Forte, the nobleman most esteemed in Rome for his talents and character. Every one approved her choice. She ascended to the Capitol, whose imposing majesty seemed graciously to welcome the light footsteps of woman. The instruments sounded with fresh vigor, the cannon shook the air, and the all-conquering Sybil entered the palace prepared for her reception.

In the centre of the hall stood the senator who was to crown Corinne, surrounded by his brothers in office; on one side all the Cardinals and most distinguished ladies of Rome; on the other the members of the Academy; whilst the opposite extremity was filled by some portion of the multitude who had followed Corinne. The chair destined for her was placed a step lower than that of the senator. Ere seating herself in presence of that august assembly, she complied with the custom of bending one knee to the earth. The gentle dignity of this action filled Oswald's eyes with tears, to his own surprise. But in the midst of all this success, it seemed as if the looks of Corinne implored the protection of a friend, with which no woman, however superior, can dispense; and he thought how delicious it were to be the stay of her whose sensitiveness alone could render such a prop necessary. As soon as Corinne was seated, the

Roman poets recited the odes and sonnets composed for this occasion; all praised her to the highest; but in styles that described her no more than they would have done any other woman of genius. The same mythological images and allusions must have been addressed to such beings from the days of Sappho to our own. Already Nevil disliked this kind of incense for her; he fancied that he could that moment have drawn a truer, a more finished portrait; such, indeed as could have belonged to no one but Corinne. . . .

DEATH OF THE NIGHTINGALE.

[Ludwig Heinrich Christoph Hölty. Born Dec. 21, 1748, at Mariensee, Hanover; died Sept. 1, 1776. He obtained considerable popularity by his odes, songs and idyls.]

She is no more, who bade the May-month hail;
Alas! no more!
The songstress who enlivened all the vale,—
Her songs are o'er;
She, whose sweet tones, in golden evening hours,
Rang through my breast,
When, by the brook that murmured 'mong the flowers
I lay at rest.

How richly gurgled from her deep, full throat
The silvery lay,
Till in her caves sweet Echo caught the note,
Far, far away!
Then was the hour when village pipe and song
Sent up their sound,
And dancing maidens lightly tripped along
The moonlit ground.

A youth lay listening on the green hill-side,
Far down the grove,
While on his rapt face hung a youthful bride
In speechless love.
Their hands were locked oft as thy silvery strain
Rang through the vale;
They heeded not the merry dancing train,
Sweet nightingale!

They listened thee till village bells from far
Chimed on the ear,
And, like a golden fleece, the evening star
Beamed bright and clear.
Then, in the cool and fanning breeze of May,
Homeward they stole,
Full of sweet thoughts, breathed by thy tender lay,
Through the deep soul.

THE FOREHEAD IN GREEK ART.

[Johann Joachim Winckelmann, the illustrious archæologist and art critic, was born at Stendhal, Prussia, December 9, 1717. His numerous works on antique painting, sculpture and engraved gems exerted a marked influence, and still are standards. He was killed at Trieste, June 8, 1768, by a thief who attempted to rob him of some rare gold coins.]

A low forehead is so peculiar to the ideas which the ancient artists had of a beautiful head, that it is a characteristic by which an antique can frequently be distinguished from a modern work. Many heads which I could not approach sufficiently near to examine, I have either recognized to be modern, solely by the high forehead, or else this conformation first excited doubts as to their age, which were afterwards verified by further investigation.

To complete the beauty of a youthful head, the frontal hair should grow in a curve down over the temples, in order to give the face an oval shape. Such a forehead is to be found in all beautiful women; and this form of it is so peculiar to all ideal and other youthful heads of the ancients, that we do not see on any figures, not even those of mature manhood, the receding, bare corners of the temples, which usually enlarge as life advances beyond that age when the forehead is naturally high. Few modern sculptors have noticed this peculiarity; and wherever new youthful male heads are placed upon antique statues, the hair is carried obliquely over the forehead, and strikingly displays the faulty conception of modern days in regard to the natural beauty of its disposition. Some of our own artists have made portrait figures of young persons of both sexes, with whom I am acquainted, and who have low foreheads; yet they have given so little attention to the beauty of which I now speak, that they have added to the height of their foreheads, and made the growth of hair commence farther back, with the presumed intention of forming an open forehead. Bernini belongs to this class; but in this particular, as in many others, he has mistaken the reverse of beauty for beauty's self.

It is better for a young man to blush than to turn pale. Cato.

MARCO BOZZARIS.[1]

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power;
In dreams, through camp and court, he bore
The trophies of a conqueror;
In dreams his song of triumph heard.
Then wore his monarch's signet ring,
Then pressed that monarch's throne—a King;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden bird.

At midnight, in the forest shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band,
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood,
There had the glad earth drunk their blood
On old Platæa's day;
And now there breathed that haunted air
The sons of sires who conquer'd there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on—the Turk awoke;
That bright dream was his last;
He woke—to hear his sentries shriek,
"To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!"
He woke—to die, 'midst flame, and smoke,
And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
And death-shots falling thick and fast
Like forest pines before the blast,
Or lightnings from the mountain cloud;
And heard with voice as trumpet loud,
Bozzaris cheer his band;
"Strike—till the last armed foe expires,
Strike—for your altars and your fires,
Strike—for the green graves of your sires,
God—and your native land!"

They fought, like brave men, long and well,
They piled that ground with Moslem slain,
They conquered—but Bozzaris fell,
Bleeding at every vein.
His few surviving comrades saw
His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
And the red field was won;
Then saw in death his eyelids close
Calmly, as to a night's repose,
Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death!
Come to the mother's, when she feels
For the first time her first-born's breath;
Come when the blessed seals
Which close the pestilence are broke
And crowded cities wail its stroke;
Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake's shock, the ocean storm;
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
With banquet-song, and dance, and wine;
And thou art terrible; the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word,
And in its hollow tones are heard
The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come, when his task of Fame is wrought;
Come, with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought;
Come in her crowning hour; and then
Thy sunken eyes' unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
Of sky and stars to prison'd men;
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land;
Thy summons welcome as the cry
Which told the Indian isles were nigh
To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
Blew o'er the Haytien seas.

Bozzaris! with the storied brave
Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee: there is no prouder grave,
Even in her own proud clime,
She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume,
Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
In sorrow's pomp, and pageantry,
The heartless luxury of the tomb;
But she remembers thee as one
Long loved, and for a season gone.
For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed,
Her marble wrought, her music breathed;
For thee she rings the birth-day bells;
Of thee her babe's first lisping tells;
For thine her evening prayer is said
At palace couch and cottage bed.
Her soldier, closing with the foe,
Gives for thy sake a deadlier blow;
His plighted maiden, when she fears
For him, the joy of her young years,
Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears;
And she, the mother of thy boys,
Though in her eye and faded cheek
Is read the grief she will not speak,
The memory of her buried joys;

[1] The Epaminondas of Modern Greece. He fell in a night attack upon the Turkish camp at Laspi, the site of the ancient Platæa, August 20, 1823, and expired in the moment of victory. His last words were, "To die for liberty is a pleasure, and not a pain."

And even she who gave thee birth
Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
Talk of thy doom without a sigh;
For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's;
One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

A FORGOTTEN HERO.[1]

[James Anthony Froude, M.A., born at Dartington, Devonshire, 23d April, 1818; educated at Westminster and Oxford. He obtained the chancellor's prize for the "English Essay" in 1842, and was elected fellow of Exeter College. In 1856 appeared the first two volumes of his *History of England from the Fall of Wolsey to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada.* The work, completed in twelve volumes, distinguishes its author as one of the best of England's historians. In 1871–74 he published *The English in Ireland in the Eighteenth Century*, 3 vols.; in 1879, a life of *Julius Cæsar.* He is also widely known by his miscellaneous contributions to literature, a valuable collection of which has been issued under the title of *Short Studies on Great Subjects.*]

Some two miles above the port of Dartmouth, once among the most important harbours in England, on a projecting angle of land which runs out into the river at the head of one of its most beautiful reaches, there has stood for some centuries the manor-house of Greenaway. The water runs deep all the way to it from the sea, and the largest vessels may ride with safety within a stone's-throw of the windows. In the latter half of the sixteenth century there must have met, in the hall of this mansion, a party as remarkable as could have been found anywhere in England. Humfrey and Adrian Gilbert, with their half-brother Walter Raleigh, here, when little boys, played at sailors in the reaches of Long Stream; in the summer evenings doubtless rowing down with the tide to the port, and wondering at the quaint figure-heads and carved prows of the ships which thronged it; or climbing on board, and listening, with hearts beating, to the mariners' tales of the new earth beyond the sunset. And here, in later life, matured men, whose boyish dreams had become heroic action, they used again to meet in the intervals of quiet, and the rock is shown underneath the house where Raleigh smoked the first tobacco. Another remarkable man could not fail to have made a fourth at these meetings. A sailor boy of Sandwich, the adjoining parish, John Davis, showed early a genius which could not have escaped the eye of such neighbours, and in the atmosphere of Greenaway he learned to be as noble as the Gilberts, and as tender and delicate as Raleigh. Of this party, for the present, we confine ourselves to the host and owner, Humfrey Gilbert, knighted afterwards by Elizabeth. Led by the scenes of his childhood to the sea and to sea adventures, and afterwards, as his mind unfolded, to study his profession scientifically, we find him, as soon as he was old enough to think for himself, or make others listen to him, "amending the great errors of naval sea-cards, whose common fault is to make the degree of longitude in every latitude of one common bigness;" inventing instruments for taking observations, studying the form of the earth, and convincing himself that there was a north-west passage, and studying the necessities of his country, and discovering the remedies for them in colonization and extended markets for home manufactures. Gilbert was examined before the queen's majesty and the privy-council, and the record of his examination he has himself left to us in a paper which he afterwards drew up, and strange enough reading it is. The most admirable conclusions stand side by side with the wildest conjectures.

Homer and Aristotle are pressed into service to prove that the ocean runs round the three old continents, and that America therefore is necessarily an island. The Gulf-stream, which he had carefully observed, eked out by a theory of the *primum mobile*, is made to demonstrate a channel to the north, corresponding to Magellan's Straits in the south, Gilbert believing, in common with almost everyone of his day, that these straits were the only opening into the Pacific, and the land to the south was unbroken to the pole. He prophesies a market in the East for our manufactured linen and calicoes:—

"The Easterns greatly prizing the same, as appeareth in Hester, where the pomp is expressed of the great King of India, Ahasuerus, who matched the coloured clothes wherewith his houses and tents were apparelled, with gold and silver, as part of his greatest treasure."

These and other such arguments were the best analysis which Sir Humfrey had to offer of the spirit which he felt to be working in him. We may think what we please of them; but we can have but one thought of the great grand words with which the memorial concludes, and they alone would explain the love which Elizabeth bore him:—

"Never, therefore, mislike with me for

[1] From *Short Studies on Great Subjects*, by James A. Froude, M.A. London: Longmans.

taking in hand any laudable and honest enterprise, for if through pleasure or idleness we purchase shame, the pleasure vanisheth, but the shame abideth for ever.

"Give me leave, therefore, without offence, always to live and die in this mind: that he is not worthy to live at all that, for fear or danger of death, shunneth his country's service and his own honour, seeing that death is inevitable and the fame of virtue immortal, wherefore in this behalf *mutare vel timere sperno.*"

Two voyages which he undertook at his own cost, which shattered his fortune, and failed, as they naturally might, since inefficient help or mutiny of subordinates, or other disorders, are inevitable conditions under which, more or less, great men must be content to see their great thoughts mutilated by the feebleness of their instruments, did not dishearten him, and in June, 1583, a last fleet of five ships sailed from the port of Dartmouth, with commission from the queen to discover and take possession from latitude 45° to 50° north—a voyage not a little noteworthy, there being planted in the course of it the first English colony west of the Atlantic. Elizabeth had a foreboding that she would never see him again. She sent him a jewel as a last token of her favour, and she desired Raleigh to have his picture taken before he went.

The history of the voyage was written by a Mr. Edward Hayes, of Dartmouth, one of the principal actors in it, and as a composition, it is more remarkable for fine writing than any very commendable thought in the author. But Sir Humfrey's nature shines through the infirmity of his chronicler; and in the end, indeed, Mr. Hayes himself is subdued into a better mind. He had lost money by the voyage, and we will hope his higher nature was only under a temporary eclipse. The fleet consisted (it is well to observe the ships and the size of them) of the *Delight,* 120 tons; the barque *Raleigh,* 200 tons (this ship deserted off the Land's End); the *Golden Hinde* and the *Swallow,* 40 tons each; and the *Squirrel,* which was called the frigate, 10 tons. For the uninitiated in such matters we may add, that in a vessel the size of the last, a member of the Yacht Club would consider that he had earned a club-room immortality if he had ventured a run in the depth of summer from Cowes to the Channel Islands.

"We were in all," says Mr. Hayes, "260 men, among whom we had of every faculty good choice. Besides, for solace of our own people, and allurement of the savages, we were provided of music in good variety, not omitting the least toys, as morris-dancers, hobby-horses, and May-like conceits to delight the savage people."

The expedition reached Newfoundland without accident. St. John's was taken possession of, and a colony left there; and Sir Humfrey then set out exploring along the American coast to the south, he himself doing all the work in his little ten-ton cutter, the service being too dangerous for the larger vessels to venture on. One of these had remained at St. John's. He was now accompanied only by the *Delight* and the *Golden Hinde,* and these two keeping as near the shore as they dared, he spent what remained of the summer examining every creek and bay, marking the soundings, taking the bearings of the possible harbours, and risking his life, as every hour he was obliged to risk it in such a service, in thus leading, as it were, the forlorn hope in the conquest of the New World. How dangerous it was we shall presently see. It was towards the end of August—

"The evening was fair and pleasant, yet not without token of storm to ensue, and most part of this Wednesday night, like the swan that singeth before her death, they in the *Delight* continued in sounding of drums and trumpets and fifes, also winding the cornets and haut-boys, and in the end of their jollity left with the battell and ringing of doleful knells."

Two days after came the storm; the *Delight* struck upon a bank, and went down in sight of the other vessels, which were unable to render her any help. Sir Humfrey's papers, among other things, were all lost in her—at the time considered by him an irreparable misfortune. But it was little matter, he was never to need them. The *Golden Hinde* and the *Squirrel* were now left alone of the five ships. The provisions were running short, and the summer season was closing. Both crews were on short allowance; and with much difficulty Sir Humfrey was prevailed upon to be satisfied for the present with what he had done, and to lay off for England.

"So upon Saturday, in the afternoon, the 31st of August, we changed our course, and returned back for England, at which very instant, even in winding about, there passed along between us and the land, which we now forsook, a very lion, to our seeming, in shape, hair, and colour; not swimming after the manner of a beast by moving of his feet, but rather sliding upon the water with his whole body, except his legs, in sight, neither yet diving under and again rising as the manner is of whales, porpoises, and other fish, but

confidently showing himself without hiding, notwithstanding that we presented ourselves in open view and gesture to amaze him. Thus he passed along, turning his head to and fro, yawning and gaping wide, with ougly demonstration of long teeth and glaring eyes; and to bidde us farewell, coming right against the *Hinde*, he sent forth a horrible voice, roaring and bellowing as doth a lion, which spectacle we all beheld, so far as we were able to discern the same, as men prone to wonder at every strange thing. What opinion others had thereof, and chiefly the general himself, I forbear to deliver. But he took it for *Bonum Omen*, rejoicing that he was to war against such an enemy, if it were the devil."

We have no doubt that he did think it was the devil, men in those days believing really that evil was more than a principle or a necessary accident, and that in all their labour for God and for right they must make their account to have to fight with the devil in his proper person. But if we are to call it superstition, and if this were no devil in the form of a roaring lion, but a mere great seal or sea-lion, it is a more innocent superstition to impersonate so real a power, and it requires a bolder heart to rise up against it and defy it in its living terror, than to sublimate it away into a philosophical principle, and to forget to battle with it in speculating on its origin and nature. But to follow the brave Sir Humfrey, whose work of fighting with the devil was now over, and who was passing to his reward. The 2d of September the general came on board the *Golden Hinde* "to make merry with us." He greatly deplored the loss of his books and papers, but he was full of confidence from what he had seen, and talked with eagerness and warmth of the new expedition for the following spring. Apocryphal gold-mines still occupying the minds of Mr. Hayes and others, they were persuaded that Sir Humfrey was keeping to himself some such discovery which he had secretly made, and they tried hard to extract it from him. They could make nothing, however, of his odd, ironical answers, and their sorrow at the catastrophe which followed is sadly blended with disappointment that such a secret should have perished. Sir Humfrey doubtless saw America with other eyes than theirs, and gold-mines richer than California in its huge rivers and savannahs.

"Leaving the issue of this good hope (about the gold)," continues Mr. Hayes, "to God, who only knoweth the truth thereof, I will hasten to the end of this tragedy, which must be knit up in the person of our general, and as it was God's ordinance upon him, even so the vehement persuasion of his friends could nothing avail to divert him from his wilful resolution of going in his frigate; and when he was entreated by the captain, master, and others, his well-wishers in the *Hinde*, not to venture, this was his answer—'I will not forsake my little company going homewards, with whom I have passed so many storms and perils.'"

Two-thirds of the way home they met foul weather and terrible seas, "breaking short and pyramid-wise." Men who had all their lives "occupied the sea" had never seen it more outrageous. "We had also upon our main-yard an apparition of a little fier by night, which seamen do call Castor and Pollux."

"Monday the ninth of September, in the afternoon, the frigate was near cast away, oppressed by waves, but at that time recovered, and giving forth signs of joy, the general, sitting abaft with a book in his hand, cried out unto us in the *Hinde* so often as we did approach within hearing, 'We are as near to heaven by sea as by land,' reiterating the same speech, well beseeming a soldier resolute in Jesus Christ, as I can testify that he was. The same Monday night, about twelve of the clock, or not long after, the frigate being ahead of us in the *Golden Hinde*, suddenly her lights were out, whereof as it were in a moment we lost the sight; and withal our watch cried, 'The general was cast away,' which was too true.

"Thus faithfully," concludes Mr. Hayes, in some degree rising above himself, "I have related this story, wherein some spark of the knight's virtues, though he be extinguished, may happily appear, he remaining resolute to a purpose honest and godly as was this, to discover, possess, and reduce unto the service of God and Christian piety those remote and heathen countries of America. Such is the infinite bounty of God, who from every evil deriveth good, that fruit may grow in time of our travelling in these north-western lands (as has it not grown?), and the crosses, turmoils, and afflictions, both in the preparation and execution of the voyage, did correct the intemperate humours which before we noted to be in this gentleman, and made unsavoury and less delightful his other manifold virtues.

"Thus as he was refined and made nearer unto the image of God, so it pleased the divine will to resume him unto himself, whither both his and every other high and noble mind have always aspired."

Such was Sir Humfrey Gilbert, still in the prime of his years when the Atlantic swallowed

him. Like the gleam of a landscape lit suddenly for a moment by the lightning, these few scenes flash down to us across the centuries: but what a life must that have been of which this was the conclusion! We have glimpses of him a few years earlier, when he won his spurs in Ireland—won them by deeds which to us seem terrible in their ruthlessness, but which won the applause of Sir Henry Sidney as too high for praise or even reward. Chequered like all of us with lines of light and darkness, he was, nevertheless, one of a race which has ceased to be. We look round for them, and we can hardly believe that the same blood is flowing in our veins. Brave we may still be, and strong perhaps as they, but the high moral grace which made bravery and strength so beautiful is departed from us for ever.

THE CORAL GROVE.

Deep in the wave is a Coral Grove,
Where the purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the sea-flower spreads its leaves of blue,
That never are wet with falling dew,
But in bright and changeful beauty shine,
Far down in the green and glassy brine.
The floor is of sand like the mountain drift,
And the pearl shells spangle the flinty snow;
From coral rocks the sea-plants lift
Their boughs where the tides and billows flow;
The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there,
And the sands are bright as the stars that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air;
There with its waving blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter;
There with a light and easy motion,
The fan-coral sweeps through the clear deep sea;
And the yellow and scarlet tufts of ocean
Are bending like corn on the upland lea:
And life, in rare and beautiful forms,
Is sporting amid those bowers of stone,
And is safe, when the wrathful spirit of storms
Has made the top of the wave his own:
And when the ship from his fury flies,
Where the myriad voices of ocean roar,
When the wind-god frowns in the murky skies,
And demons are waiting the wreck on shore;
Then far below, in the peaceful sea,
The purple mullet and gold-fish rove,
Where the waters murmur tranquilly
Through the bending twigs of the Coral Grove.

JAMES PERCIVAL.

NAPOLEON AT ST. HELENA.

[EMMANUEL AUGUSTIN DIEUDONNÉ MARIE JOSEPH, MARQUIS DE LAS CASAS, was born at Las Casas, in Languedoc, in 1766. He published a *Historical Atlas* (1803), but is chiefly remembered through his *Memorial de Ste. Hélène*, by which he became the Boswell of Napoleon. He died in 1842.]

November 4, 1816. To-day the Emperor would not receive any one during the whole morning. He sent for me at the hour he had appointed for taking the bath, during which, and for some time after, he conversed on the knowledge of the ancients, and the historians by which it has been transmitted to modern times. His reflections on the subject, all led to the conclusion, that the world was yet in its infancy. . . We then took a view of the structure of the globe. . . I calculated that Europe contained 170,000,000 of inhabitants. The Emperor remarked that he himself had governed 80,000,000; and I added that, after the alliance with Prussia, he had marched at the head of more than 100,000,000. . .

Afterwards, when speaking of the wonders of his life, and the vicissitudes of his fortune, the Emperor remarked that he ought to have died at Moscow; because, at that time, his military glory had experienced no reverse, and his political career was unexampled in the history of the world. He then drew one of those rapid and animating pictures which he sketched off with so much facility. Observing that the countenance of one of the individuals who happened to be present, was not exactly expressive of approbation, he said, "This is not your opinion? You do not think I ought to have closed my career at Moscow?"

"No, Sire," was the reply; "for in that case, history would have been deprived of the return from Elba; of the most generous and most heroic act that ever man performed; of the grandest and most sublime event that the world ever witnessed."

"Well," returned the Emperor, "there may be some truth in that; but what say you to Waterloo? Ought I not to have perished there?"

"Sire," said the person whom he addressed, "if I have obtained pardon for Moscow, I do not see why I should not ask it for Waterloo also. The future is beyond the will and the power of man; it is in the hands of God alone."

THE THREE GREAT TIES OF HUMAN SOCIETY.

[JEAN BAPTISTE MASSILLON, one of the most eloquent of French preachers, was born at Hyères, Provence, France, June 24th, 1663; died September 18th, 1742. His works, mainly sermons, are models of elegant rhetoric.]

The three principles which usually bind men to each other, and by which are formed all human friendships, are fancy, cupidity and vanity. Fancy:—We follow a certain propensity of nature, which, being the cause of our finding in some persons a greater similarity to our own inclinations, perhaps also greater allowances for our faults, binds us to them, and occasions us to find in their society a comfort which becomes weariness in that of the rest of men. Cupidity:—We seek out useful friends; from the moment that they are necessary to our pleasure or to our fortune, they become worthy of our friendship. Interest is a grand charm to the majority of hearts; the titles which render us powerful are quickly transmuted into qualities which render us apparently amiable, and friends are never wanting when we can pay the friendship of those who love us. Lastly, Vanity:—Friends who do us honor are always dear to us. It would seem that, in loving them, we enter, as it were, into partnership with them in that distinction which they enjoy in the world; we seek to deck ourselves, as I may say, with their reputation; and, being unable to reach their merit, we pride ourselves in their society, in order to have it supposed that, at least, there is not much between us, and that like loves like.

These are the three great ties of human society. Religion and charity unite almost nobody; and from thence it is that, from the moment that men offend our fancy, that they are unfavorable to our interests, or that they wound our reputation and our vanity, the human and brittle ties which united us to them are broken asunder; our heart withdraws from them, and no longer finds in itself, with respect to them, but animosity and bitterness. And behold the three most general sources of those hatreds which men nourish against each other; which change all the sweets of society into endless inveteracies; which empoison all the delight of conversations, and all the innocency of mutual intercourse; and which, attacking religion in the heart, nevertheless, present themselves to us under appearances of equity which justify them in our eyes and strengthen us in them.

PET PORCUPINES.

[REV. JOHN GEORGE WOOD, F. L. S., the well known naturalist, was born in London, England, 1827. As writer of many popular books, and as editor of *The Boys' Own Magazine*, he has done much to diffuse, especially among the young, a knowledge of the animal kingdom. He died in 1889.]

I have been told by a gentleman who has had a wonderfully large experience, that the most unpleasant quadrupedal pet is a porcupine. It is such a restless being that it cannot be induced to remain quiet, and it is as inquisitive as any cat. It is an interesting animal enough, but tetchy and short-tempered, and ever too ready to present the serried ranks of its particoloured bayonets at anyone who happens to displease it. Two of these creatures were kept for some time by a gentleman resident in India, and were notable for their continual bickering with the dogs. They were extremely fond of their master, but they entertained the strongest objection to the dogs. The dogs, on their part, naturally felt hurt that any interloper should come between them and their master, and were deeply aggrieved because the porcupines had contrived to oust them from their accustomed places at dinner. Both dogs and porcupines were fond of the good things served at their master's table, and when it came to a struggle, the porcupines had the best of the contest. If, for example, some delicacies were put on a plate and placed on the floor for the dogs, the porcupines at once must needs push their noses into the plate and begin nibbling. The dogs would snarl and growl futilely while watching the provisions disappear, and at last would lose all patience and rush to the rescue. The porcupines troubled themselves very little about the assault, but simply spread their quills, and allowed the dogs to prick their noses until they howled with the pain.

It so happened that their owner was obliged to change his residence, and of course he took his pet porcupines with him. When evening drew on, he bethought himself that his bristly pets had no bed-room; and being

afraid of their straying, he searched the house for some fit place as a temporary residence. At last he was obliged to coax them under the boiler in an out-house, and having blocked up the entrance with a large stone, went with an easy mind to bed.

But the porcupines, being naturally nocturnal in their habits, and extremely curious, wished to learn something of their new house. So they tried to push away the stone, and not being able to stir it, began to burrow, dug a passage under the stone, and emerged into the kitchen. They then began to sniff about, and at last came on the traces of their master. They followed him up like two bloodhounds, until they reached the room where he was lying in bed. One of them raised itself on its hind legs, and finding a bare foot projecting from the bedclothes, began to caress it. The owner of the foot, feeling himself disturbed in such a manner, naturally thought that thieves were trying to hold his legs, and instinctively lashed out furiously at the supposed intruder, bringing his unfortunate foot against the quills of the porcupine.

THE SANDPIPER.[1]

Across the narrow beach we flit,
  One little sandpiper and I;
And fast I gather, bit by bit,
  The scattered driftwood bleached and dry.
The wild waves reach their hands for it,
  The wild wind raves, the tide runs high,
As up and down the beach we flit,—
  One little sandpiper and I.

Above our heads the sullen clouds
  Scud black and swift across the sky:
Like silent ghosts in misty shrouds
  Stand out the white lighthouses high.
Almost as far as eye can reach
  I see the close-reefed vessels fly,
As fast we flit along the beach,—
  One little sandpiper and I.

I watch him as he skims along,
  Uttering his sweet and mournful cry;
He starts not at my fitful song,
  Or flash of fluttering drapery;
He has no thought of any wrong,
  He scans me with a fearless eye.
Stanch friends are we, well tried and strong,
  The little sandpiper and I.

Comrade, where wilt thou be to-night
  When the loosed storm breaks furiously?
My driftwood fire will burn so bright!
  To what warm shelter canst thou fly?
I do not fear for thee, though wroth
  The tempest rushes through the sky:
For are we not God's children both,
  Thou, little sandpiper, and I?

CELIA THAXTER.

[1] Publishers: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

TAINE ON MILTON.

[HIPPOLYTE ADOLPHE TAINE, born at Vouziers, France, April 21, 1828. His early writings had a polemical character. Among them may be named, *French Philosophers of the Nineteenth Century* (1856), and *Essays in Criticism and History*. In 1864 he became professor of æsthetics in the School of Fine Arts, Paris. Since then he has published a number of valuable treatises on art, a *History of English Literature* (1864), and *The Origins of Contemporary France* (1875). His writings show an original mind, and are distinguished by their strong and graphic style. Our extracts are from his *English Literature*.]

MILTON'S GENIUS.

John Milton was not one of those fevered souls, void of self-command, whose rapture takes them by fits; whom a sickly sensibility drives forever to the extreme of sorrow or joy; whose pliability prepares them to produce a variety of characters; whose inquietude condemns them to paint the insanity and contradictions of passion. Vast knowledge, close logic, and grand passion—these were his marks. His mind was lucid, his imagination limited. He was incapable of disturbed emotion or of transformation. He conceived the loftiest of ideal beauties, but he conceived only one. He was not born for the drama, but for the ode. He does not create souls, but constructs arguments and experiences emotions. Emotions and arguments, all the forces of his soul, assemble and are arranged beneath a unique sentiment—that of the sublime. And the broad river of lyric poetry streams from him, impetuous, with even flow, splendid as a cloth of gold.

MILTON'S HABITS.

Milton lived in a small house in London, or in the country, in Buckinghamshire, at the foot of a high green hill. . . . Every morning he had a chapter of the Bible read to him in Hebrew, and remained for some

time in silence, grave, in order to meditate on what he had heard. He never went to a place of worship. Independent in religion as in all else, he was sufficient to himself. Finding in no sect the marks of the true Church, he prayed to God alone, without needing others' help. He studied till midday; then, after an hour's exercise, he played the organ or the bass-viol; then he resumed his studies till six, and in the evening enjoyed the society of his friends. When anyone came to visit him, he was usually found in a room hung with old green hangings, seated in an arm-chair, and dressed quietly in black. His complexion was pale, says one of his visitors, but not sallow; his hands and feet were gouty; his hair, of a light brown, was parted in the midst, and fell in long curls; his eyes, grey and clear, showed no sign of blindness. He had been very beautiful in his youth, and his English cheeks, once delicate as a young girl's, retained their color almost to the end. His face, we are told, was pleasing; his straight and manly gait bore witness to intrepidity and courage. Something great and proud breathes out from all his portraits; and certainly few men have done such honor to their kind. Thus expired this noble life, like a setting sun, bright and calm. Amid so many trials, a pure and lofty joy, altogether worthy of him, had been granted to him; the poet, buried under the Puritan, had reappeared, more sublime than ever, to give to Christianity its second Homer. The dazzling dreams of his youth and the reminiscences of his ripe age were found in him, side by side with Calvinistic dogmas and visions of John, to create the Protestant epic of damnation and grace; and the vastness of primitive horizons, the flames of the infernal dungeon, the splendors of the celestial court, opened to the inner eye of the soul unknown regions beyond the sights which the eyes of flesh had lost.

JOHN WESLEY'S OLD AGE.

[JOHN WESLEY, the founder of Methodism, was born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, England, June 28, 1703. Died March 2, 1791. We make the following extract from his *Journal*:]

June 28, 1788. I this day enter on my eighty-fifth year: and what cause have I to praise God; as for a thousand spiritual blessings, so for bodily blessings also! How little have I suffered yet by "the rush of numerous years!" It is true, I am not so agile as I was in times past. I do not run or walk so fast as I did; my sight is a little decayed; my left eye is grown dim, and hardly serves me to read; I have daily some pain in the ball of my right eye, as also in my right temple (occasioned by a blow received some months since), and in my right shoulder and arm, which I impute partly to a sprain, and partly to the rheumatism. I find likewise some decay in my memory, with regard to names and things lately past; but not at all with regard to what I have read or heard twenty, forty, or sixty years ago; neither do I find any decay in my hearing, smell, taste or appetite (though I want but a third part of the food I did once); nor do I feel any such thing as weariness, either in traveling or preaching; and I am not conscious of any decay in writing sermons, which I do as readily, and I believe as correctly, as ever.

To what cause can I impute this, that I am as I am? First, doubtless, to the power of God, fitting me for the work to which I am called, as long as he pleases to continue me therein; and, next, subordinately to this, to the prayers of his children.

May we not impute it as inferior means.—

1. To my constant exercise and change of air?

2. To my never having lost a night's sleep, sick or well, at land or at sea, since I was born?

3. To my having sleep at command; so that whenever I feel myself worn out, I call it, and it comes, day or night?

4. To my having constantly, for above sixty years, risen at four in the morning?

5. To my constant preaching at five in the morning, for above fifty years?

6. To my having had so little pain in my life; and so little sorrow, or anxious care?

Even now, though I find pain daily in my eye or temple, or arm, yet it is never violent, and seldom lasts many minutes at a time.

Whether or not this is sent to give me warning that I am shortly to quit this tabernacle, I do not know; but be it one way or the other, I have only to say,

"My remnant of days
I spend to his praise
Who died the whole world to redeem:
Be they many or few,
My days are his due,
And they all are devoted to him!"

POOR JACK.

[**Charles Dibdin**, born in Southampton, 1745; died July, 1814. His name is still famous and popular as that of the writer of our most effective sea-songs He was educated at Winchester, and intended for the church; but he adopted the stage as his profession. He became known as an actor, dramatist, and theatrical manager; but his reputation was made by his songs, of which he wrote nearly 1200. He also wrote forty seven dramatic pieces and other works. An edition of the songs, illustrated by George Cruikshanks, was published in 1850.]

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight water-boat and good sea-room give me,
And 'taint to a little I'll strike:
Though the tempest top-gallant-masts smack smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bouse everything tight,
And under reef'd foresail we'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why, I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay,
Why 'twas just all as one as High Dutch:
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below;
And many fine things that proved clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow:
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the topsails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for, d'ye see, she would cry,
When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye,
Why, what a d——'d fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore,
And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
Why you will ne'er hear of me more;
What then, all's a hazard; come, don't be so soft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,
And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's;
And as for my life 'tis the king's:
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As for grief to be taken aback,
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S WOOING.

BY SIR RICHARD STEELE.[1]

The first of our society is a gentleman of Worcestershire, of ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverley. His great grandfather was inventor of that famous country-dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with sourness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes and forms makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town he lives in Soho Square. It is said, he keeps himself a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman, had often supped with my lord Rochester and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked Bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though, his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself and never dressed afterwards; he continues to

[1] From the *Spectator*, which was supposed to be produced by a "Society of Gentlemen;" and it is notable that Sir Roger de Coverley, who was the most popular of its creations, is the first mentioned in the number devoted to the portraits of the members of the club. Addison has obtained more credit for his share in the creation of this admirable specimen of a good old English gentleman than has been allowed to Steele; but it is worth remembering that it is Steele who introduces the knight; and Steele writes entirely of the man, whilst Addison writes much about his surroundings.

wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry humours, he tells us, had been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. . . . He is now in his fifty-sixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty, keeps a good house in both town and country; a great lover of mankind; but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company: When he comes into a house he calls the servants by their names, and talks all the way upstairs to a visit. I must not omit that Sir Roger is a justice of the *Quorum;* that he fills the chair at a quarter-session with great abilities, and three months ago gained universal applause by explaining a passage in the game-act. . . .

I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir Roger had met with in his youth; which was no less than a disappointment in love. It happened this evening that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house: As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her; and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before: and gave me the picture of that cheerful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:—

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of showing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rid well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, 'till she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it, but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried like a captivated calf as I was,

"'Make way for the defendant's witnesses.'

"This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favour; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage.

"You must understand, sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no further conse-

quences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship; she is always accompanied by a confidant, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must needs say this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Coverley was the tamest and most human of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so, by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement, of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move all together, before I pretended to cross the country and wait upon her.

"As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense, than is usual, even among men of merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you won't let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country-gentleman can approach her without being a jest.

"As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honour, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she had discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confidant sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers, turning to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir Roger pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak.' They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casuists, I rose up and took my leave.

"Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the Sphinx, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be who could converse with a creature— But after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed; but who can believe half that is said! After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom, and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country: she has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. I can assure you, sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh the excellent creature, she is as inimitable to all women as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse; though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of Martial, which one knows not how to render in English, *Dum tacet hanc loquitur.* I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which

represents with much humour my honest friend's condition:—

Let *Rufus* weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
Still he can nothing but of *Nœvia* talk;
Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
Still he must speak of *Nœvia*, or be mute.
He writ to his father, ending with this line,
I am, my lovely *Nœvia*, ever thine.

THE LONG-AGO.

[**Baron Houghton, Richard Monckton Milnes, F.S.A., D.C.L.**, born 19th June, 1809. Poet, politician, and miscellaneous writer. Graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge; elected M.P. for Pontefract, 1837, and raised to the peerage 1863. Whilst giving earnest attention to politics and to many social questions, Lord Houghton has earned wide fame as a poet and biographer. His chief works are, *Poems of Many Years; Poems Legendary and Historical; Palm Leaves; Letters and Literary Remains of John Keats*, &c. One of his critics says: "Delicate fancy, warm sympathy with human suffering, and keen observation of the human heart characterize his poetical works." He died in 1885.]

Eyes which can but ill define
Shapes that rise about and near,
Through the far horizon's line
Stretch a vision free and clear:
Memories feeble to retrace
Yesterday's immediate flow,
Find a dear familiar face
In each hour of Long-ago.

Follow yon majestic train
Down the slopes of old renown,
Knightly forms without disdain,
Sainted heads without a frown;
Emperors of thought and hand
Congregate, a glorious show,
Met from every age and land
In the plains of Long-ago.

As the heart of childhood brings
Something of eternal joy,
From its own unsounded springs,
Such as life can scarce destroy:
So, remindful of the prime
Spirits, wand'ring to and fro,
Rest upon the resting time
In the peace of Long-ago.

Youthful Hope's religious fire,
When it burns no longer, leaves
Ashes of impure desire
On the altars it bereaves;
But the light that fills the past
Sheds a still diviner glow,
Ever farther it is cast
O'er the scenes of Long-ago.

Many a growth of pain and care,
Cumbering all the present hour,
Yields, when once transplanted there,
Healthy fruit or pleasant flower;
Thoughts that hardly flourish here,
Feelings long have ceased to blow,
Breathe a native atmosphere
In the world of Long-ago.

On that deep-retiring shore
Frequent pearls of beauty lie,
Where the passion-waves of yore
Fiercely beat and mounted high:
Sorrows that are sorrows still
Lose the bitter taste of woe;
Nothing's altogether ill
In the griefs of Long-ago.

Tombs where lonely love repines,
Ghastly tenements of tears,
Wear the look of happy shrines
Through the golden mist of years:
Death, to those who trust in good,
Vindicates his hardest blow;
Oh! we would not, if we could,
Wake the sleep of Long-ago!

Though the doom of swift decay
Shocks the soul where life is strong,
Though for frailer hearts the day
Lingers sad and overlong,—
Still the weight will find a leaven,
Still the spoiler's hand is slow,
While the future has its heaven,
And the past its Long-ago.

SILVIA.

Who is Silvia? What is she,
  That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she,
  The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
  For beauty lives with kindness:
Love doth to her eyes repair,
  To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
  That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing,
  Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

—*From The Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

CHANET.

[**J. W. De Forest,** a contributor to the principal American magazines, chiefly in prose, but occasionally in verse. He has written numerous short tales and sketches of adventure and travel. Amongst his more important works are, *History of the Indians of Connecticut from the earliest known Period to* 1850; *Oriental Acquaintance*, a series of letters from Asia Minor; *European Acquaintance*, sketches of people in Europe, &c.]

"What a singular odour!" soliloquized Miss Holcum, snuffing the air with a slight tremor of disgust about her nostrils.

She said *odour* instead of *smell*, because she was a teacher of several years' standing in one of the common schools of New York, and had learned in the exercise of her profession to express herself with an elegance of the Johnsonian species. She was accustomed to remark to her scholars, "Before you speak, always consider not only your thoughts, but also the language in which you propose to give them utterance."

She was at this moment ascending the third staircase of the cheap, plain, and even seedy lodging-house in which she had her parlour—bedroom—kitchen—or, in other words, her one room in which she studied, slept, and did such small cooking as was needed for her tea and breakfast. In this simple fashion she had lived for years, not merely because her earnings were small, and not at all because she was stingy, but mainly because she was a noble, unselfish woman, who had it at heart to educate a youthful orphan cousin.

"It is burning charcoal," she added, after an instant. "Can it be that some poor mortal is seeking his death?"

School-teaching alone had not given her the wisdom to reach this suspicion. She was a reader of novels; she had an imagination, and a native longing after the unusual; she was capable of conceiving a suicide, and of conceiving herself as saving him. Where a practical, common-sense man would merely have smelt fire, this fanciful, impulsive woman scented a tragedy of the heart. We shall see which of these two characters best suited the exigency that was now agonizing in this bare and musty old lodging-house. The wildest imagination is sometimes the truest common-sense.

"It may be that young foreigner," thought Janet Holcum. She ran up another flight of stairs, hurried along a musty, dusty passage, and stopped before a door marked by dirty fingers. Timorous and modest, she looked at it with hesitation as well as anxiety; but the charcoal fumes were stronger here, and began to make her sick and faint; she felt that she could not hesitate long. After rapping and receiving no answer, she put her mouth to the keyhole and called, also without effect.

"Oh dear! what shall I do?" she groaned, confident now that a tragedy was passing within, and looking about her vainly for help. She had already learned that this fifth story was unoccupied except by the pale, slovenly, haggard young foreigner, whose step she had frequently heard pacing to and fro for hours over her head. As she remembered that he was a man, and that she had never been introduced to him, she thought of running downstairs and summoning some other man to save him. But the poisonous air demanded instant action; she tried the lock unavailingly, and then flung herself desperately against the door; the miserable bolt-catch gave way, and she was within. Unable to breathe in the mephitic atmosphere of the room, she rushed across it, opened a window, and thrust her head out. Looking back from this position she saw something which made her shudder.

There was a painter's easel; on the easel was a picture with its face turned from her; behind the easel, on the floor of one corner of the room, was a wretched bed, and on this, the chest and head concealed by the picture, lay the motionless form of a man. The moment Janet had drawn one long breath of the out-of-door air she hastened to this terrible corner. No time to look at the man—no leisure to query whether he were alive or dead—she lifted him by the shoulders, dragged him to the window, and seated him by it in a chair. Her only distinct consciousness as to his condition was that the temple which dropped against her cheek was not entirely cold.

But the appearance of the suicide, as she held him up in the chair, was alarming. His face ash-coloured, his lips blue and contracted, his head drooping helplessly on one shoulder, he seemed to be already in another world. She scarcely noticed that he did not look to be more than twenty-five years of age; that his long, curling, yellow hair, although neglected, was beautiful; that his wasted and ghastly features were classic in outline. Two or three times she called loudly for assistance—"Help! Murder!" But outside there was only a wilderness of roofs; inside, the musty old lodging-house seemed another desert. She was left alone with her awful question of *death or life.*

Presently her enigma responded. The response was only a sigh, but it came from this side of the tomb; it was the triumph of nature over

supernature, the hail of a soul returning from the shades. The man was already breathing, and it was not long before he opened his eyes. Into these eyes Janet sent her sweetest and most pitiful smile, seeking thereby to encourage the sick and sorrowful spirit within. Not a word was uttered, for the one was as yet too ill to speak, and the other felt that here was a misery too profound to be questioned. After a while, seeing that her patient could hold up his head, Janet hastened to the pan of charcoal, which was still burning, and deluging it with water from a pitcher, extinguished its poisonous embers. When she returned to the window the invalid looked in her face with so much intelligence that she ventured to address him.

"You will be better soon," she said. "The air of the room is becoming purified. It was that charcoal which made you ill."

"Yes, it was te sharcoal," replied the young man, with a marked German accent.

"I hope that you will be more careful about it in future," she continued, believing that she was talking to a would-be suicide, but not quite certain of it.

"I subbose so," was the weak-voiced, indifferent, non-committal answer.

She looked anxiously into the fine face which was now beginning to reassume somewhat of its natural colour and beauty.

"If you are suffering under any trouble," she said, "I trust and desire that you will tell me of it. Perhaps I can aid you."

"I haf but one drubble," he replied. "It is life."

Wicked as the sentiment seemed to her, the man who uttered it did not seem wicked, but only pitiable. In the quivering droop of his lip, and in the fixed but unseeing stare of his blue eyes, there was a profound anguish and a calm desperation which made her think of the unsounded, motionless waters of the Dead Sea covering ruined cities. She had never before seen such sorrow; at least she had never before seen sorrow expressed with such frankness; and the spectacle impressed her the more terribly because of its novelty.

The youth now rose, steadied himself with difficulty, rubbed his forehead and his eyes, struck his hand repeatedly on the back of his neck, obviously confused, dizzy, and in pain. Janet felt that feminine delicacy ordered her to leave him; but she did not dare, lest he should rekindle his charcoal. Turning away in order to gain time for reflection, she found herself near the easel, and she examined the picture. It was a landscape representing a scene on the North River which she had visited and which she instantly recognized. Although unfinished, she was so little a judge of painting that she did not perceive that, and she thought it beautifully done. Of a sudden it occurred to her womanly wit and sensibility that here was something whereby she might gain a hold upon this victim of despair and draw him back to a willingness to live.

"Did you do this?" she asked. "Are you a painter?"

His face brightened the merest trifle as he caught her look of interest.

"Yes, I am a bainter," he answered. "Let me turn it to the light for you," he added, with a courtesy of manner strangely at variance with his coarse and even dirty clothing. "You see it is not vinished yet," he went on, looking kindly at her, as if he detected her ignorance of art and pitied her for it.

"I know the place," she said, forcing a smile of encouragement. "I have had the pleasure of visiting it. How well you have represented it!"

"So you haf peen there?" he replied, with just the faintest possible smile of gratification. "It is a pewtiful spot."

"Why don't you sell it?"

"What! sell it *so?* It is not vinished."

"Then why don't you finish it?" she added, trembling with anxiety to make him promise to do so.

"I haf not time," he said, his gloom returning.

"Oh, but you *have* time," she urged eagerly. "You *shall* have time."

He eyed her meditatively, earnestly, and solemnly, as if querying whether he should tell her his miserable story. While he hesitated this excellent Janet Holcum was praying in her heart that Heaven would guide him toward goodness and safety.

"See here," he said at last, "I will dell you someting. You haf saved my life. I will dell you why I wanted to die. I had no money. I could not get food. I could not bay for my room. I had had drubbles pevore—over in Chermany. Und now I had not a cent in my bocket. So at last I tires out, und I gives it up. I lights my sharcoal, und I lies down to sleep it out. That is my shtory."

In spite of his strong German accent he was sublime, and terrible, and pitiable. The tears rushed into Janet's eyes, and stepping suddenly forward she caught both his hands, as if she would prevent him by force from again attempting his life.

"I t'ank you," was the simple response of a man whose sensibility and quickness enabled

him to understand sympathy which had not been uttered.

"You must not do this again," she urged as soon as she could speak. "I will see that you have friends. You shall have time to finish your picture. I will help you to sell it. Have you eaten to-day?"

"I haf no abbedide."

She understood that he had not eaten, and the tears shone in her eyes again.

"Come down to my room," she said. "You must. You can take some tea, at any rate. Come down and sit with me, at least, while I eat."

"I am opliged," he answered as he followed her. "But you must excuse my abbearance," he added, glancing at his ragged clothing, stained with grease and daubed with paint. "I am not fit for the gombany of a lady."

"I am only a poor schoolmistress," she smiled. "And in you I can respect the artist."

He bowed with a courteous grace, which gave him the air of a gentleman, in spite of his wretched raiment.

Arrived in her little parlour-bedroom with this strange companion, Janet Holcum's heart fluttered. It was the first time that a man had been with her there alone. If visitors should arrive what would they think? Of course it would be impossible to explain that here was a gentleman whom she had caught trying to commit suicide, and whom she had undertaken to cure of his self-destroying propensities by means of tea and sympathy. Moreover, what would this man himself think of her! She was squeamish about situations because—(and here we come to a fact which I have not hitherto dared to mention)—well, she was squeamish because she was an old maid.

It is curious, but it is none the less true, that a woman of thirty-eight is usually more fastidious about appearances, and even about realities, than a girl of eighteen. Enlightening meditations, perhaps some dangers avoided, perhaps some scandals innocently incurred, a habit of life which has become a governing motive, are the explanations of this singular phenomenon. Well, Janet Holcum, being thirty-eight years of age, blushed and was troubled at the thought of being alone with this handsome man of twenty-five, although he might be looked upon as little more than a ghost returned from beyond the grave. Presently her natural good sense, strengthened by a perfect uprightness of heart, came to her support.

"Pshaw!" she thought, "I am old enough to be his aunt; besides, I am saving him from death. Let who will blame me, I am doing my duty."

Having had lunch that day, she had proposed to go without dinner, and consequently she had slight provision for a meal. She might have run out to make purchases, but she was afraid to leave her Tartar to himself for the present, and, moreover, haste seemed to be more important than plenty. She lighted her gas stove, got her tea ready, and set out a store of graham crackers, butter, and cheese. Then followed a moderate repast and a conversation which lasted well into the evening.

Drawn out by sympathy, the guest told his whole story. His name, he stated, was Ernst Rodolf Hartmann, and he was the youngest son of an official in the civil service of Prussia. Carried away by the liberal ideas so common among European students, he had attached himself, after leaving the university of Berlin, to a secret club of republicans, whose object was to substitute democracy for the Hohenzollerns. The club had been ferreted out by the police; Ernst and two or three other members had been condemned to a brief imprisonment: moreover, he had been disinherited and disowned by his father, a furious loyalist. Worst of all, a beautiful girl to whom he was betrothed had, during his confinement, been driven or coaxed into a marriage with some old baron. This last sorrow, which he related with childlike candour and simplicity, made Janet Holcum blush to her ears even while her heart throbbed with pity.

When he rose to return to his room he seemed to be at least temporarily reconciled to the struggle of life.

"I will dry it a leetle longer if you will gif me a hand," he said. "I will go to bainting again."

"Oh! how can you talk of it so coolly!" she exclaimed with heartfelt solemnity and even with horror. "Don't you know that what you have done to-day is very wicked? Forgive me," she added instantly, remembering how miserable he had been, and looking with pity at his wasted face. By the way, she talked very little of her Johnsonese to this man; for, in the first place, she supposed that he, being a foreigner, might not understand it; and secondly, she had to be so earnest with him that only the simplest words seemed suitable.

"What could I do?" he asked. "A gentleman may not pe a peggar. Pesides, I was not a bainter at home. Mein faders were to make of me a panker. Bainting was merely my fancy.

I had no hope of success in it. What could I do?"

"Will you promise to come to take breakfast with me?"

"I bromise—upon my honour."

"Remember now—upon your honour. Good night."

He took her hand, and before she could guess what he meant to do he kissed it. Notwithstanding the perfect simplicity of his manner, notwithstanding that the action was obviously a mere expression of civility and gratitude, Janet Holcum, who had never before had her hand kissed, blushed again until it seemed to her that her hair was turning scarlet. Without noticing her confusion, this ragged gentleman said sweetly "Goot night," and bowed himself out of the room.

From this good-night forward Janet was burdened and blessed with another labour of love. She had a suicide to reform—a soul without hope to fill with hope—a man without work to provide with work—a lover of lager to satisfy with black tea—a brand to snatch from all sorts of burnings. It was not only a heavy load to carry, but a delicate one to handle. Her orphan, as she soon began to call him, must not eat in her room for fear of Mrs. Grundy. She must content herself with letting him go to cheap restaurants for his dinner, and with occasionally carrying him a cup of tea to wash down the dry bread which she knew was his only supper. As for converse, she firmly invited him to see her every Sunday evening; she sometimes dropped into his den to look at his work and cheer him on with it; oftener still, she took a walk with him in the hall or an evening promenade in the streets.

She was proud of herself, and yet ashamed of herself. It struck her as almost indelicate that she should support a man, especially a young and handsome one. Moreover, her labour of love was a fearful expense compared with her small income. She was soon obliged to draw on her savings'-bank deposit, and that had always been kept in a consumptive state by the needs of her girl cousin. At first she thought of getting up a subscription for her painter, or of interesting some rich school committeeman in his behalf; but very shortly she took such a fancy to him that she did not want any one else to earn a claim to his gratitude; and so she went on paying out her savings for his necessities. When winter arrived and fuel must be had, she bought it for him, although he tried to do without. Next came an overcoat, and a pair of mittens, and some heavy underclothing, because she could not bear to see him walking the streets with a red nose and fingers. It was in vain for him to refuse; she absolutely forced him to take.

Meantime small profits from his brush. The picture which she had thought perfect really had but five or six days' work upon it, and needed a month more. And when it was done it brought only twenty-five dollars. It was of no use for her to scold the picture-dealer for his sharpness, and to endeavour to move his pity by telling him the tale of the German's poverty. The man of art replied that it was not a known name; that paintings sold in the American market mainly by force of reputation; that he had his own living to make, and that she might take the money or leave it.

"If he can do a figure-picture, and do it first-rate," said this rational monster, "I can be more liberal with him. There are so many landscapes. Every American artist can make landscapes."

On this hint Ernst commenced a figure picture. It was his forte; he had simply tried a landscape because he had judged that to be the favourite genre in America; he had known that he could not hope to excel in it. A beautiful group was soon sketched, representing a scene from King Philip's war, the interior of a cabin lighted by its own flames, a beautiful girl in the grasp of Wampanoag warriors, a father and brother struggling manfully against her captors, and in the near back-ground, faintly seen through the shattered door, a coming relief of Puritan riders. Janet Holcum, the patriotic New Englander, was delighted with what she thought already a perfect success, and wanted to sell the group as it was.

"No," judged Ernst. "I cannot avvord to waste virst impressions. This is the most divvicult bart of the bainting, though the quickest. But it will need a long time to make it goot enough. It will need all winter," he concluded, with a piteously apologetical glance at Janet.

"Go on," she said, flushing with the noble heart-beat of self-sacrifice as she caught sight of this mute appeal. "This time I know you will triumph. We can live till it is done."

"Heaven pless you!" he replied, taking her hand and kissing it by force. "You are the noplest woman upon the earth."

The kiss and the praise brought a deeper blush than one often sees on such a pale, sallow face as that of Janet. For we must come now to a weighty secret; we must make an avowal which is almost tragic. Not content with dowering this poor stranger with her worldly wealth, Janet had already begun to give him

the treasures which she had received direct from Heaven. All the love which lies hidden in the heart of a good and pure old maid, all the vast abyss of sensibility which exists in a feminine nature that has found no natural outlet, had in her case been stirred to the profoundest depths by the penniless, friendless, handsome, clever youth whom she had saved from death. Useless to struggle against the infatuation; it had commenced too insidiously, as mere humanity; then it had crept on too slyly, in the guise of mere charity. Oh, how cunning it had been! All at once there was a flaming transformation, and she found herself the victim of a first passion, as much in love as if she were a young girl.

Resist? She tried in vain to do so. Run away? She could not give up her position, lest she should thereby fail to complete her cousin's education, and leave *him* to starve. Once more, self-sacrifice: though all her life had been self-sacrifice, she must go on with it; she must love and suffer and be silent. And so the mischief proceeded at a terrible rate, for every day added to its magnitude. What made things worse was that Ernst was nobly conscious of his obligations, and profuse in thanks, in praises, in the most delicate and charming attentions. If he met her on the street he took his hat entirely off his comely head, and saluted her as schoolma'ams are not always saluted. If he walked with her, he had the air of escorting a duchess. He would leave his beautiful labour at any moment to greet her return to the house with a smile, or to run on her errands. His whole deportment toward her was a continual burning of incense.

She had never before known such a finished gentleman: more than that, she had never met a sweeter and finer nature. She comprehended at last that even his attempted suicide was a proof of his high self-respect and sense of honour, inasmuch as it was an effort to escape from the degradation of living by incurring debts which he could not discharge. That stoical declaration, "If I could haf baid my room rent, I would haf gone on another month," seemed to her now something like a patent of nobility. Unaware of her own grandeur of character, she worshipped his grandeur of character. Finally, she worshipped his genius, which had begun to show her the universe of glory that there is in art, and which was able to seize ideas scarcely perceptible to her unpractised esthetic vision, and place them before her in the resurrection robes of drawing and colour.

Ah well! she was desperately in love with him, and she could not help admitting it to her accusing conscience, and could not put aside the scornful finger of her sense of womanly shame. But did he know it? As yet she was sufficiently herself to hope that he did not. Although she could not meet him without feeling a blush run through her whole face, although his praises and the touch of his hand made her tremble from head to foot, she trusted that she was keeping her fiery secret. And so she was: a young man does not easily suspect that a woman thirteen years his senior has a passion for him; and if Ernst noticed her tremors and changes of colour, he imputed them to womanly delicacy and Puritan shyness. While Janet, locked in her own room, was looking in the glass at her pale face, high cheek-bones, square jaws, straight mouth, and incipient wrinkles, while she was wishing with both tears and shame that all that supportable plainness were beauty and youth, he, steadily at work, did not think of her at all, or only thought of her as his "goot vriend." His handsome countenance, now pink and white in colour as well as classic in outline, was not shadowed by the slightest cloud from the fires of love, unless indeed he remembered now and then his lost jungfrau in Faderland.

About the time that "The Rescue" (as Janet christened the scene from Philip's war) reached its finishing point, Ernst encountered an American artist named Stanley. Stanley was a portrait-painter in high fashion, who made six thousand dollars a year, and spent it all on himself and some poor relations. Too generous and soft-hearted to save money, he wanted to study in the galleries of Europe without ever having the first spare dollar for the voyage, and talked of launching into genre pictures or "high art" without ever being able to give up his pot-boiling labour in kit-kats. The result of this existence, acting upon this kindly spirit, was that while Stanley envied the chances of more famous artists, he honestly admired their productions.

Meeting Ernst at the Academy, he fell into chance conversation with him, liked his naïve and badly pronounced but judicious criticisms, went with him to his lodgings, and fell in love with "The Rescue." His florid face flushed crimson with enthusiasm as he exclaimed, "By Jove! you are on the road to fame. You needn't have apologized for your room. This picture furnishes it like a palace. I wish I was a poor devil. I wish I could live in this style and try to do something good. But I can't. I must dress in a certain way, and go to certain parties, and live in a certain quarter.

If I didn't, I should lose my run among certain people. And then," he added, as he thought of his mother and aunt, "then there would be trouble."

Thenceforward Stanley came often to Ernst's room to watch the progress of "The Rescue," and to tell him that it was sure of success. It was not long either before he gave the young German another startling piece of information.

"That old girl downstairs is in love with you," he said, through a cloud of tobacco-smoke.

"What old curl?" asked Ernst, staring with the calm innocence of a child.

"Miss Holcum."

"I hope you are misdaken," replied the German gravely and almost solemnly, as if he already perceived an awful duty before him.

"I should think you might see it," grinned Stanley. "I saw it the first evening we called on her. It was plain enough to-day when she travelled up here to look at the picture. She can't come near you without colouring and shaking."

Ernst became still more solemn, and was evidently in profound thought.

"You must be careful and not trifle with her young affections," Stanley continued, with a rather hard-hearted smile, such as we accord to the heart-troubles of old maids.

"I shall not dryvle with them," replied Ernst, with a seriousness which silenced the American.

During Stanley's next visit Ernst said to him, "I have peen seeing for myself, und I pelieve you are right."

"Right? Oh, about the shadow."

"No. Apout Miss Chanet Holcum. I pelieve she is in lofe with me."

"Well, what are you going to do?" laughed Stanley.

"I haf but one thing to do. If she wishes to marry me, I must marry her. I owe her my life. I owe her this picture, which you say is goot. I haf lived on her money. As a man of honour, I must sacrifice myself to her; that is, if she wishes it. What else can I do?"

"Good Lord! don't be a fool," remonstrated Stanley. "You don't love her, of course?"

"I haf the very highest resbect for her. She is an atmirable woman."

"Yes, I know. I suppose so. But this is carrying respect and gratitude a little too far. She is twelve or fifteen years older than you. You could not be happy with her. Come now! don't be hasty."

"I will not be hasty. It all debends on whether she lofes me a great teal. We will see."

When Ernst, convinced that Janet "lofed him a great teal," felt himself bound to declare an affection for her, and ask her to be his wife, the poor, lonely, hitherto unloved girl was fairly broken down by the revelation. She burst into tears, threw herself on her old, hard sofa, buried her face in the threadbare cushion, and sobbed out a spasm of mingled joy and terror.

"Oh! can this be true?" she finally burst forth, when she became conscious of his hand in hers. "Is it true?" she demanded, sitting up and looking eagerly at him. "If it isn't, take it back. Don't tell it me any more. It would kill me—to find out that it isn't true—oh, it would kill me."

"It is endirely drue, my tear Chanet," was the adorable falsehood of the chivalrous German. "I owe all to you. My life will not bay the debt. But I do not insist upon marriage excebt when you wish it. You must chudge for yourself when it will be brudent."

At this moment Janet caught a view of herself in her mirror. Flushed with joy and love she looked almost handsome, and it seemed to her for a moment that she was young and desirable. The illusion helped her to believe what she could not help longing to believe. Drawn by Ernst's pitying embrace, she believed that it was the embrace of affection, and she let her head fall upon his shoulder, with the words, "Oh, my darling!"

Henceforward they were engaged, though when they would be married neither of them could say, not even the old and wise (only half wise) Janet. With her, life was a delicious dream, forgetful altogether of the hard past and careless often of the doubtful future. With him life was a point of honour and of duty, an obedience to self-respect and a rendering of obligations. His ways were naturally so caressing, and he was so conscientiously assiduous in his attentions to her, that he thoroughly deceived even the suspiciousness of her humble and shy nature. In the main she believed entirely in his affection, amazing as the acquisition seemed to her, and much as she doubted her worthiness of it. It is quite possible that there was not at that time in New York a happier woman than this almost penniless old maid, betrothed to a young artist who was encumbered with debts, and who did not love her. Such are the joys of this world: half of them, at least, delusions; the other half transitory.

At last "The Rescue" was sold. Stanley went with Ernst to the picture-dealer's; demanded, with much pomp of manner, a private

audience, exposed the canvas in the best light, and asked five hundred dollars for it.

"It is worth it," confessed Mr. Moineau. "Only there is no name. If you would put your name to it, Mr. Stanley?"

"Mine! I am only a portrait-painter."

"Yes, but you are known. It would sell the picture."

"Gif him the name," interposed Ernst, with the eagerness of a beggar grasping at alms.

"It's a downright swindle," said the generous American. "I couldn't do such a group to save my life. I won't take the credit of it."

"Both names?" suggested the dealer in genius.

It was agreed to; the picture went on the market as the joint production of Stanley and Hartmann. The latter, perfectly satisfied, and indeed overjoyed, pocketed the five hundred dollars; the former, in spite of his private disclaimers, pocketed something considerable in the way of glory.

At Ernst's request Janet Holcum had kept a strict account of her expenses in his behalf; and although he had used sharp economy, the balance against him amounted to four hundred and thirty dollars. On reaching home he went to her room, gave her a smile of child-like joy in response to her smile of anxiety, and tossed the sum of his earnings into her lap. Instead of hailing his good fortune with gladness, she seemed to shrink from the money, laid it coldly on a table, rose to her feet with a pale face, and said in a strange voice, "Well—you are free."

"No, my tear Chanet," he replied, "I am your slave."

"That is not what I want," she stammered, trembling visibly. "I cannot submit to any such understanding. Mr. Hartmann, it is my duty to tender you your liberty."

"My tarling Chanet, what does this mean?" asked Ernst, putting his arm around her waist and drawing her to him.

"My self-respect impels me to it," she said, beginning to cry. "I fear that you proposed to me out of a sense of obligation. The obligation is now cancelled. It was weak in me to accept you. I must make amends for it. Indeed, indeed, I must—you are free."

The gentlest caresses, the sweetest protestations answered her and overwhelmed her fainting resolution. After a minute, and a very little minute it was too, she could not help letting her head go on his shoulder and sobbing out, "Oh! can I believe you? You make me so perfectly happy that I must believe you. Oh, you are my life, my all. I worship you."

For a week or more this sunshine of confidence and joy shone through an unclouded heart. She loved her man—her first man, remember—gathered late in her maying—with a sort of double affection—the love of a betrothed and of a mother. And because he returned it, or rather because she believed that he did, she felt that she owed him a life of gratitude, adoration, obedience, every sweet sentiment and every good work. She was amazingly influenced by him; one might almost say, revolutionized. A teetotaller, believing that the wine recommended by Paul to Timothy was not intoxicating, and that all drinkers of ale and cider deserved the names of tipplers and guzzlers, she found nothing hateful now in the smell of lager. A hater of tobacco, she filled Ernst's pipe. An admirer of Johnsonian diction, she talked to him like a little child. There is no knowing whither this youth might not have carried this mature woman. She was infatuated. From one point of view, it was laughable; from another, it was beautiful and pathetic.

It is not in the nature of things that a woman of thirty-eight, who is engaged to a handsome man of twenty-five, should remain always calmly sure of her conquest. An event was approaching which was destined to cast upon this happy heart a shadow of uneasiness. As Janet sat, one holiday afternoon, beside her Ernst, watching the growth of meaning and beauty under his pencil, she said to him abruptly, "My little cousin will be here soon."

"So?" replied the painter without stopping his work. "I must get her a bresent; shall it pe a toll?"

"A doll! She wouldn't thank you. She is nineteen years old."

"So!" exclaimed Ernst, looking up in surprise. "Then she cannot pe fery little."

"I have got her a situation in my school. She has finished her education, and must begin to earn her living."

"That is goot," smiled the artist. "We will make one family."

"My darling, I wanted to tell you—" hesitated Janet. "We must say nothing about our engagement for the present. That is, I would rather you would not, if it makes no difference to you."

"Why?" asked the painter, stopping his work and staring at her in surprise.

"Because," stammered and blushed this engaged old maid—"because I am ashamed. Not of *you!* Oh no, dearest. But *she* will

think it so queer. And then it may never come to anything—we are so poor. At least it may be a long time first. Well, until our way is a little more clear before us, I would rather the engagement should be kept a secret. You are not annoyed, are you, Ernst?"

"No," replied Ernst calmly, not understanding too well, and not caring quite enough.

"Well," continued the shy and fastidious Janet, "then it shall be so. We will be just good friends in the eyes of Nellie until—until it shall seem best to let her know——"

On the morrow arrived Nellie Fisher, a plump, lively, laughing little blonde, with eyes of a deep turquoise blue, hair of the lightest and flossiest flaxen, a face somewhat broad and nose somewhat short, beautiful in the German peasant style, but undeniably beautiful. Ernst, who was present at the meeting of the two cousins, glanced at the visitor so frequently and with an expression so full of mysterious meaning, that Janet's interest was aroused. At the first chance for an aside she said to him, "Well, what do you think of her?"

"She looks like the one in Chermany," he replied, lost in meditation, his eyes both tender and sombre, his soul in other years and lands.

Janet turned pale.

Does the reader divine what she foresaw?

Well, it happened.

Ernst's heart was empty. Janet did not inhabit it; had not even entered into it. The unnamed girl whom he had loved in Prussia had by heroic efforts been so far expelled from it, that he did not desire ever again to see her. But her former residence there had so moulded the abode, that any one who resembled her could seize upon it, occupy it, and fill it. What now happened to the young man was apparently love at first sight, but was really no more than the transferring of an old love to a new object. A week after he first met Nellie Fisher the thought of her could fill him with delicious reveries, while the thought of his troth-plight to Janet Holcum was sufficient to make him meditate once more upon suicide.

And the girl? He and she met every day, and two or three times a day. In spite of his conscientious efforts to control himself, there was in his manner toward her a tenderness, which, reinforced by his beauty, his graceful address, and the glamour of his artistic ability, could not but move the heart of a child of nineteen who had never hoped for so fine an admirer. In a little while Nellie began to flutter at sight of him, and to pet him in spite of her flutterings.

"Isn't he charming?" she said to her cousin.

"Do you think so?" replied Janet, half gratified and half anxious.

"I really like his accent now. I thought it ridiculous at first."

"So did I."

"What does she mean?" queried Nellie, marvelling at this dryness and brevity. "Oh, I suppose I know. He is poor, and I am poor, and we mustn't—flirt. Well—I suppose we—mustn't."

She went to the glass, looked at her lily skin, wished her nose were longer, arranged her flaxen hair, and wondered whether he liked her.

"Do you know how you could flatter me?" she said before long to Ernst.

"How?" he asked coolly, for she tempted him in a distressing manner, and he felt that he must allow himself no expansion.

"Oh! you don't want to do it," she replied, with a little sunny pout which she had, and which was irresistible.

"I am sure I wish to blease you," he said, unable to bear her pout. "How can I flatter you?"

"You could put me into one of your pictures."

"I should be charmed to do it," admitted the over-tempted artist.

The next day the two women beheld Nellie's bewitching face, drawn and coloured with all the fervour of an art which loves, smiling from Ernst's canvas. The younger blushed and bridled with joy to see herself there and so beautiful; the elder wore a fixed, mechanical smile, and said repeatedly, "What an excellent likeness!"

He had never put Janet's face into his creations. She did not blame him for that; she believed that he could do nothing agreeable with it; she surveyed herself in the glass and sighed, "I am so ugly!" But to see Nellie on that easel, painted by his hand, and painted so well, it was driving a dagger into her beating heart.

That very day Ernst, in a fit of noble remorse and self-sacrifice, said to Janet in private, "I wish you would let me inform Nellie of our troth-plight. I think it would pe petter."

She grew so faint under the terrible revelation which he had unintentionally made, that for a moment she could not answer him; and even when she spoke it was only to ask for delay.

"Stop!" she said, pressing her hands upon her eyes. "Let me think. I must consider this."

He offered to slide his arm around her waist in his usual caressing style; but she gently

stopped him, looked earnestly in his face, smiled with an unspeakable piteousness, and gently glided away; her whole manner saying, "Ah, my darling! you don't wish to do it, and why do you do it?"

"Is it possible that she gomprehends me?" thought Ernst, folding his arms and shaking his head with the air of a man who is trying to stand firm against himself. He appreciated fully the self-abnegation and heroism of Janet's character; he knew that if he once confessed to her that he did not love her she would instantly free him from his engagement; and there was the image of Nellie pleading with him for his sake, if not for hers also, to make the confession. He shook his head and set his teeth until he had faced down the temptation, and had decided that, whether Janet permitted it or not, he would inform her cousin of the betrothal.

But during the day, while superintending her classes with her usual conscientious thoroughness, Miss Holcum also came to a decision. On reaching home in the afternoon she sent Nellie out on some distant errand, and then walked slowly up to Ernst's room.

"My tear Chanet! I am so glad to see you!" he said, coming towards her with extended hands and his sweetest smile. "My poor child, you look tired," he added, glancing pityingly at her unusually pale face. "There, sit down, and take some rebose. Do you see my bicture? I have made some changes."

Raising her patient eyes to the canvas, Janet perceived that the portrait of Nellie had been so altered as to be no longer recognizable. Throbbing with admiration for this man, who could divine her heart so perfectly, and who could do what must have been hateful to him at the mere bidding of his sensitive conscience, she rose up with suddenly flushed cheeks, seized both his hands, printed one hot kiss on his smooth, white forehead, and then drew back, holding him at arm's-length, in order to worship him.

"Ernst, I know what you have done," she said, firmly. "I thank you for your noble intentions. But sacrifice for sacrifice. It is my turn now. Ernst, my own darling, we must separate. I was born for you, but you were not born for me. We must end this engagement. I must end it, or despise myself. I do end it. I break it. You are free. There."

She tore herself away from him and attempted to rush out of the room.

"Chanet! Chanet!" he called, springing after her and seizing her in his arms. "It must not pe so. You are the noplest woman on earth. I worship you. I cannot lose you."

"Oh! don't!" implored Janet, looking up at him in despair, for he was taxing her almost beyond her strength. After a moment, rallying all the power of her soul, she added, "See here, Ernst! let us speak the truth. Do you love me better than you love any one else?"

How could he have the seeming cruelty to answer her "No?" He did what most gentle-hearted men would have done—he told her a pitying, self-sacrificing falsehood. He said, "I do."

She was too clear-sighted to be deceived, and too high-souled to accept an unwilling heart.

"Look at this Bible, Ernst," she continued, drawing from her pocket a little Testament that never quitted her. "Put your hand upon it;" and here, seizing his fingers, she clasped them around the book. "Now tell me whether you love me better than any other."

"You trife me into a gorner," replied the artist, piteously. "Well, I swear. I swear that I resbect und atmire you more than any other human peing. Is it not enough?"

"Do you love Nellie?"

"She is so like ——," he stammered.

"Well, she will soon be in love with you," said Janet, with a last supreme effort. "Take her. Make her happy."

She had been leaning away from him. She now turned, with the revulsion of a billow, threw her arms around his neck, covered his face with kisses and tears, and then once more leaned back from him to look at him.

"That is the end of all between us," she said, in a hoarse, deep voice, totally unlike her usual utterance. "Henceforward I shall do my duty, and you must help me do it. One thing—never tell Nellie of this; it would darken her happiness. And now—good-bye."

She dragged herself away from him, ran downstairs, and locked herself in her room.

"Mein Gott!" murmured Ernst, left to himself. "I shall lose a heart worth den tousand of mine. But it is petter. She is wiser. I could not lofe her. I should end by making her unhabby as now—und more so. She is wise for us poth."

The next day, to the astonishment and annoyance of Nellie Fisher, but by the positive dictation of Janet Holcum, the two women removed from their lodgings to a cheap boarding-house. There was, however, one good thing about the change: the boarding-house had a parlour where Mr. Hartmann could be received with a sense of spotless propriety; and what was delightful, he always had to be re-

ceived by Miss Fisher, the elder cousin excusing herself on pretence of business, illness, &c. One can easily see that all this had to end in a second troth-plight, and that the parties to it could not be other than Ernst and Nellie. It was "petter;" youth must have youth; love must have love. In these bargains mere espect and gratitude are not a fair exchange for the unreasoning, instinctive, potent impulse of the heart.

Almost the first use that Nellie made of her betrothal was to run down to Ernst's studio, entirely, as she declared, to look at the new picture, but mainly, no doubt, to look at the artist. She too, like Janet before her, observed a change in the personages of the little drama. She had never known that her likeness had been obliterated, and she did not discover it now, for it had been restored in all its beauty. But in the face of one of the principal female figures—a face which, though not absolutely handsome, was sublime with an expression of noble and tender resignation—in this face, which looked up to heaven as if it had descended from thither, Nellie recognized the countenance of Janet Holcum.

"Why! you have got in Cousin Jennie too," exclaimed the delighted girl. "Oh, you creature! you have made her finer than me."

"I wanted to tignify the bainting," said Ernst simply, "with the bortrait of the pest woman in the world."

"Isn't she!" replied Nellie, pressing her face gratefully against his shoulder. "I am so glad you do her justice. I owe everything to her. Oh! I wouldn't cause her a grief for the world."

The picture having been sold to Moineau for the large sum of seven hundred and fifty dollars, it was decided that Ernst's prospects of success were good enough to justify marriage, and Janet ruled that Nellie must go home for that purpose to the residence of an old aunt in Connecticut.

The girl having departed, Janet felt able to have one interview with Hartmann, not with the object of indulging in any weak reproaches or bemoanings, but to bid him a last farewell. She was going to Ceylon, she informed him, as English teacher in one of the schools of the "American Board of Foreign Missions."

"Oh! it is too far!" implored the young man. "If you must go away, let it pe still in this gountry. There is the Freedmen's Bureau schools in the South."

"People return from the South," she replied. "I must go whence I shall never return."

It was the only complaint, the only cry of despair that was uttered by this martyr, at least in human ears.

When Stanley heard of Miss Holcum's proposed departure, he said to Ernst, in surprise, "I thought she was to be *your* missionary. What! have you taken the mitten! Oh, you clever dog! You know the difference between an old maid and a new one."

"See here," said the German, with solemnity. "I do not want you, one of my pest vriends, to desbise me; und I want you to resbect Miss Holcum as she ought to be resbected. I will dell you everything, und you must dell no one."

Before he had half finished his story of the broken engagement, Stanley rose from his seat, dropped his cigar, and walked up and down the room, rubbing his eyes with his hands, just like an affected boy.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, when the narrator had ceased. "If she wasn't in love with you, I'd be tempted to marry her myself. She's not a chicken, and she's not a beauty, but she's pure gold."

"She's a berfect lady und a grand gentleman in one," said Ernst.

The urgencies of the Board sent Janet off to Ceylon before the marriage. Hartmann and Stanley accompanied her as far as the Narrows, and then, from the deck of the tug, watched her as she leaned over the taffrail, waving farewell to friends and native land.

As the lonely figure of this loving, self-sacrificing, heroic, sublime martyr faded from their sight, the American said, "God bless her!" And the German added, with his eyes full of tears, "*Sancta Chanet, ora pro nobis!*"

PAN'S SONG OF SYRINX.

Pan's Syrinx was a girl indeed,
Though now she's turned into a reed;
From that dear reed Pan's pipe does come,
A pipe that strikes Apollo dumb;
Nor flute, nor lute, nor gittern can
So chant it as the pipe of Pan:
Cross-gartered swains and dairy girls,
With faces smug and round as pearls,
When Pan's shrill pipe begins to play,
With dancing wear out night and day;
The bagpipe's drone his hum lays by,
When Pan sounds up his minstrelsy;
His minstrelsy, O base! This quill,
Which at my mouth with wind I fill,
Puts me in mind, though her I miss,
That still my Syrinx' lips I kiss.

JOHN LYLY.

F. DE VUILLEFROY PINX.

GEBBIE & CO

AUTUMN LEAVES.

Philippians iii. 21.

[**Rev. John Keble**, born 25th April, 1792; died 29th March, 1866. Educated at Oxford, and from 1831 until 1841 he occupied the chair of poetry in that university. He was vicar of Hursley, Hampshire; and the author of various works which have had considerable influence upon modern religious thought. He wrote one of the famous Oxford *Tracts for the Times;* but his most popular works are: *The Christian Year:* thoughts in verse for the Sundays and holidays throughout the year; *The Child's Christian Year; Lyra Innocentium:* being thoughts in verse on children, their ways and their privileges; *Sermons, Academical and Occasional;* &c. *The Christian Year* first appeared in 1827, and has passed through more than seven hundred editions. The *Quarterly Review* said of it: "In this volume Old Herbert would have recognized a kindred spirit, and Walton would have gone on a pilgrimage to make acquaintance with the author."]

Red o'er the forest peers the setting sun,
The line of yellow light dies fast away
That crown'd the eastern copse: and chill and dun
Falls on the moor the brief November day.

Now the tir'd hunter winds a parting note,
And Echo bids good-night from every glade;
Yet wait awhile, and see the calm leaves float
Each to his rest beneath their parent shade.

How like decaying life they seem to glide!
And yet no second spring have they in store,
But where they fall, forgotten to abide
Is all their portion, and they ask no more.

Soon o'er their heads blithe April airs shall sing,
A thousand wild-flowers round them shall unfold,
The green buds glisten in the dews of Spring,
And all be vernal rapture as of old.

Unconscious they in waste oblivion lie,
In all the world of busy life around
No thought of them; in all the bounteous sky
No drop, for them, of kindly influence found.

Man's portion is to die and rise again—
Yet he complains, while these unmurmuring part
With their sweet lives, as pure from sin and stain,
As his when Eden held his virgin heart.

And haply half unblam'd his murmuring voice
Might sound in Heaven, were all his second life
Only the first renew'd—the heathen's choice,
A round of listless joy and weary strife.

For dreary were this earth, if earth were all,
Tho' brighten'd oft by dear affection's kiss;—
Who for the spangles wears the funeral pall?
But catch a gleam beyond it, and 'tis bliss.

Heavy and dull this frame of limbs and heart,
Whether slow creeping on cold earth, or borne
On lofty steed, or loftier prow, we dart
O'er wave or field: yet breezes laugh to scorn

Our puny speed, and birds, and clouds in heaven,
And fish, like living shafts that pierce the main,
And stars that shoot through freezing air at even—
Who but would follow, might he break his chain?

And thou shalt break it soon; the grovelling worm
Shall find his wings, and soar as fast and free
As his transfigur'd Lord with lightning form
And snowy vest—such grace He won for thee,

When from the grave He sprang at dawn of morn,
And led through boundless air thy conquering road,
Leaving a glorious track, where saints, new-born,
Might fearless follow to their blest abode.

But first, by many a stern and fiery blast
The world's rude furnace must thy blood refine,
And many a gale of keenest woe be pass'd
Till every pulse beat true to airs divine,

Till every limb obey the mounting soul,
The mounting soul, the call by Jesus given.
He who the stormy heart can so control,
The laggard body soon will waft to Heaven.

MY FARE.

[**George Manville Fenn**, born in Pimlico, London, 3d January, 1831. Novelist and miscellaneous writer. His principal novels are: *Bent, not Broken; Webs in the Way; Mad; By Birth a Lady; Sapphire Cross; A Little World.* He has also produced four volumes of *Original Penny Readings*, has contributed to our chief magazines, and edited *Cassell's Magazine* and *Once a-Week*. Of his short tales one critic says: "The characters are real personages, and their narratives display a hundred touches of almost microscopic truth; while the power with which Mr. Fenn reproduces the surroundings, the characteristics, the very atmosphere of his stories, is photographic in its minuteness, and beyond all praise."]

Don't you make a mistake now, and think I'm not a working-man, because I am. Don't you run away with the idea that because I go of a morning and find my horse and cab waiting ready cleaned for me, and I jumps up and drives off, as I don't work as hard as any mechanic, because I do; and I used to work harder, for it used to be Sunday and week-days, till the missus and me laid our heads together, and said if we couldn't live on six days' work a week at cabbing, we'd try some thing else; so now I am only a six days' man —Hansom cab, V.R., licensed to carry two persons.

None o' your poor, broken-kneed knackers for me. I takes my money in to the governor regular, and told him flat that if I couldn't have a decent horse I wouldn't drive; and I spoke a bit sharp, having worked for him ten years.

"Take your chice, Steve Wilkins," he says; and I took it, and drove Kangaroo, the wall-eyed horse with a rat tail.

I had a call one day off the stand by the Foundling, and has to go into New Ormond Street, close by; and I takes up an old widow lady and her daughter—as beautiful a girl of seventeen or eighteen as ever I set eyes on, but so weak that I had to go and help her down to the cab, when she thanked me so sweetly that I couldn't help looking again and again, for it was a thing I wasn't used to.

"Drive out towards the country, cabman, the nearest way," says the old lady; "and when we want to turn back, I'll speak."

"Poor gal!" I says, "she's an invalid. She's just such a one as my Fan would have been if she'd lived;" and I says this to myself as I gets on to my box, feeling quite soft; for though I knew my gal wouldn't have been handsome, what did that matter? I didn't like to lose her.

"Let's see," I says again, "she wants fresh air. We'll go up the hill, and through Hampstead;" and I touches Kangaroo on the flank, and away we goes, and I picks out all the nicest bits I could, and when I comes across a pretty bit of view I pulls up, and pretends as there's a strap wanted tightening, or a hoof picking, or a fresh knot at the end of the whip, and so on. Then I goes pretty quickly along the streety bits, and walks very slowly along the green lanes; and so we goes on for a good hour, when the old lady pushes the lid open with her parasol, and tells me to turn back.

"All right, mum," I says; and takes 'em back another way, allers following the same plan; and at last pulls up at the house where I supposed they was lodgers, for that's a rare place for lodgings about there.

I has the young lady leaning on my arm when she gets out, and when she was at the door she says, "Thank you" again, so sweetly and sadly that it almost upset me. But the old lady directly after asked me the fare, and I tells her, and she gives me sixpence too much, and though I wanted to pocket it, I wouldn't, but hands it back.

"Thank you, cabman," she says; "that's for being so kind and attentive to my poor child."

"God bless her, mum," I says, "I don't want paying for that."

Then she smiles quite pleasant, and asks me if it would be worth my while to call again the next afternoon if it was fine, and I says it would; and next day, just in the same way, I goes right off past Primrose Hill, and seeing as what they wanted was the fresh air, I makes the best o' my way right out, and then, when we was amongst the green trees, Kangaroo and me takes it easy, and just saunters along. Going up hill I walks by his head, and picks at the hedges, while them two, seeing as I took no notice of 'em, took no notice o' me. I mean, you know, treated me as if we was old friends, and asked me questions about the different places we passed, and so on.

Bimeby I drives 'em back, and the old lady again wanted to give me something extra for what she called my kind consideration; but "No, Stevey," I says to myself; "if you can't do a bit o' kindness without being paid for it, you'd better put up the shutters, and take to some other trade." So I wouldn't have it, and the old lady thought I was offended; but I laughed, and told her as the young lady had paid me; and so she had with one of her sad smiles, and I said I'd be there again nex' day if it was fine.

And so I was; and so we went on day after day, and week after week; and I could see that, though the sight of the country and the fresh air brightened the poor girl up a bit, yet she was getting weaker and weaker, so that at last I half carried her to the cab, and back again after the ride. One day while I was waiting, the servant tells me that they wouldn't stay in town, only on account of a great doctor, as they went to see at first, but who came to them now; and last of all, when I went to the house I used always to be in a fidget for fear the poor gal should be too ill to come out. But no; month after month she kep' on; and when I helped her, used to smile so sweetly and talk so about the trouble she gave me, that one day, feeling a bit low, I turned quite silly; and happening to look at her poor mother a standing there with the tears in her eyes, I had to hurry her in, and get up on to my seat as quick as I could, to keep from breaking down myself.

Poor gal! always so loving and kind to all about her—always thanking one so sweetly, and looking all the while so much like what one would think an angel would look—it did seem so pitiful to feel her get lighter and lighter week by week—so feeble, that at last I used to go upstairs to fetch her, and always carried her down like a child.

Then she used to laugh, and say, "Don't

let me fall, Stephen"—for they got to call me by my name, and to know the missus, by her coming in to help a bit; for the old lady asked me to recommend 'em an honest woman, and I knowed none honester than my wife. And so it was with everybody—it didn't matter who it was—they all loved the poor gal; and I've had the wife come home and sit and talk about her, and about our Fanny as died, till she's been that upset she's cried terribly.

Autumn came in werry wet and cold, and there was an end to my jobs there. Winter was werry severe, but I kep' on hearing from the missus how the poor gal was—sometimes better, sometimes worse: and the missus allus shook her head werry sadly when she talked about her.

Jennywerry and Feberwerry went by terribly cold, and then March came in quite warm and fine, so that things got so forrard, you could buy radishes wonderful cheap in April; and one night the wife comes home and tells me that if it was as fine nex' day as it had been, I was to call and take the old lady and her daughter out.

Nex' day was splendid. It was as fine a spring day as ever I did see, and I sticks a daffydowndilly in on each side of Kangaroo's head, and then spends twopence in a couple o' bunches o' wilets, and pins 'em in on the side where the poor gal used to sit, puts clean straw in the boot, and then drives to the place with the top lid open, so as to sweeten the inside, because swells had been smoking there that morning.

"Jest run yer sponge and leather over the apron a bit, Buddy," I says to our waterman, afore I left the stand.

"Got a wedding on?" he says, seeing how pertickler I was.

"There, look alive!" I says, quite snappish, for I didn't feel in a humour to joke; and then when I'd got all as I thought right, I drives up, keeping the lid open, as I said afore.

When I draws up I puts the nose-bag on the old horse, for him to amuse himself with, and so as I could leave him, for he wouldn't stir an inch with that bag on to please all the peacemen in London. Then I rings, and waits, and at last gets my orders to go and help the young lady down.

I takes off my hat, wipes my shoes well, and goes up, and there she was waiting, and smiled so pleasantly again, and held out her hand to me, as though I'd been a friend, instead of a rough, weather-battered street cabman. And do you know what I did, as I went in there, with my eyes all dim at seeing her so, so changed? Why, I felt as if I ought to do it, and I knelt down and took her beautiful white hand in mine, and kissed it, and left a big tear on it; for something seemed to say so plainly that she'd soon be where I hoped my own poor gal was, whom I always say we lost, but my wife says, "No, not lost, for she is ours still."

She was so light now that I carried her down in a minute; and when she was in the cab and saw the wilets, she took 'em down, and held 'em in her hand, and nodded and smiled again at me, as though she thanked me for them.

"Go the same way as you went first time, Stephen," she says.

And I pushed over all the quieter bits, and took her out beyond Hampstead; and there, in the greenest and prettiest spot I could find, I pulls up, and sits there listening to the soft whispers of her voice, and feeling somehow that it was for the last time.

After a bit I goes gently on again, more and more towards the country, where the hedges were turning beautiful and green, and all looked so bright and gay.

Bimeby I stops again, for there was a pretty view, and you could see miles away. Of course I didn't look at them if I could help it, for the real secret of people enjoying a ride is being with a driver who seems no more to 'em than the horse—a man, you see, who knows his place. But I couldn't help just stealing one or two looks at the inside where that poor gal lay back in the corner, looking out at the bright spring-time, and holding them two bunches o' wilets close to her face. I was walking backwards and forwards then, patting the horse and straightening his harness, when I just catches the old lady's eye, and saw she looked rather frightened, and she leans over to her daughter and calls her by name quickly; but the poor girl did not move, only stared straight out at the blue sky, and smiled so softly and sweetly.

I didn't want no telling what to do, for I was in my seat and the old horse flying amost before you could have counted ten; and away we went, full pace, till I come up to a doctor's, dragged at the bell, and had him up to the cab in no time; and then he rode on the footboard of the cab, in front of the apron, with the shutters let down; and he whispered to me to drive back softly, and I did.

. . . . . .

The old lady has lodged with us ever since, for I took a better place on purpose, and my missus always attends on her. She's werry fond o' talking with my wife about their two gals who have gone before; but though I often

take her for a drive over the old spots, she never says a word to me about such things; while soon after the funeral she told Sarah to tell me as the wilets were not taken from the poor gal's hand, same time sending me a fi-pun note to buy a suit o' mourning.

Of course I couldn't wear that every day, but there was a bit o' rusty crape on my old shiny hat not such a werry long time ago; and I never buy wilets now, for as they lie in the baskets in spring-time, sprinkled with the drops o' bright water, they seem to me to have tears upon 'em, and make me feel sad and upset, for they start me off thinking about "My Fare."

HYMN TO ADVERSITY.

BY THOMAS GRAY.

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamantine chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore:
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer friend, the flatt'ring foe;
By vain Prosperity receiv'd,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believ'd.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

O! gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Not circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty:

Thy form benign, oh goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound, my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive
Teach me to love, and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

PAINTING AND PAINTERS.

BY JOHN RUSKIN.

Let us endeavour briefly to mark the real relations of three vast ranks of men, whom I shall call, for convenience in speaking of them, Purists, Naturalists, and Sensualists; not that these terms express their real characters, but I know no word, and cannot coin a convenient one, which would accurately express the opposite of Purist; and I keep the terms Purist and Naturalist in order to comply, as far as possible, with the established usage of language on the Continent. Now observe; in saying that nearly everything presented to us in nature has mingling in it of good and evil, I do not mean that nature is conceivably improvable, or that anything that God has made could be called evil, if we could see far enough into its uses; but that with respect to immediate effects or appearances, it may be so, just as the hard rind or bitter kernel of a fruit may be an evil to the eater, though in the one is the protection of the fruit, and in the other its continuance. The Purist, therefore, does not mend nature, but receives from nature and from God that which is good for him; while the Sensualist fills himself "with the husks that the swine did eat."

The three classes may, therefore, be likened to men reaping wheat, of which the Purists take the fine flour and the Sensualists the chaff and straw, but the Naturalists take all home, and make their cake of the one and their couch of the other.

For instance. We know more certainly every day that whatever appears to us harmful in the universe has some beneficent or necessary operation; that the storm which destroys a

harvest brightens the sunbeams for harvests yet unsown, and that the volcano which buries a city preserves a thousand from destruction! But the evil is not for the time less fearful, because we have learned it to be necessary; and we easily understand the timidity or the tenderness of the spirit which would withdraw itself from the presence of destruction, and create in its imagination a world of which the peace should be unbroken, in which the sky should not darken nor the sea rage, in which the leaf should not change nor the blossom wither. That man is greater, however, who contemplates with an equal mind the alternations of terror and of beauty; who, not rejoicing less beneath the sunny sky, can bear also to watch the bars of twilight narrowing on the horizon; and, not less sensible to the blessing of the peace of nature, can rejoice in the magnificence of the ordinances by which that peace is protected and secured. But separated from both by an immeasurable distance would be the man who delighted in convulsion and disease for their own sake; who found his daily food in the disorder of nature mingled with the suffering of humanity; and watched joyfully at the right hand of the Angel whose appointed work is to destroy as well as to accuse, while the corners of the house of feasting were struck by the wind from the wilderness.

And far more is this true when the subject of contemplation is humanity itself. The passions of mankind are partly protective, partly beneficent, like the chaff and grain of the corn; but none without their use, none without nobleness when seen in balanced unity with the rest of the spirit which they are charged to defend. The passions of which the end is the continuance of the race; the indignation which is to arm it against injustice, or strengthen it to resist wanton injury; and the fear[1] which lies at the root of prudence, reverence, and awe, are all honourable and beautiful, so long as man is regarded in his relations to the existing world. The religious Purist, striving to conceive him withdrawn from those relations, effaces from the countenance the traces of all transitory passion, illumines it with holy hope and love, and seals it with the serenity of heavenly peace; he conceals the forms of the body by the deep-folded garment, or else represents them under severely chastened types, and would rather paint them emaciated by the fast, or pale from the torture, than strengthened by exertion or flushed by emotion. But the great naturalist takes the human being in its wholeness, in its mortal as well as its spiritual strength. Capable of sounding and sympathizing with the whole range of its passions, he brings one majestic harmony out of them all; he represents it fearlessly in all its acts and thoughts, in its haste, its anger, its sensuality, and its pride, as well as in its fortitude or faith, but makes it noble in them all; he casts aside the veil from the body, and beholds the mysteries of its form like an angel looking down on an inferior creature: there is nothing which he is reluctant to behold, nothing that he is ashamed to confess; with all that lives, triumphing, falling, or suffering, he claims kindred, either in majesty or in mercy, yet standing, in a sort, afar off, unmoved even in the deepness of his sympathy; for the spirit within him is too thoughtful to be grieved, too brave to be appalled, and too pure to be polluted.

How far beneath these two ranks of men shall we place in the scale of being those whose pleasure is only in sin or in suffering; who habitually contemplate humanity in poverty or decrepitude, fury or sensuality; whose works are either temptations to its weakness, or triumphs over its ruin, and recognize no other subjects for thought or admiration than the subtlety of the robber, the rage of the soldier, or the joy of the Sybarite. It seems strange, when thus definitely stated, that such a school should exist. Yet consider a little what gaps and blanks would disfigure our gallery and chamber walls, in places that we have long approached with reverence, if every picture, every statue, were removed from them, of which the subject was either the vice or the misery of mankind, portrayed without any moral purpose: consider the innumerable groups having reference merely to various forms of passion, low or high; drunken revels and brawls among peasants, gambling or fighting scenes among soldiers, amours and intrigues among every class, brutal battle-pieces, banditti subjects, gluts of torture and death in famine, wreck, or slaughter, for the sake merely of the excitement—that quickening and suppling of the dull spirit that cannot be gained for it but by bathing it in blood, afterwards to wither back into stained and stiffened apathy; and then that whole vast false heaven of sensual passion, full of nymphs, satyrs, graces, goddesses, and I know not what, from its high seventh circle in Correggio's Antiope, down to the Grecized ballet-dancers and smirking Cupids of the Parisian upholsterer. Sweep away all this remorselessly, and see how much art we should have left.—*The Stones of Venice.*

[1] Not selfish fear, caused by want of trust in God, or of resolution in the soul.

THE CONSOLATIONS OF THE MUSE.

BY GEORGE WITHERS.

She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow;
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace,
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
His divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw,
I could some invention draw;
And raise pleasure to her height
Through the meanest object's sight;
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustling;
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can,
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness
In the very gall of sadness:
The dull loneness, the black shade
That these hanging vaults have made,
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves,
This black den, which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss,
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight,
This my chamber of neglect
Wall'd about with disrespect.
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.
Therefore then, best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this!
Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That e'er Heaven to mortals lent;
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born;
Let my life no longer be,
Than I am in love with thee!
Though our wise ones call it madness,
Let me never taste of gladness
If I love not thy maddest fits
Above all their greatest wits!
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn,
What makes knaves and fools of them!

A JOCULAR BARONET.

BY T. SMOLLETT.[1]

I believe there is something mischievous in my disposition, for nothing diverts me so much as to see certain characters tormented with false terrors. We last night lodged at the house of Sir Thomas Bulford, an old friend of my uncle, a jolly fellow, of moderate intellects, who, in spite of the gout, which hath lamed him, is resolved to be merry to the last; and mirth he has a particular knack in extracting from his guests, let their humour be ever so caustic or refractory. Besides our company, there was in the house a fat-headed justice of the peace, called Frogmore, and a country practitioner in surgery, who seemed to be our landlord's chief companion and confidant. We found the knight sitting on a couch, with his crutches by his side, and his feet supported on cushions; but he received us with a hearty welcome, and seemed greatly rejoiced at our arrival. After tea we were entertained with a sonata on the harpsichord, by Lady Bulford, who sang and played to admiration; but Sir Thomas seemed to be a little asinine in the article of ears, though he affected to be in raptures; and begged his wife to favour us with an *arietta* of her own composing. This *arietta*, however, she no sooner began to perform, than he and the justice fell asleep; but the moment she ceased playing, the knight waked snorting, and exclaimed: "*O cara!* what d'ye think, gentlemen? Will you talk any more of your Pergolesi and your Corelli?" At the same time he thrust his tongue in one cheek, and leered with one eye at the doctor and me, who sat on his left hand. He concluded the pantomime with a loud laugh, which he could command at all times extempore. Notwithstanding his disorder, he did not do penance at supper, nor did he ever refuse his glass when the toast went round, but rather encouraged a quick circulation, both by precept and example.

I soon perceived the doctor had made himself very necessary to the baronet: he was the whetstone of his wit, the butt of his satire, and his operator in certain experiments of humour which were occasionally tried on strangers. Justice Frogmore was an excellent subject for this species of philosophy: sleek and corpulent, solemn and shallow, he had

[1] From Smollett's last novel, *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*, which was written at Monte Novo, near Leghorn, in 1770-71. Scott characterized this work as "the last, and, like music, 'sweetest in the close,' the most pleasing of his compositions."

studied Burn[1] with uncommon application; but he studied nothing so much as the art of living (that is, eating) well. This fat buck had often afforded good sport to our landlord; and he was frequently started with tolerable success in the course of this evening: but the baronet's appetite for ridicule seemed to be chiefly excited by the appearance, address, and conversation of Lismahago, whom he attempted in all the different modes of exposition; but he put me in mind of a contest that I once saw between a young hound and an old hedgehog. The dog turned him over and over, and bounced, and barked, and mumbled; but as often as he attempted to bite, he felt a prickle in his jaws, and recoiled in manifest confusion. The captain, when left to himself, will not fail to turn his ludicrous side to the company; but if any man attempts to force him into that attitude, he becomes stubborn as a mule, and unmanageable as an elephant unbroken.

Divers tolerable jokes were cracked on the justice, who ate a most unconscionable supper, and, among other things, a large plate of boiled mushrooms, which he had no sooner swallowed than the doctor observed, with great gravity, that they were of the kind called *champignons*, which in some constitutions had a poisonous effect. Mr Frogmore, startled at this remark, asked, in some confusion, why he had not been so kind as to give him that notice sooner? He answered, that he took it for granted, by his eating them so heartily, that he was used to the dish; but as he seemed to be under some apprehension, he prescribed a bumper of plague-water, which the justice drank of immediately, and retired to rest, not without marks of terror and disquiet.

At midnight we were shown to our different chambers, and in half an hour I was fast asleep in bed; but about three o'clock in the morning I was awaked with a dismal cry of "Fire!" and, starting up, ran to the window in my shirt. The night was dark and stormy; and a number of people, half dressed, ran backwards and forwards through the courtyard, with links and lanterns, seemingly in the utmost hurry and trepidation. Slipping on my clothes in a twinkling, I ran downstairs, and, on inquiry, found the fire was confined to a back stair, which led to a detached apartment where Lismahago lay. By this time the lieutenant was alarmed by a bawling at his window, which was in the second story, but he could not find his clothes in the dark, and his room-door was locked on the outside. The servants called to him that the house had been robbed; that, without doubt, the villains had taken away his clothes, fastened the door, and set the house on fire, for the staircase was in flames. In this dilemma the poor lieutenant ran about the room naked, like a squirrel in a cage, popping out his head at the window between whiles, and imploring assistance. At length the knight in person was brought out in his chair, attended by my uncle and all the family, including our aunt Tabitha, who screamed, and cried, and tore her hair, as if she had been distracted. Sir Thomas had already ordered his people to bring a long ladder, which was applied to the captain's window, and now he exhorted him earnestly to descend. There was no need of much rhetoric to persuade Lismahago, who forthwith made his exit by the window, roaring all the time to the people below to hold fast the ladder.

Notwithstanding the gravity of the occasion, it was impossible to behold this scene without being seized with an inclination to laugh. The rueful aspect of the lieutenant in his shirt, with a quilted nightcap, fastened under his chin, and his long lank limbs and haunches exposed to the wind, made a very picturesque appearance when illuminated by the links and torches which the servants held up to light him in his descent. All the company stood round the ladder except the knight, who sat in his chair, exclaiming from time to time:

"Lord have mercy on us!—save the gentleman's life—mind your footing, dear captain! —softly!—stand fast!—clasp the ladder with both hands there!—well done, my dear boy! —O, bravo!—an old soldier for ever!—bring a blanket—bring a warm blanket to comfort his poor carcass—warm the bed in the green-room—give me your hand, dear captain—I'm rejoiced to see thee safe and sound, with all my heart."

Lismahago was received at the foot of the ladder by his inamorato, who, snatching a blanket from one of the maids, wrapped it about his body; two men-servants took him under their arms, and a female conducted him to the green-room, still accompanied by Mrs. Tabitha, who saw him fairly put to bed. During this whole transaction he spoke not a syllable, but looked exceeding grim, sometimes at one, sometimes at another of the spectators, who now adjourned in a body to the parlour where we had supped, every one surveying another with marks of astonishment and curiosity.

The knight being seated in an easy-chair, seized my uncle by the hand, and, bursting into a long and loud laugh—

[1] Burn's *Justice of Peace.*

"Mat," cried he, "crown me with oak, or ivy, or laurel, or parsley, or what you will, and acknowledge this to be a *coup de maître* in the way of waggery—ha, ha, ha! Such a *camisicata, scagliata, beffata! O che roba!* O what a subject! O what a *caricatura!* O for a Rosa, a Rembrandt, a Schalken! Zooks, I'll give a hundred guineas to have it painted —what a fine descent from the cross, or ascent to the gallows! what lights and shadows! what a group below! what expression above! what an aspect! Did you mind the aspect? Ha, ha, ha! and the limbs, and the muscles—every toe denoted terror! ha, ha, ha! Then the blanket! O what *costume!* St. Andrew! St. Lazarus! St. Barsabas! ha, ha, ha!"

"After all, then," cried Mr Bramble, very gravely, "this was no more than a false alarm? We have been frightened out of our beds, and almost out of our senses, for the joke's sake!"

"Ay, and such a joke!" cried our landlord —"such a farce! such a *dénouement!* such a *catastrophe!*"

"Have a little patience," replied our squire; "we are not yet come to the *catastrophe;* and pray God it may not turn out a tragedy instead of a farce. The captain is one of those saturnine subjects who have no idea of humour. He never laughs in his own person; nor can he bear that other people should laugh at his expense. Besides, if the subject had been properly chosen, the joke was too severe in all conscience."

"'Sdeath!" cried the knight, "I could not have bated him an ace, had he been my own father; and as for the subject, such another does not present itself once in half a century."

Here Mrs. Tabitha interposing, and bridling up, declared she did not see that Mr. Lismahago was a fitter subject for ridicule than the knight himself; and that she was very much afraid he would very soon find he had mistaken his man. The baronet was a good deal disconcerted by this intimation, saying that he must be a Goth and a barbarian if he did not enter into the spirit of such a happy and humorous contrivance. He begged, however, that Mr. Bramble and his sister would bring him to reason; and this request was reinforced by Lady Bulford, who did not fail to read the baronet a lecture on his indiscretion, which lecture he received with submission on one side of the face, and a leer on the other.

We now went to bed for the second time; and before I got up, my uncle had visited Lismahago in the green-room, and used such arguments with him, that, when we met in the parlour, he seemed to be quite appeased. He received the knight's apology with a good grace, and even professed himself pleased at finding he had contributed to the diversion of the company. Sir Thomas shook him by the hand, laughing heartily; and then desired a pinch of snuff, in token of perfect reconciliation. The lieutenant, putting his hand in his waistcoat-pocket, pulled out, instead of his own Scotch mull, a very fine gold snuff-box, which he no sooner perceived than he said:

"Here is a small mistake."

"No mistake at all," cried the baronet; "a fair exchange is no robbery. Oblige me so far, captain, as to let me keep your mull as a memorial."

"Sir," said the lieutenant, "the mull is much at your service, but this machine I can by no means retain. It looks like compounding a sort of felony in the code of honour. Besides, I don't know but there may be another joke in this conveyance; and I don't find myself disposed to be brought on the stage again: I won't presume to make free with your pockets, but I beg you will put it up again with your own hand."

So saying, with a certain austerity of aspect he presented the snuff-box to the knight, who received it in some confusion, and restored the mull, which he would by no means keep, except on the terms of exchange.

This transaction was like to give a grave cast to the conversation, when my uncle took notice that Mr. Justice Frogmore had not made his appearance either at the night alarm, or now at the general rendezvous. The baronet, hearing Frogmore mentioned—

"Odso!" cried he, "I had forgotten the justice. Prithee, doctor, go and bring him out of his kennel." Then laughing till his sides were well shaken, he said he would show the captain that he was not the only person of the drama exhibited for the entertainment of the company. As to the night scene, it could not affect the justice, who had been purposely lodged in the further end of the house, remote from the noise, and lulled with a dose of opium into the bargain.

In a few minutes Mr. Justice was led into the parlour in his night-cap and loose morning-gown, rolling his head from side to side, and groaning piteously all the way.

"Why! neighbour Frogmore," exclaimed the baronet, "what is the matter? you look as if you was not a man for this world. Set him down softly on the couch—poor gentleman! Lord, have mercy on us! What makes him so pale, and yellow, and bloated?"

"Oh, Sir Thomas!" cried the justice, "I

doubt it is all over with me: those mushrooms I ate at your table have done my business—ah! oh! hey!"

"Now, the Lord forbid!" said the other: "what, man! have a good heart. How does thy stomach feel? ha!"

To this interrogation he made no reply, but throwing aside his night-gown discovered that his waistcoat would not meet on his belly by five good inches at least.

"Heaven protect us all!" cried Sir Thomas, "what a melancholy spectacle! Never did I see a man so suddenly swelled but when he was either just dead or just dying. Doctor, canst thou do nothing for this poor object?"

"I don't think the case is quite desperate," said the surgeon, "but I would advise Mr. Frogmore to settle his affairs with all expedition; the parson may come and pray by him, while I prepare a clyster and an emetic draught."

The justice, rolling his languid eyes, ejaculated with great fervency: "Lord, have mercy on us!" Then he begged the surgeon to despatch. "As for my worldly affairs," said he, "they are all settled but one mortgage, which must be left to my heirs; but my poor soul! my poor soul! what will become of my poor soul!—miserable sinner that I am!"

"Nay, prithee, my dear boy, compose thyself," resumed the knight; "consider the mercy of Heaven is infinite; thou canst not have any sins of a very deep dye on thy conscience, or the devil's in't."

"Name not the devil," exclaimed the terrified Frogmore; "I have more sins to answer for than the world dreams of. Ah, friend, I have been sly—sly—d.....d sly! Send for the parson without loss of time, and put me to bed, for I am posting to eternity."

He was accordingly raised from the couch, and supported by two servants, who led him back to his room; but before he quitted the parlour, he entreated the good company to assist him with their prayers. He added: "Take warning by me, who am suddenly cut off in my prime, like a flower of the field; and Heaven forgive you, Sir Thomas, for suffering such poisonous trash to be eaten at your table."

He was no sooner removed out of hearing than the baronet abandoned himself to a violent fit of laughing, in which he was joined by the greatest part of the company; but we could hardly prevent the good lady from going to undeceive the patient, by discovering that, while he slept, his waistcoat had been straitened by the contrivance of the surgeon, and that the disorder in his stomach and bowels was occasioned by some antimonial wine, which he had taken overnight, under the denomination of plague-water. She seemed to think that his apprehension might put an end to his life: the knight swore he was no such chicken, but a tough old rogue, that would live long enough to plague all his neighbours. On inquiry, we found his character did not entitle him to much compassion or respect, and therefore we let our landlord's humour take its course. A clyster was actually administered by an old woman of the family, who had been Sir Thomas' nurse, and the patient took a draught made with oxymel of squills to forward the operation of the antimonial wine, which had been retarded by the opiate of the preceding night. He was visited by the vicar, who read prayers, and began to take an account of the state of his soul. The knight and I, with the doctor, entered the chamber at this juncture, and found Frogmore . . . crying for mercy, confessing his sins, or asking the vicar's opinion of his case; and the vicar answered in a solemn, snuffling tone, that heightened the ridicule of the scene. The emetic having done its office, the doctor interfered, and ordered the patient to be put to bed again. He declared that much of the *virus* was discharged; and, giving him a composing draught, assured him he had good hopes of his recovery. This welcome hint he received with tears of joy in his eyes, protesting that, if he should recover, he would always think himself indebted for his life to the great skill and tenderness of his doctor, whose hands he squeezed with great fervour; and thus he was left to his repose.

We were pressed to stay dinner, that we might be witnesses of his resuscitation; but my uncle insisted on our departing before noon, that we might reach this town before it should be dark. In the meantime Lady Bulford conducted us into the garden to see a fish-pond, just finished, which Mr. Bramble censured as being too near the parlour, where the knight now sat by himself, dozing in an elbow-chair, after the fatigues of his morning achievement. In this situation he reclined, with his feet wrapped in flannel, and supported in a line with his body, when, the door flying open with a violent shock, Lieutenant Lismahago rushed into the room, with horror in his looks, exclaiming: "A mad dog! a mad dog!" and throwing up the window-sash, leaped into the garden. Sir Thomas, waked by this tremendous exclamation, started up, and, forgetting his gout, followed the lieutenant's example by a kind of instinctive impulse. He not only

bolted through the window like an arrow from a bow, but ran up to his middle in the pond before he gave the least sign of recollection. Then the captain began to bawl: "Lord, have mercy on us! pray take care of the gentleman! —mind your footing, my dear boy!—get warm blankets—comfort his poor carcass—warm the bed in the green-room!"

Lady Bulford was thunderstruck at this phenomenon, and the rest of the company gazed in silent astonishment, while the servants hastened to assist their master, who suffered himself to be carried back into the parlour without speaking a word. Being instantly accommodated with dry clothes and flannels, comforted with a cordial, and replaced *in statu quo*, one of the maids was ordered to chafe his lower extremities, an operation in consequence of which his senses seemed to return, and his good-humour to revive. As we had followed him into the room, he looked at every individual in his turn, with a certain ludicrous expression of countenance, but fixed his eye in particular on Lismahago, who presented him with a pinch of snuff; and when he took it in silence—

"Sir Thomas Bulford," said he, "I am much obliged to you for all your favours, and some of them I have endeavoured to repay in your own coin."

"Give me thy hand," cried the baronet; "thou hast indeed paid me 'scot and lot;' and even left a balance in my hands, for which, in presence of this company, I promise to be accountable."

So saying, he laughed very heartily, and even seemed to enjoy the retaliation which had been exacted at his own expense; but Lady Bulford looked very grave, and in all probability thought the lieutenant had carried his resentment too far, considering that her husband was valetudinary; but, according to the proverb, "he that will play at bowls must expect to meet with rubbers."

VALUE OF AFFLICTION.

It is not for our good in ease to rest;
Man, like to cassia, when bruised is best.

SAMUEL SHEPPARD (1651).

The good man suffers but to gain,
And every virtue springs from pain;
As aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow,
But crush'd or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around.

The Captivity (GOLDSMITH).

THE DYING HUSBAND'S FAREWELL.

My dearest consort, my more loved heart,
I leave thee now: with thee all earthly joying:
Heaven knows with thee I sadly part:
All other earthly sweets have had their cloying;
  Yet never full of thy sweet loves' enjoying,
  Thy constant loves, next Heaven I did refer them;
Had not much grace prevail'd, 'fore Heaven I should
    prefer them.

I leave them, now the trumpet calls away;
In vain thine eyes beg for some time's reprieving;
Yet in my children here immortal stay:
In one I die, in many ones am living:
  In them, and for them, stay thy too much grieving;
  Look but on them, in them thou still wilt see
Marry'd with thee again thy twice-two Antony.

And when with little hands they stroke thy face,
As in thy lap they sit (ah, careless!) playing,
And stammering ask a kiss, give them a brace;
The last from me: and then a little staying,
  And in their face some part of me surveying,
  In them give me a third, and with a tear
Show thy dear love to him who loved thee ever dear.

And now our falling house leans all on thee;
This little nation to thy care commend them;
In thee it lies that hence they want not me;
Themselves yet cannot, thou the more defend them;
  And when green age permits, to goodness bend them;
  A mother were you once, now both you are:
Then with this double style double your love and care.

Turn their unwary steps into the way:
What first the vessel drinks, it long retaineth;
No bars will hold, when they have used to stray:
And when for me one asks, and weeping plaineth,
  Point thou to heaven, and say, "He there remaineth:"
  And if they live in grace, grow, and persevere,
There shall they live with me: else shall they see me
    never.

My God, oh! in thy fear here let me live!
Thy wards they are, take them to thy protection;
Thou gavest them first, now back to thee I give;
Direct them now, and help her weak direction;
  That re-united by thy strong election,
  Thou now in them, they then may live in thee;
And seeing here thy will, may there thy glory see.

Farewell, farewell! I feel my long long rest,
And iron sleep my leaden heart oppressing:
Night after day, sleep after labour's best;
Port after storms, joy after long distressing:
  So weep thy loss, as knowing 'tis my blessing;
  Both as a widow and a Christian grieve:
Still live I in thy thoughts, but as in heaven I live.

PHINEAS FLETCHER (1633).

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

BY JOSEPH ADDISON.

I have somewhere read of an eminent person, who used in his private offices of devotion to give thanks to Heaven that he was born a Frenchman: for my own part I look upon it as a peculiar blessing that I was born an Englishman. Among many other reasons I think myself very happy in my country, as the language of it is wonderfully adapted to a man who is sparing of his words, and an enemy to loquacity.

As I have frequently reflected on my good fortune in this particular, I shall communicate to the public my speculations upon the English tongue, not doubting but they will be acceptable to all my curious readers.

The English delight in silence more than any other European nation, if the remarks which are made on us by foreigners are true. Our discourse is not kept up in conversation, but falls into more pauses and intervals than in our neighbouring countries; as it is observed, that the matter of our writings is thrown much closer together, and lies in a narrower compass, than is usual in the works of foreign authors: For, to favour our natural taciturnity, when we are obliged to utter our thoughts, we do it in the shortest way we are able, and give as quick a birth to our conception as possible.

This humour shows itself in several remarks that we may make upon the English language. As first of all, by its abounding in monosyllables, which gives us an opportunity of delivering our thoughts in few sounds. This indeed takes off from the elegance of our tongue, but at the same time expresses our ideas in the readiest manner, and consequently answers the first design of speech better than the multitude of syllables, which make the words of other languages more tunable and sonorous. The sounds of our English words are commonly like those of string music, short and transient, which rise and perish upon a single touch; those of other languages are like the notes of wind-instruments, sweet and swelling, and lengthened out into variety of modulation.

In the next place we may observe, that where the words are not monosyllables, we often make them so, as much as lies in our power, by our rapidity of pronunciation; as it generally happens in most of our long words which are derived from the Latin, where we contract the length of the syllables that give them a grave and solemn air in their own language, to make them more proper for despatch, and more conformable to the genius of our tongue. This we may find in a multitude of words, as *liberty, conspiracy, theatre, orator,* &c.

The same natural aversion to loquacity has of late years made a very considerable alteration in our language, by closing in one syllable the termination of our preterperfect tense, as in the words, *drown'd, walk'd, arriv'd,* for *drowned, walked, arrived,* which has very much disfigured the tongue, and turned a tenth part of our smoothest words into so many clusters of consonants. This is the more remarkable, because the want of vowels in our language has been the general complaint of our politest authors, who nevertheless are the men that have made these retrenchments, and consequently very much increased our former scarcity.

This reflection on the words that end in *ed,* I have heard in conversation from one of the greatest geniuses this age has produced. I think we may add to the foregoing observation, the change which has happened in our language, by the abbreviation of several words that are terminated in *eth,* by substituting an *s* in the room of the last syllable, as in *drowns, walks, arrives,* and innumerable other words, which in the pronunciation of our forefathers were *drowneth, walketh, arriveth.* This has wonderfully multiplied a letter which was before too frequent in the English tongue, and added to that *hissing* in our language which is taken so much notice of by foreigners; but at the same time humours our taciturnity, and eases us of many superfluous syllables.

I might here observe, that the same single letter on many occasions does the office of a whole word, and represents the *his* and *her* of our forefathers. There is no doubt but the ear of a foreigner, which is the best judge in this case, would very much disapprove of such innovations, which indeed we do ourselves in some measure, by retaining the old termination in writing, and in all the solemn offices of our religion.

As in the instances I have given we have epitomized many of our particular words to the detriment of our tongue, so on other occasions we have drawn two words into one, which has likewise very much untuned our language, and clogged it with consonants, as *mayn't, can't, sha'n't, won't,* and the like, for *may not, can not, shall not, will not,* &c.

It is perhaps this humour of speaking no more than we needs must which has so miserably curtailed some of our words, that in familiar writings and conversations they often lose all but their first syllables, as in *mob. rep. pos. incog.* and the like; and as all ridiculous words

make their first entry into a language by familiar phrases, I dare not answer for these that they will not in time be looked upon as a part of our tongue. We see some of our poets have been so indiscreet as to imitate Hudibras' doggerel expressions in their serious compositions, by throwing out the signs of our substantives, which are essential to the English language. Nay, this humour of shortening our language had once run so far, that some of our celebrated authors, among whom we may reckon Sir Roger L'Estrange in particular, began to prune their words of all superfluous letters, as they termed them, in order to adjust the spelling to the pronunciation; which would have confounded all our etymologies, and have quite destroyed our tongue.

We may here likewise observe that our proper names, when familiarized in English, generally dwindle to monosyllables, whereas in other modern languages they receive a softer turn on this occasion, by the addition of a new syllable. *Nick* in Italian is *Nicolini*, *Jack* in French *Janot;* and so of the rest.

There is another particular in our language which is a great instance of our frugality of words, and that is the suppressing of several particles which must be produced in other tongues to make a sentence intelligible. This often perplexes the best writers, when they find the relatives *whom, which,* or *they* at their mercy whether they may have admission or not; and will never be decided till we have something like an Academy, that by the best authorities and rules drawn from the analogy of languages, shall settle all controversies between grammar and idiom.

I have only considered our language as it shows the genius and natural temper of the English, which is modest, thoughtful, and sincere; and which perhaps may recommend the people, though it has spoiled the tongue. We might perhaps carry the same thought into other languages, and deduce a greater part of what is peculiar to them from the genius of the people who speak them. It is certain the light talkative humour of the French has not a little infected their tongue, which might be shown by many instances; as the genius of the Italians, which is so much addicted to music and ceremony, has moulded all their words and phrases to those particular uses. The stateliness and gravity of the Spaniards shows itself to perfection in the solemnity of their language; and the blunt honest humour of the Germans sounds better in the roughness of the High Dutch, than it would in a politer tongue.—*Spectator.*

THE BUTTERFLY AND THE SNAIL.

BY JOHN GAY.

All upstarts, insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.
As, in the sunshine of the morn,
A Butterfly, but newly born,
Sat proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows.
His wings, all glorious to behold,
Bedropped with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes and various hue.
His now forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom when he spies,
In wrath he to the gardener cries:
"What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why grows the peach with crimson hue,
And why the plum's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste designed,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pilfering race;
So purge thy garden from disgrace."
"What arrogance!" the Snail replied;
"How insolent is upstart pride!
Hadst thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provoked my patience to complain,
I had concealed thy meaner birth,
Nor traced thee to the scum of earth.
For scarce nine suns have waked the hours,
To swell the fruit and paint the flowers,
Since I thy humbler life surveyed,
In base and sordid guise arrayed;
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragged a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
And what's a Butterfly? At best
He's but a caterpillar, dressed;
And all thy race (a numerous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

PEACE.

Lovely lasting Peace below,
Comforter of every woe,
Heavenly born and bred on high,
To crown the favourites of the sky;
Lovely lasting Peace, appear,
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

THE JESTER'S SERMON.

[**George Walter Thornbury**, the son of a London solicitor, born 1828; died in London, 11th June, 1876. He was educated for the church, but at the age of seventeen he began his literary career as a contributor of topographical and antiquarian papers to the *Bristol Journal*. In 1851 he became connected with the *Athenæum;* and from that date he was a constant contributor to the principal London magazines, and produced numerous works in prose and verse, of which we may note:—Poetry: *Lays and Legends of the New World* (published in 1851); *Songs of the Cavaliers and Roundheads* (from which we quote); *Two Centuries of Song*, being lyrics, sonnets, madrigals, &c., edited by Mr. Thornbury, with numerous valuable notes. Novels: *Every Man his own Trumpeter; True as Steel; Wildfire; Tales for the Marines; Great Heart*, &c. Miscellaneous: *Shakspeare's England; Life in Spain, Past and Present; Turkish Life and Character; British Artists from Hogarth to Turner; The Life of J. M. W. Turner, R.A.; Old Stories Re-told; Old and New London*, &c. One of his critics says: "He has all the enthusiasm of an antiquary combined with poetical insight and great literary ability, enabling him to put forward whatever he undertakes in the most picturesque and inviting form."]

The Jester shook his hood and bells, and leaped upon a chair,
The pages laughed, the women screamed, and tossed their scented hair;
The falcon whistled, stag-hounds bayed, the lap-dog barked without,
The scullion dropped the pitcher brown, the cook railed at the lout;
The steward, counting out his gold, let pouch and money fall,
And why? because the Jester rose to say grace in the hall!

The page played with the heron's plume, the steward with his chain,
The butler drummed upon the board, and laughed with might and main;
The grooms beat on their metal cans, and roared till they turned red,
But still the Jester shut his eyes, and rolled his witty head;
And when they grew a little still, read half a yard of text,
And waving hand, struck on the desk, then frowned like one perplexed.

"Dear sinners all," the fool began, "man's life is but a jest,
A dream, a shadow, bubble, air, a vapour at the best.
In a thousand pounds of law I find not a single ounce of love:
A blind man killed the parson's cow in shooting at the dove;
The fool that eats till he is sick must fast till he is well;
The wooer who can flatter most will bear away the bell.

"Let no man haloo he is safe till he is through the wood;
He who will not when he may, must tarry when he should.
He who laughs at crooked men should need walk very straight;
O he who once has won a name may lie a-bed till eight.
Make haste to purchase house and land, be very slow to wed;
True coral needs no painter's brush, nor need be daubed with red.

"The friar, preaching, cursed the thief (the pudding in his sleeve).
To fish for sprats with golden hooks is foolish, by your leave—
To travel well—an ass's ears, ape's face, hog's mouth, and ostrich legs.
He does not care a pin for thieves who limps about and begs.
Be always first man at a feast and last man at a fray;
The short way round, in spite of all, is still the longest way.

"When the hungry curate licks the knife there's not much for the clerk;
When the pilot, turning pale and sick, looks up—the storm grows dark."
Then loud they laughed, the fat cook's tears ran down into the pan;
The steward shook, that he was forced to drop the brimming can;
And then again the women screamed, and every stag-hound bayed—
And why? because the motley fool so wise a sermon made!

THE TOWER OF LONDON.

[**William Hepworth Dixon**, born in the West Riding of Yorkshire, 30th June, 1821. He has earned distinction and popularity as a biographer, historian, traveller, and critic. He became a member of the Inner Temple in 1846; was one of the most active of the deputy-commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851; was editor of the *Athenæum* from 1853 till 1869; in the latter year was appointed one of the magistrates of Middlesex. His principal works are: *John Howard and the Prison-world of Europe; Life of William Penn*, the founder of Pennsylvannia; *Robert Blake, Admiral and General at Sea; Life of Lord Bacon; The Holy Land; New America; Spiritual Wives; Free Russia; The Switzers; Her Majesty's Tower*, from which we take the following extract; *Diana, Lady Lyle; Ruby Grey;* &c. Of Mr. Dixon as a writer the *Edinburgh Review* says: "His style is good and easy. There is life in his narrative and vigour in his descriptions." Died Dec. 27, 1879.]

Half-a-mile below London Bridge, on ground which was once a bluff, commanding the Thames from St. Saviour's Creek to St. Olave's Wharf, stands the group of buildings known in our common speech as the Tower of London, in official phrase as Her Majesty's Tower; a mass of ramparts, walls, and gates; the most ancient and most poetic pile in Europe.

Seen from the hill outside, the Tower appears to be white with age and wrinkled by remorse. The home of our stoutest kings, the grave of our noblest knights, the scene of our gayest revels, the field of our darkest crimes, that edifice speaks at once to the eye and to the soul. Gray keep, green tree, black gate, and frowning battlement, stand out, apart from all objects far and near them, menacing, picturesque, enchaining; working on the senses like a spell; and calling us away from our daily mood into a world of romance, like that which we find painted in light and shadow on Shakspeare's page.

Looking at the Tower as either a prison, a palace, or a court,—picture, poetry, and drama crowd upon the mind; and if the fancy dwells most frequently on the state prison, this is because the soul is more readily kindled by a human interest than fired by an archaic and official fact. For one man who would care to see the room in which a council met or a court was held, a hundred men would like to see the chamber in which Lady Jane Grey was lodged, the cell in which Sir Walter Raleigh wrote, the tower from which Sir John Oldcastle escaped. Who would not like to stand for a moment by those steps on which Ann Boleyn knelt; pause by that slit in the wall through which Arthur De la Pole gazed; and linger, if he could, in that room in which Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley searched the New Testament together?

The Tower has an attraction for us akin to that of the house in which we were born, the school in which we were trained. Go where we may, that grim old edifice on the Pool goes with us; a part of all we know, and of all we are. Put seas between us and the Thames, this Tower will cling to us like a thing of life. It colours Shakspeare's page. It casts a momentary gloom over Bacon's story. Many of our books were written in its vaults; the Duke of Orleans' *Poesies*, Raleigh's *Historie of the World*, Eliot's *Monarchy of Man*, and Penn's *No Cross, no Crown*.

Even as to length of days, the Tower has no rival among palaces and prisons; its origin, like that of the *Iliad*, that of the Sphinx, that of the Newton stone, being lost in the nebulous ages, long before our definite history took shape. Old writers date it from the days of Cæsar; a legend taken up by Shakspeare and the poets, in favour of which the name of Cæsar's Tower remains in popular use to this very day. A Roman wall can even yet be traced near some parts of the ditch. The Tower is mentioned in the *Saxon Chronicle*, and a Saxon stronghold may have stood upon the spot. The buildings as we have them now in block and plan were commenced by William the Conqueror; and the series of apartments in Cæsar's Tower,—hall, gallery, council-chamber, chapel,—were built in the early Norman reigns, and used as a royal residence by all our Norman kings. What can Europe show to compare against such a tale?

Set against the Tower of London—with its eight hundred years of historic life, its nineteen hundred years of traditional fame—all other palaces and prisons appear like things of an hour. The oldest bit of palace in Europe, that of the west front of the Burg in Vienna, is of the time of Henry the Third. The Kremlin in Moscow, the Doge's Palazzo in Venice, are of the fourteenth century. The Seraglio in Stamboul was built by Mohammed the Second. The oldest part of the Vatican was commenced by Borgia, whose name it bears. The old Louvre was commenced in the reign of Henry the Eighth; the Tuileries in that of Elizabeth. In the time of our civil war Versailles was yet a swamp. The Escorial belongs to the seventeenth century; Sans Souci to the eighteenth. The Serail of Jerusalem is a Turkish edifice. The palaces of Athens, of Cairo, of Tehran, are all of modern date.

Neither can the prisons which remain in fact as well as in history and drama—with the one

exception of St. Angelo in Rome—compare against the Tower. The Bastile is gone; the Bargello has become a museum; the Piombi are removed from the Doge's roof. Vincennes, Spandau, Spilberg, Magdeburg, are all modern in comparison with a jail from which Ralph Flambard escaped so long ago as the year 1100, the date of the first crusade.

Standing on Tower Hill, looking down on the dark lines of wall—picking out keep and turret, bastion and ballium, chapel and belfry—the jewel-house, the armoury, the mounts, the casemates, the open leads—the Bye-ward Gate, the Belfry, the Bloody Tower—the whole edifice seems alive with story; the story of a nation's highest splendour, its deepest misery, and its darkest shame. The soil beneath your feet is richer in blood than many a great battle-field; for out upon this sod has been poured, from generation to generation, a stream of the noblest life in our land. Should you have come to this spot alone, in the early day, when the Tower is noisy with martial doings, you may haply catch, in the hum which rises from the ditch and issues from the wall below you—broken by roll of drum, by blast of bugle, by tramp of soldiers—some echoes, as it were, of a far-off time; some hints of a May-day revel; of a state execution; of a royal entry. You may catch some sound which recalls the thrum of a queen's virginal, the cry of a victim on the rack, the laughter of a bridal feast. For all these sights and sounds—the dance of love and the dance of death—are part of that gay and tragic memory which clings around the Tower.

From the reign of Stephen down to that of Henry of Richmond, Cæsar's Tower (the great Norman keep, now called the White Tower) was a main part of the royal palace; and for that large interval of time the story of the White Tower is in some sort that of our English society as well as of our English kings. Here were kept the royal wardrobe and the royal jewels; and hither come with their goodly wares, the tiremen, the goldsmiths, the chasers and embroiderers, from Flanders, Italy, and Almaigne. Close by were the Mint, the lions' dens, the old archery-grounds, the Court of King's Bench, the Court of Common Pleas, the queen's gardens, the royal banqueting hall; so that art and trade, science and manners, literature and law, sport and politics, find themselves equally at home.

Two great architects designed the main parts of the Tower: Gundulf the Weeper and Henry the Builder; one a poor Norman monk, the other a great English king.

Gundulf, a Benedictine friar, had, for that age, seen a great deal of the world; for he had not only lived in Rouen and Caen, but had travelled in the East. Familiar with the glories of Saracenic art, no less than with the Norman simplicities of Bec, St. Ouen, and St. Etienne; a pupil of Lanfranc, a friend of Anselm; he had been employed in the monastery of Bec to marshal, with the eye of an artist, all the pictorial ceremonies of his church. But he was chiefly known in that convent as a weeper. No monk at Bec could cry so often and so much as Gundulf. He could weep with those who wept; nay, he could weep with those who sported; for his tears welled forth from what seemed to be an unfailing source.

As the price of his exile from Bec, Gundulf received the crozier of Rochester, in which city he rebuilt the cathedral, and perhaps designed the castle, since the great keep on the Medway has a sister's likeness to the great keep on the Thames. His works in London were—the White Tower, the first St. Peter's Church; and the old barbican, afterwards known as the Hall Tower, and now used as the jewel-house.

The cost of these works was great; the discontent caused by them was sore. Ralph, Bishop of Durham, the able and rapacious minister who had to raise the money, was hated and reviled by the Commons with peculiar bitterness of heart and phrase. He was called Flambard; or Firebrand. He was represented as a devouring lion. Still the great edifice grew up; and Gundulf, who lived to the age of fourscore, saw his great keep completed from basement to battlement.

Henry the Third, a prince of epical fancies, as Corffe, Conway, Beaumaris, and many other fine poems in stone attest, not only spent much of his time in the Tower, but much of his money in adding to its strength and beauty. Adam de Lamburn was his master mason; but Henry was his own chief clerk of the works. The Water Gate, the embanked wharf, the Cradle Tower, the Lantern, which he made his bedroom and private closet, the Galleyman Tower, and the first wall, appear to have been his gifts. But the prince who did so much for Westminster Abbey, not content with giving stone and piles to the home in which he dwelt, enriched the chambers with frescoes and sculpture, the chapels with carving and glass; making St. John's Chapel in the White Tower splendid with saints, St. Peter's Church on the Tower Green musical with bells. In the Hall Tower, from which a passage led through the great hall into the king's bedroom in the Lantern, he built a tiny chapel for his private use—a

chapel which served for the devotion of his successors until Henry the Sixth was stabbed to death before the cross. Sparing neither skill nor gold to make the great fortress worthy of his art, he sent to Purbeck for marble, and to Caen for stone. The dabs of lime, the spawls of flint, the layers of brick, which deface the walls and towers in too many places, are of either earlier or later times. The marble shafts, the noble groins, the delicate traceries, are Henry's work. Traitor's Gate, one of the noblest arches in the world, was built by him; in short, nearly all that is purest in art is traceable to his reign.

Edward the First may be added, at a distance, to the list of builders. In his reign the original church of St. Peter fell into ruin; the wrecks were carted away, and the present edifice was built. The bill of costs for clearing the ground is still extant in Fetter Lane. Twelve men, who were paid twopence a day wages, were employed on the work for twenty days. The cost of pulling down the old chapel was forty-six shillings and eightpence; that of digging foundations for the new chapel forty shillings. That chapel has suffered from wardens and lieutenants; yet the shell is of very fine Norman work.

From the days of Henry the Builder down to those of Henry of Richmond, the Tower, as the strongest place in the south of England, was by turns the magnificent home and the miserable jail of all our princes. Here Richard the Second held his court, and gave up his crown. Here Henry the Sixth was murdered. Here the Duke of Clarence was drowned in wine. Here King Edward and the Duke of York were slain by command of Richard. Here Margaret of Salisbury was hacked into pieces on the block.

Henry of Richmond kept his royal state in the Tower, receiving his ambassadors, counting his angels, making presents to his bride, Elizabeth of York. Among other gifts to that lady on her nuptial day was a royal book of verse, composed by a prisoner in the keep. . . .

Turning through a sally-port in the Bye-ward Gate, you cross the south arm of the ditch, and come out on the wharf,—a strip of strand in front of the fortress won from the river, and kept in its place by masonry and piles. This wharf, the work of Henry the Builder, is one of the wonders of his reign; for the whole strip of earth had to be seized from the Thames, and covered from the daily ravage of its tides. At this bend of the river the scour is hard, the roll enormous. Piles had to be driven into the mud and silt; rubble had to be thrown in between these piles; and then the whole mass united with fronts and bars of stone. All Adam de Lamburn's skill was taxed to resist the weight of water, yet keep the sluices open by which he fed the ditch. Most of all was this the case when the king began to build a new barbican athwart the sluice. This work, of which the proper name was for many ages the Water Gate, commands the only outlet from the Tower into the Thames; spanning the ditch and sweeping the wharf, both to the left and right. So soon as the wharf was taken from the river-bed, this work became essential to the defensive line.

London folk felt none of the king's pride in the construction of this great wharf and barbican. In fact, these works were in the last degree unpopular, and on news of any mishap occurring to them the Commons went almost mad with joy. Once they sent to the king a formal complaint against these works. Henry assured his people that the wharf and Water Gate would not harm their city. Still the citizens felt sore. Then, on St. George's night, 1240, while the people were at prayer, the Water Gate and wall fell down, no man knew why. No doubt the tides were high that spring, and the soft silt of the river gave way beneath the wash. Anyhow they fell.

Henry, too great a builder to despair, began again; this time with a better plan; yet on the self-same night of the ensuing year his barbican crashed down into the river, one mass of stones. A monk of St. Albans, who tells the tale, asserts that a priest who was passing near the fortress saw the spirit of an archbishop, dressed in his robes, holding a cross, and attended by the spirit of a clerk, gazing sternly on these new works. As the priest came up, the figure spake to the masons, "Why build ye these?" As he spoke, he struck the walls sharply with the holy cross, on which they reeled and sank into the river, leaving a wreath of smoke behind. The priest was too much scared to accost the more potent spirit; but he turned to the humble clerk, and asked him the archbishop's name. "St. Thomas the Martyr," said the shade. The priest, growing bolder, asked him why the Martyr had done this deed? "St. Thomas," said the spirit, "by birth a citizen, mislikes these works, because they are raised in scorn and against the public right. For this cause he has thrown them down beyond the tyrant's power to restore them."

But the shade was not strong enough to scare the king. Twelve thousand marks had been spent on that heap of ruins; yet the barbican being necessary to his wharf, the Builder,

on the morrow of his second mishap, was again at work, clearing away the rubbish, driving in the piles, and laying in a deeper bed the foundation-stones. This time his work was done so well that the walls of his gateway have never shrunk, and are as firm to-day as the earth on which they stand.

The ghost informed the priest that the two most popular saints in our calendar, the Confessor and the Martyr, had undertaken to make war upon these walls. "Had they been built," said the shade, "for the defence of London, and in order to find food for masons and joiners, they might have been borne; but they are built against the poor citizens; and if St. Thomas had not destroyed them, the Confessor would have swept them away."

The names of these popular saints still cling to the Water Gate. One of the rooms, fitted up as an oratory, and having a piscina still perfect, is called the Confessor's Chapel; and the barbican itself, instead of bearing its official name of Water Gate, is only known as St. Thomas's Tower.

The whole wharf, twelve hundred feet in length, lay open to the Thames, except a patch of ground at the lower end, near the Iron Gate, leading towards the hospital of St. Catharine the Virgin, where a few sheds and magazines were built at an early date. Except these sheds, the wharf was clear. When cannon came into use, they were laid along the ground, as well as trained on the walls and the mural towers.

Three ascents marked, as it were, the river front—the Queen's Stair, the Water Way, and the Galleyman Stair. The Queen's Stair, the landing-place of royal princes, and of such great persons as came to the Tower on state affairs, lay beneath the Bye-ward Gate and the Belfry, having a passage into the fortress by a bridge and postern, through the Bye-ward Tower into Water Lane. The Water Way was that cutting through the bank which passed under St. Thomas's Tower to the flight of steps in Water Lane; the entrance popularly known as Traitor's Gate. The Galleyman Stair lay under the Cradle Tower, by which there was a private entrance into the royal quarter. This stair was not much used, except when the services of Traitor's Gate were out of order. Then prisoners who could not enter by the approach of honour were landed at the Galleyman Stair.

Lying open to the river and to the streets, the wharf was a promenade, a place of traffic and of recreation, to which folk resorted on high days and fair days. Men who loved sights were pretty sure to find something worth seeing at either the Queen's Stair or Traitor's Gate. All personages coming to the Tower in honour were landed at the Queen's Stair; all personages coming in disgrace were pushed through the Traitor's Gate. Now a royal barge, with a queen on board, was going forth in her bravery of gold and pennons; now a lieutenant's boat, returning with a culprit in the stern, a headsman standing at his side, holding in his hand the fatal axe.

Standing on the bank, now busy with a new life, these pictures of an old time start into being like a mystic writing on the wall. Two of these scenes come back with warm rich colouring to the inner eye.

Now:—it is London in the reign of that Henry the Builder, who loved to adorn the fortress in which he dwelt. Whose barge is moored at yon stair, with the royal arms? What men are those with tabard and clarion? Who is that proud and beautiful woman, her fair face fired with rage, who steps into her galley, but whose foot appears to scorn the plank on which it treads? She is the queen; wife of the great builder; Elinor of Provence, called by her minstrels Elinor la Belle. A poetess, a friend of singers, a lover of music, she is said to have brought song and art into the English court from her native land. The first of our laureates came in her train. She has flushed the palace with jest and joust, with tinkle of citherns, with clang of horns. But the queen has faults, for which her gracious talent and her peerless beauty fail to atone. Her greed is high, her anger ruthless. Her court is filled with an outcry of merchants who have been mulcted of queen-geld, a wrangle of friars who have been robbed by her kith and kin, a roar of tiremen and jewellers clamorous for their debts, a murmur of knights and barons protesting against her loans, a clatter of poor Jews objecting to be spoiled. Despite her gifts of birth and wit, Elinor la Belle is the most unpopular princess in the world. She has been living at the Tower, which her husband loves; but she feels that her palace is a kind of jail; she wishes to get away, and she has sent for her barge and watermen, hoping to escape from her people and to breathe the free air of her Windsor home.

Will the Commons let her go? Proudly her barge puts off. The tabards bend and the clarions blare. But the Commons, who wait her coming on London Bridge, dispute her passage, and drive her back with curses, crying, "Drown the witch! Drown the witch!" Unable to pass the bridge, Elinor has to turn her

keel, and, with passionate rage in her heart, to find her way back.

Her son, the young and fiery Edward, never forgets this insult to his mother; by-and-by he will seek revenge for it on Lewes field; and by mad pursuit of his revenge he will lose the great fight and imperil his father's crown.

Again:—it is London in the reign of bluff King Hal—the husband of two fair wives. The river is alive with boats; the air is white with smoke; the sun overhead is burning with golden May. Thousands on thousands of spectators dot the banks; for to-day a bride is coming home to the king, the beauty of whose face sets old men's fancies and young men's eyes agog. On the wharf, near the Queen's Stair, stands a burly figure, tall beyond common men; broad in chest and strong in limb; dressed in a doublet of gold and crimson, a cap and plume, shoes with rosettes and diamonds, a hanger by his side, a George upon his breast. It is the king, surrounded by dukes and earls, awaiting the arrival of a barge, in the midst of blaring trumpets and exploding sakers. A procession sweeps along; stealing up from Greenwich, with plashing oars and merry strains, fifty great boats, with a host of wherries on their flanks; a vessel firing guns in front, and a long arrear of craft behind.

From the first barge lands the lord-mayor; from the second trips the bride; from the rest stream out the picturesque city companies. Cannons roar, and bells fling out a welome to the queen; for this is not simply a great day in the story of one lovely woman; but a great day in the story of English life. Now is the morning time of a new era; for on this bright May—

"The gospel light first shines from Boleyn's eyes,"

and men go mad with hope of things which are yet to come.

The king catches that fair young bride in his arms, kisses her soft cheek, and bears her in through the Bye-ward Tower.

The picture fades from view, and presently reappears. Is it the same? The queen—the stair—the barge—the crowd of men—all these are here. Yet the picture is not the same. No burly Henry stands by the stair; no guns disturb the sky; no blast of trumpets greets the royal barge; no train of aldermen and masters waits upon the queen. The lovely face looks older by a dozen years; yet scarcely three have passed since that fair form was clasped in the king's arms, kissed, and carried by the bridge. This time she is a prisoner, charged with having done such things as pen cannot write; things which would be treason, not to her lord only, but to her womanhood, and to the King of kings.

When she alights on the Queen's Stair, she turns to Sir William Kingston, Constable of the Tower, and asks, "Must I go into a dungeon?" "No, madam," says the constable; "you will lie in the same room which you occupied before." She falls on her knees. "It is too good for me," she cries; and then weeps for a long time, lying on the cold stones, with all the people standing by in tears. She begs to have the sacrament in her own room, that she may pray with a pure heart; saying, she is free from sin, and that she is, and has always been, the king's true wedded wife.

"Shall I die without justice?" she inquires. "Madam," says Kingston, "the poorest subject would have justice." The lady only laughs a feeble laugh.

Other, and not less tragic, scenes drew crowds to the Water Way from the Thames.

Beneath this arch has moved a long procession of our proudest peers, our fairest women, our bravest soldiers, our wittiest poets—Buckingham and Strafford; Lady Jane Grey, the Princess Elizabeth; William Wallace, David Bruce; Surrey, Raleigh—names in which the splendour, poetry, and sentiment of our national story are embalmed. Most of them left it high in rank and rich in life, to return, by the same dark passage, in a few brief hours poorer than the beggars who stood shivering on the bank; in the eyes of the law, and in the words of their fellows, already *dead*.

From this gateway went the barge of that Duke of Buckingham, the rival of Wolsey, the last permanent High-constable of England. Buckingham had not dreamed that an offence so slight as his could bring into the dust so proud a head; for his offence was nothing; some silly words which he had bandied lightly in the Rose, a city tavern, about the young king's journey into France. He could not see that his head was struck because it moved so high; nay, his proud boast that if his enemies sent him to the Tower, ten thousand friends would storm the walls to set him free, was perhaps the occasion of his fall. When sentence of death was given, he marched back to his barge, where Sir Thomas Lovel, then constable, stood ready to hand him to the seat of honour. "Nay," said the duke to Lovel, "not so now. When I came to Westminster I was Lord High-constable and Duke of Buckingham; now I am but poor Edward Stafford."

Landed at the Temple Stair, he was marched along Fleet Street, through St. Paul's Church-

yard, and by way of Cheap to the Tower; the axe borne before him all the way; Sir William Sandys holding him by the right arm, Sir Nicholas Vaux by the left. A band of Augustine friars stood praying round the block; and when his head had fallen into the dust they bore his remains to St. Austin's Church.

On these steps, too, beneath this Water Gate, Elizabeth, then a fair young girl, with gentle feminine face and golden hair, was landed by her jealous sister's servants. The day was Sunday—Palm Sunday—with a cold March rain coming down, and splashing the stones with mud. She could not land without soiling her feet and clothes, and for a moment she refused to leave her barge. Sir John Gage, the constable, and his guards, stood by to receive her. "Are all these harnessed men for me?" she asked. "No, madam," said Sir John. "Yea," she replied, "I know it is so." Then she stood up in her boat and leaped on shore. As she set foot on the stone steps, she exclaimed, in a spirit prouder than her looks —for in her youth she had none of that leonine beauty of her later years—"Here landeth as true a subject, being a prisoner, as ever landed at these stairs; and before thee, O God, I speak it." Perhaps she was thinking of her mother, who had landed on the neighbouring wharf. Anne had fallen on her knees on these cold stones, and here had called on God to help her, as she was not guilty of the things of which she stood accused. In those two attitudes of appeal one reads the nature of these two proud and gentle women, each calling Heaven to witness her innocence of crime—Elizabeth defiant, erect; Anne suppliant, on her knees.

THE WEAVER AND HIS SHADOW.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

Beside a dying woman,
A pale man plied the loom,
The buzz of the wheel and treddle
Filled all the squalid room.
It drowned the groans of the children,—
That loom, with its robe of state;—
Its threads of pink and silver
Shine bright as a coffin-plate,
Whirr—deedle—deedle—deedle,
Gay as a coffin-plate.

Deep, in the thickening twilight,
Another weaver sits;
A grizzly thing of nothing but bones,
Weaving and singing by fits.
His woof is black as a dead man's pall,
And spotted with poor man's tears;
He sings a dirge with the sob of a child,
A tale of passion and fears;
Whirr—deedle—deedle—deedle,
A tale of passion and fears.

His thin hands move with a madman's speed,
Though weak for lack of bread;
He chokes to hear the dying groan
Of his wife, who's all but dead.
But the costly robe of the duchess,
The robe of pomp and state,
Must be done this very evening,
Not a moment after eight.
Whirr—deedle—deedle—deedle,
Not a moment after eight.

A thousand swift feet dancing,
Jewels, and silk, and flowers,
Bright smiles of love and greeting,
None there to count the hours;
And, in the midst, the duchess
Moves like a sceptred queen,
With never a thought of coffin or shroud,
Or the strips of the turf so green,
Whirr—deedle—deedle—deedle,
Or the strips of the turf so green.

"I REMEMBER."

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away!

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light:
The lilacs where the robins built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air would rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
—My spirit flew on feathers then,
That is so heavy now;
And summer pool could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-trees, dark and high;
I used to think their slender spires
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance—
But now 'tis little joy
To know, I'm farther off from heaven,
Than when I was a boy!

THOMAS HOOD.

UNCLE HARTLEBURY'S ROMANCE.

A CHRISTMAS STORY TOLD BY THE SEA.

[Joseph Hatton, born at Andover, 3d February, 1837. Novelist, journalist, and miscellaneous writer. At an early age he commenced his career as a journalist, and when only twenty-one was appointed editor of the *Bristol Mirror*. He subsequently conducted the *Durham County Advertiser*, and was for several years editor and proprietor of *Berrow's Worcester Journal*. Meanwhile he was a frequent contributor to the principal magazines. In 1868 he became editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which under his direction rose from a small circulation to one of importance and profit. He started the *Illustrated Midland News*, and is editor of the (London) *School Board Chronicle*. His chief novels are: *Bitter Sweets; The Tallants of Barton; Life and Adventures of Christopher Kenrick; The Valley of Poppies;* and *In the Lap of Fortune*. Of his miscellaneous works the best are: *Pippins and Cheese* (from which the following tale is extracted); and *With a Show in the North*. He is also the joint translator and adapter of Dr. Fricke's remarkable work—*Ethics for Undenominational Schools*. One of his critics says he "writes like a scholar, and yet like a man who has watched life, and found out the highest and noblest teaching of sorrow." Another: "Mr. Hatton does not describe; he does not relate; he impersonates. We see 'Summerdale-in-the-Water,' its peaceful valley, its mossy fountains, its quiet, simple people; we hear its three bells, now jubilant, now mournful, now chiming gentle, tender music to the soul."]

Yes, sir, we *have* met before; and I am delighted to see you again. No, you have made no mistake. I am the Recorder of Miningtown, and the portly lady whom you see yonder in the midst of that assembly of romping children, about to bathe after the fashion of this Boulogne, are my wife and family. Yes, sir, that is Mrs. Hartlebury. Speak louder, *mon ami*, I am slightly deaf. Yes, I do bathe; but the exertion of dressing and undressing in this hot weather is too much for one who, like Falstaff, grows fat and hath gray hairs. Have a cigar? That's right. I know nothing more agreeable than to sit here and watch the sea come rolling in upon those bathers yonder, and especially when you can observe the gambols of your own children, and at the same time let your mind wander out to that wide reach of sea, with sails in the distance.

You are a writer, an author. Yes, I saw your last book at the railway-station, and bought it. Ah, I knew you would like me all the more for that. Why don't you reply that you had read my lucid and learned judgment in that remarkable forgery case? Never mind, sir; I am past that sort of thing. I suppose you are on the look-out for some bits of fresh character and wayside incidents of travel? No; you are only here for change and rest? You have been up to the cathedral, stood once more on the doorstep of Le Sage's house, and refreshed your old memories of the place? *Ah, oui!*

Old memories! You would hardly credit me, I suppose, with being afflicted by some strange old memories of personal adventure in this place, or any other, for that matter. You would not take an old gentleman with gray hairs, sitting on the beach at Boulogne whilst his wife and family are bathing, as a fitting subject for the hero of a romance. There are peculiar anomalies in life, you say? That is evasion, sir. I know what you are thinking well enough. I can only tell you this, my friend, that the story of my first appearance here twenty years ago is far more romantic than half the tales told in your magazines, and thought worthy of wonderful illustrations. I am too old to be vain, and I know something of the lights and shadows of life, something of its untold romances, something of its terrible tragedies.

Ah, my friend, twenty years ago I was as slim and dapper and lady-killing as yourself. You do not aspire to the character of a lady-killer? Don't tell me, sir; all young fellows like to make a favourable impression on the other sex. Why are you so carefully shaved to-day? Why is that bit of showy neckerchief so daintily tied? Why those well-fitting gray trowsers, and that smart little cane? Simply because you are accustomed to dress well, and aspire to be regarded as a gentleman. Very good; and you are anxious to bid at the same time for those feminine glances which are so flattering to youth. There, don't think I imagine you are a fop; and for Heaven's sake don't be annoyed. My criticism is only the result of my own feelings, my own ambition, when I was a young fellow like you. Tell you my story? Yes, if you think it may interest you. It may do for a Christmas paper? Ah, ah! on the look-out for copy, eh?—gathering honey all the day from every opening flower. Well, I feel something of the Ancient Mariner's sensations this morning; it will be a relief to tell the story of that extraordinary creature

whose face has haunted me ever since I came here two days ago. You will readily consent to play the wedding-guest to my mariner? Very well, sir; light another cigar and listen: if I bore you stop me, and we will in to the *Établissement* and read the papers.

It is all bound up in this bit of faded ribbon, my story: this little scrap, you see, which is set in that *petit* rim of gold appended to my watch-seals. I have never worn the trifle since my marriage until this week. My wife has some pardonable womanly notion that I ought not to wear it, and I have humoured her; for, though I say it, she is one of the best women in the world. Above all others, you think, it is I who should say so? You say well, you say well, my young friend. When we were leaving London last week, it seemed to me that I could not come even here without this little souvenir of that romance twenty years ago. Twenty years ago! How the time flies!

This is the story. I was engaged to Mrs. Hartlebury; she was a Miss Longford. We had been in the habit of seeing each other from the earliest days of our childhood. I ought to have appreciated her kindly loving disposition all the more on this account; but I did not. It had always been understood that we should be married, and in due course this family understanding bore fruit. We were engaged, Julia Longford and I, but on this understanding, that if either one or the other saw any other person whom he or she, the said contracting parties, preferred to the before-mentioned parties to this agreement, then either he or she, the said Thomas Hartlebury and Julia Longford, might terminate the previously recited engagement at one day's notice given by post or orally in the presence of witnesses. Yes, I am getting a little involved, I fear, in this semi-legal phraseology? But you understand the character of that agreement? Yes, and you think it a very convenient engagement? And I thought so too, sir, in a very short time after it was made.

That very summer twenty years ago, with the consent and indeed by the advice of my dear old father, I started on a continental tour, which was to be inaugurated by a visit to Paris *vid* Boulogne, and which terminated somewhat suddenly in the French capital. I was quite as much a buck in those days as you are now, not quite so slim as Falstaff boasted himself to be. I was something more than an eagle's talon in the waist, and I could not creep through an alderman's thumb-ring, for I was a strong, well-built young fellow, and not ill-looking—no, sir, not ill-looking. You can readily understand that? Even though I might play the fat knight with as little padding as Mark Lemon! It is true, sir, quite true. I can see myself now, airing my swell clothes and London manners on the beach here; but there is a sad face rises up beside me, and a figure floating out with the tide yonder which sobers the picture, and makes a shadow upon that sunny water.

Bathing *en famille* was a notion that rather tickled me in those days. You think there is nothing improper in it? Neither do I, sir, or Mrs. Hartlebury and her daughters would not be enjoying themselves as you see them yonder. The "girl of the period" at ball and opera is much more undressed than the ladies in their pretty bathing costumes? I quite agree with you; but my very proper English notions were a little excited at the prospect of a company of lovely mermaidens in a sea-bath. I little thought when I went into the water that I was destined to come out with a pretty girl in my arms. Ah, now I see you are interested. What a subject for a modern magazine picture! That is what you are thinking, I know. Don't keep you in suspense? Is that what you said? I told you I was slightly deaf. Did I come out of the water with a young lady in my arms really?

Yes, it was in this way. I was swimming about, and watching the movements of a most graceful person, floating half-sideways, half on her back, with her arms extended, and her head resting on the water; she was drifting out in the sunshine, the water quite placid but swelling like her own bosom beneath a thin blue robe; she was drifting, I say, in the sunshine, like a blessed martyr going out to some better land. I see her now, poor pretty tender-hearted thing, with the sea rocking her in its great arms, and yet trying all the while to steal away her life. I watched her at a respectful distance and swam quietly after her; for somehow it occurred to me that she was not quite conscious of the power of that insidious but certain current, which I could feel setting in towards the pier. I had judged aright; by-and-by she turned over, evidently with the intention of swimming home, but she could not accomplish her purpose. She struggled on for a little time, and then to all appearance lost her presence of mind, or was attacked with cramp. She disappeared at all events, and I rapidly quickened my pace towards her, putting my head well to the water and dashing on with that sharp side-stroke, which is so effective in the matter of speed. She

rose for the second time as I reached the spot. In a moment I had seized her by the shoulder, and supporting her with my left arm, I commenced to swim slowly in the direction of the shore. The young lady's difficulty had been noticed from the beach, and a boat had put off when I dashed after her. It came up by the time I was within easy distance of the shore with my beautiful, half-drowned burden, and I helped to place her in the boat amidst a loud cheer. I got in after her, and was delighted to see signs of rapid recovery in the dear creature. Satisfied with this, and not caring to present myself in my Blondin-like costume to a fashionable and excited throng, I dashed into the water and swam to my machine.

If Mrs. Hartlebury and those girls would do the same it would be just as well. They have been in the water too long already. You don't think so? Mrs. Hartlebury is the best judge of that? I had better proceed with my story; you are getting interested? You want to know what the young lady was like? Like, sir, like no young lady in Boulogne at the present day, or anywhere else that I have seen, for beauty. She was like a poet's dream, sir, or an artist's fancy. Was she a blonde? Not exactly, no; she had brown wavy hair, and such eyes, such a figure! Arms as round and fair as the arms of those women by Rubens in the Louvre—a neck and shoulders in which all the lines of beauty were described. I saw her on that next day after her narrow escape; she found me out, and came to the Hôtel des Bains to thank me. "I must excuse her," she said, "for calling unattended, she had no friends in Boulogne." "One at least," I said, taking her hand, and faltering in my speech. She looked up inquiringly at me for a moment with her big dark eyes, and I felt myself gradually becoming powerless in her presence, anxious to say all sorts of gracious things, but unable to do so. "Good-bye, and believe me I shall never forget your brave action." She spoke with a pretty musical French accent. "May I not see you again?" I asked, and then bolder grown I answered my own question: "I must, indeed I must." "I am going to Paris in the morning. I have been to London, and am on my way to Paris. I fear I must say good-bye now, monsieur." "Oh no," I said, feeling as if I were about to lose everything dear to me in the world. "I love you, mademoiselle; I love you; I will make you my wife." "Oh, monsieur, that can never be," she replied. "Why not?" I exclaimed, becoming desperate. "Do not ask," she said, sadly. "You could not love me," I said, sitting down and covering my face with my hands. "There was a time, monsieur, when what you have just said would have awakened a passion of pleasure and gratitude in my heart; but oh, sir, that time is past; adieu, *mon très cher ami;* you will always live in my dearest memory."

She left me, and this only made me more fiercely in love with her. I did not seem to be master of my actions, and I was selfish enough to think that I had a special claim upon her. I rescued her from death, and that ought to make her mine. If she would have had me, I would have married her, sir, right off, and should have felt myself blessed. How long would that sentiment have lasted? Heaven knows. I followed her, found out her hotel, returned her call, and made her promise to see me in Paris. My next action was to discover by what train she travelled, and on the following day I was on the platform, and constituted myself the lady's *compagnon de voyage.* At first she seemed a little disconcerted at this, but as we journeyed onwards she brightened up, and became chatty and sparkling and lively. Every now and then all this was darkened, like a summer landscape with passing thunder-clouds. Once when the other stupid passengers were asleep I pressed her hand. She returned me a gentle pressure, and with the tears in her eyes she whispered in heartfelt accents that almost brought the tears to mine, "Oh, my dear, dear friend!" It seemed like a cry of despair from a breaking heart, and I felt as if a terrible grief was seizing upon me.

You really would not have given me credit for so much romance? Of course not, it seems ridiculous to you now, looking at the portly recorder and his romping responsibilities yonder. Ah, I am glad the girls are coming out of the water. It does not matter so much about Frank, and Tom, and Harry, they are strong fellows, and will have *café noir* and cigars afterwards to keep up the circulation. You object to these interruptions? These changes from romance to reality, eh?—from the sublime to the ridiculous. On our arrival at the Northern Station at Paris, Louise and I you know, her name was Louise, I think I said before; on our arrival, a placid, mysterious, light-moustached old German came up to us. He kissed the young lady on the cheek, and then looked scowlingly at me. Louise began therefore to talk German to him with many gesticulations, explaining the small service I had rendered her. He smiled, I thought, a

little sarcastically, and looked incredulously at me; but mademoiselle stamped her foot angrily at Mein Herr Diable, and he condescended to look civilly upon me. "We must part here," she said hurriedly to me. "What is your hotel?" "The Imperial," I said. "Place Vendome." "You must not call on me. I will call upon you to-night. For Heaven's sake be satisfied with this."

I got to my hotel in a dreamy sort of fashion, ordered private rooms, and said I expected a lady to call in the evening; I should not go out until she came, and they must show her up. It seemed ages that I waited for her; I waited until they relieved guard at the Napoleon Column and marched by the Rue St. Honoré with their drums and trumpets. I waited until my heart was sick with fears and doubts; and at last I received a short note, in which the writer said I might see her on the next night at the Arc de l'Etoile, at ten o'clock; but if I really loved her, and wished to cherish the memory of her as something sweet and dear, I ought to see her no more. She offered no apology for keeping me waiting. I kissed her note, and yet smote the table with passion, and stamped about the room with rage. That silent, disgusting German was the cause of all this! Who was he? What was he? I asked myself, but I was never enabled to answer the question. He was a strange unfathomable mystery.

On the following night I was at the Arch of Triumph an hour before the trysting-time, with a longing heart and a brain half-dazed with the glare and glitter of the long rows of gas-lamps and the wandering carriage-lights. The scene was to me then one of such unaccustomed splendour, that it seemed as if I had been dropped here by Fate to play a part in some Arabian Night's story. She came at last, my charmer, muffled up half in disguise, running, I thought, from one who claims her love to one who prays for it as the greatest blessing Heaven or earth can give. We walked to the shadow of an adjacent tree, and sat down; she suffered me to clasp her in my arms. Again I offered her my hand; talked to her of arrangements for the future; indicated the sort of letter I would write to my father by the very next post. A mad thing to do? I must have been off my head? Ah, so would you have been in presence of that matchless beauty. I never saw so much loveliness in mortal being; and even after all these years have elapsed, I cannot condemn my judgment in that respect. We wandered about those walks in the Bois de Boulogne, and sat beneath the trees, and talked of a hundred happy things that only lovers' lips can say. At last she confessed that she loved me with all her heart. "I have never known what love is until now," she said, "my dear, dear friend; and I understand its sweetness, its purity, when it is too late, too late, my dear monsieur." "Why too late, Louise?" I asked; and then, prepared to learn the worst, I said, "You are not married already?" "Oh, no," she said. "Nor betrothed?" I asked, hurrying question upon question. "Cease, cease, I pray you," she exclaimed, in a passion of despair. "Seek to know no more: I can never be yours: I love you too much." "You are mine, Louise; I snatched you from the grave. It was Fate that brought me to your side: Death came between us, and I struck him down. You are mine by all laws human and divine." She sobbed at this, laid her head on my shoulder, and in a wail of despair said, "Oh, would I were! Would it might be possible! Oh, sir, do not tempt me: do not; pray, do not. Your love would end in hate." "My dear Louise, I am prepared to brave all things." "I am not prepared to brave your scorn," she said. "Death were bliss to that. Let me go, sir. Farewell!" "No, no," I said, detaining her. "I will raise an alarm," she cried. "Cruel, cruel," I replied. "O, mon Dieu, monsieur!" she exclaimed, and then kissing me on the forehead she said, "You see yon distant lights on the right, and that great cluster in the Champs Elysée?" "Yes." "It is Monsieur Victor's Café Chantant. I will see you once again. Let it be there, to-morrow night, at ten." "You will not deceive me?" I said, letting her hand go very reluctantly. "That is what I will not do for all the world," she replied solemnly, and raising her eyes to heaven. "I will *not* deceive you." "My dear Louise!" I said. She looked so beautiful in the starlight. "Better say adieu, now and for ever!" was her response. "But if it must be, au revoir! Be it so!" "Au revoir!" broke from my lips. She slipped away from me, and disappeared.

The long rows of lights, the distant sounds of music, mocked my despair. I look back now, and know what a mad fellow I was; but I do not blame myself, and I learned how heroic woman can be, the most abandoned, when the divine chord of love is really touched by the master hand. Poor lost Louise, she was a martyr for my sake! I can see now, out yonder where the sun is making a long track over the waters, I can see a half-clad figure drifting, drifting, floating away into the darker shade,

—drifting out into the mist where sea and sky unite and are lost in each other. What creatures of circumstances we are! Ah, there's my wife yonder beckoning to Frank and Harry. The girls are nearly dressed by this time, and yonder are the boys plunging about as if they had only just gone in. There they are, sir, within fifty yards of the spot where I rescued Louise from drowning twenty years ago! All right, my friend; don't be unhappy. My romance will soon be at an end. You think I tell the story well? I am quite eloquent, you say? Ah, it is the eloquence that earnestness gives, I suppose. It does me good to tell you this romance of mine: it has been in my mind at odd times, as if it demanded utterance, for years.

You may be sure I went to that *café* the next night. There was a clear sky and a full moon. The effect of the contending lights of the *café* and the moon among the foliage of the Champs Elysée was weird and magical. It seemed to carry my mind back to a wonderful representation I had seen at a London theatre of *Faust and Marguerite*. Then the woodland scene of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* broke into that memory. I was not myself, I often think, all through this piece. I know that it shocked me a little when I found myself among a crowd of men and women who were drinking and smoking in this beautiful spot, and applauding an indecent dance; and it shocked me all the more to think that it was here that Louise had selected to meet me, her lover. Then I thought what a prude I was, and remembered how different were French ideas of these things to ours in England. I would soon coax Louise out of all this semi-barbarous indifference to the proprieties when I had her in England and made her my wife. While I was thinking in this wise, a terrific burst of applause brought my wandering eyes back to the stage. A lady was smiling and bowing her acknowledgments. My heart beat wildly at sight of her. The applause rose again higher and higher. "Who is this?" I said excitedly to a gentleman who was crowded close up against me. "Do you not know?" he said in French. "Mademoiselle Victor, it is her first appearance this season; she has just returned from England." Oh, my friend, I thought I should have lost my breath altogether. There was nothing improper in her bathing dress: she might have walked down Bond Street in it; but the costume in which she now appeared was the wildest kind of ballet dress I had ever seen. She sung with intense vigour in a rich ringing voice, and to the chorus she danced in a voluptuous siren-like fashion that seemed to belong rather to a figure out of one of Etty's pictures than to anything earthly. From this movement she changed her gambols into a mad sort of Mabille dance, in the midst of which she uttered a piercing scream and threw herself upon the floor in the glare and glitter of the footlights. I thought I should go mad. I pushed my way with desperation to the stage to assure myself that I was not the victim of some horrible delusion. They had lifted her up and carried her into the retiring-room. I forced my way in; but I should have been violently ejected, had not that old German caught sight of me and snatched me out of the grasp of several yelling rascals who had nearly overpowered me. This mysterious person was evidently in great authority there. Louise opened her eyes, and seeing me said, "Oh my God," and covered her face with her hands. That sneaking German frowned at me, but happily allowed me to remain. In a few minutes mademoiselle had recovered sufficiently for the manager to go out and tell the audience she would reappear shortly. In the midst of the shout of applause which greeted this declaration Louise rose to her feet and called for champagne. She drank the wine greedily, and then turning to me said, "There, monsieur, I told you it could not be: I said I would not deceive you. Adieu! God guard you!" She took the manager's arm, and he led her once more upon the stage. The old German stood there looking at me like Mephistopheles in the play. I staggered to the door, slipped like a drunkard out into the night, threw myself upon the grass just beyond the inclosure of that painted hell, and wept like a child.

Bravo Frank! That was a splendid dive; but I'm glad it is the last; you have certainly had enough of the water for this morning. That's right, my dear boy. Better finish my story before they all come and interrupt us? Is that what you said? *Très bien*, but one requires a little interval now and then to keep down the full rush of the old feeling; mind you, I am enacting all this story over again while I am narrating it to you. And story-telling is warm work in the hottest days of August. You mean to tell it when the weather is cold? Eh? in a Christmas annual? Well, I have no objection, only keep my name out of the story, and don't let me be pointed at as the hero. You believe Mrs. Hartlebury is coming? Well, light another cigar, and we will come to the "Finis."

I passed a miserable night. I lay there on

the grass I know not how long, and then I wandered home. I drank a pint of brandy and threw myself upon the bed undressed. I don't think I slept a wink. Early in the morning that pale, pig's-eyed looking German called upon me, and in a few authoritative words in broken English bade me accompany him on a little visit. He led the way across the Pont St. Michel to the centre of the Marché Neuf, where we entered a small square building. It was the Morgue! The old Morgue, a much more wretched place than the present edifice. On our left hand there were large windows guarded by a rail, and beyond was the chamber of death. It nearly made me sick to see several dead bodies lying there. I shuddered and clung to my companion. He looked coldly on and pointed to a pink dress and some lace that was hanging in the furthest corner; and then, oh mercy! I saw *her* body, cold and white and still. There it lay in awful companionship! I think I must have fainted at sight of the poor lost woman, with her brown hair all damp and clinging to her white round shoulders. I remembered nothing until I found myself on a sofa in a well-furnished room. My senses were no sooner restored to me than that horrible German with the light moustache and the cold greenish eye came in and deliberately seizing me by the throat, began to shake and curse me. I felt like a child in his hands, I was so weak and faint, and all the sensations of approaching death came over me. I must have cried out and struggled, I suppose, for a woman rushed into the room and dragged my assailant from me; he left me with an oath; and the woman, a strong, wilful-looking creature led me into an adjoining room. I could hardly stand, but I was nevertheless strong enough and sensible enough to take the woman's advice and get out of that house. I stumbled down two pairs of stairs and found my way into the street, where I obtained a cab and went to my hotel. I found a letter, which had been delivered by the post: it was written in French. The words were, "I loved you truly. I was unworthy of you: that is why you will never see your poor Louise again; here is a souvenir of her who blesses you with her last breath."

That souvenir was a small locket fastened to a piece of blue ribbon. I need not tell you how deeply it affected me. During the night which followed these hours of mystery and terror and grief I slept the sleep of one who is at last exhausted in mind and body. I was awakened after midnight by the proprietor of the house, who entered with a candle, and in some little excitement asked me if there was not something wrong. I was out of bed in an instant. "What is wrong, sir?" I asked. "I think your bedroom has been robbed, if I have not disturbed the thief," he replied. "I saw a fellow prowling about before I went to bed, and as soon as I was awakened by the grating of a lock I got up and rang my bell. This was silly; I ought to have gone out and caught the thief. In another minute I heard a door shut; a stealthy step passed my room, and before I could follow my light was out, his cloak over my head, and Jacques here has come to say that they are after a fellow who leaped from a second-floor window, and made off along the Rue St. Honoré." This was the host's story so far as I could make out. We examined the room. My valise had been cut open, sure enough, and there lay beside it a great clasp-knife which had done the business. Louise's little note was gone, her locket had been torn away from the ribbon, and a packet of letters from England had been carried off. I shall always believe that German was the thief. And it seemed to me at the time that if he had not been disturbed he would have murdered me. He had evidently some mysterious power, or wished to have, over Louise. I stood in his way; how, I cannot understand; but it was so. Her liking for me was to him a terrible grievance: he had searched for letters and other tokens of our acquaintanceship. I told the hotel-keeper I had had a narrow escape: that knife was intended for something more desperate than cutting open a valise. Fancy, if he had murdered me, you would have seen no fat, sentimental recorder on the beach at Boulogne; and that happy-looking regiment of children coming from the machines yonder would not have been in existence. You are very much obliged to that German devil for not cutting my throat? And I thank my host of the Imperial for disturbing him before he had time to carry out his fell scheme.

Well, sir, to conclude, as the parson says, I put that bit of ribbon, which the thief had left behind him, into my pocket, took the next train to Calais, the next to Dover, returned to my father's house, and married Miss Longford. We are a thoroughly happy pair, as you have already had judgment enough to note. My children are good, contented, and numerous, as you see; and if that will make a story for Christmas, my friend, you are quite welcome to it, and you can call it Uncle Hartlebury's Romance.

AULD ROBIN GRAY.

[**Lady Anne Barnard**, daughter of James Lindsay, fifth Earl of Balcarras, born at Balcarras, Fife, 27th November, 1750; died in Berkeley Square, London, 6th May, 1825. She married Sir Andrew Barnard, a son of the Bishop of Limerick, and colonial secretary at the Cape of Good Hope. She accompanied her husband to the Cape, and wrote an interesting description of an expedition across the country, in letters, part of which have been published in the *Songstresses of Scotland*, by Sarah Tytler and J. L. Watson. The popularity of *Auld Robin Gray*, and the well-kept mystery regarding its authorship, are referred to in Lady Anne Barnard's letter to Sir Walter Scott, dated July, 1823.[1] In the year of her death, Scott edited for the Bannatyne Club a tract containing a corrected version of the ballad, and a continuation by the authoress. The second part was written to gratify her ladyship's mother; but it never became popular; and the poetess was quite sensible that it did not deserve to become so; for although it contains several fine lines, it destroys the nobility of the characters which gave force and grandeur to the original ballad. We quote the second part as a curiosity.]

PART I.

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye come hame,
When a' the weary world to rest is gane,
The waes of my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
Unken'd by my gudeman, wha sleeps sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and he sought me for his bride;
But saving ae crown-piece, he'd naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

He hadna been gane a twelvemonth and a day,
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,
Said, "Jeanie, for their sakes, will you no marry me?"

[1] "*Robin Gray*, so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London; I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond; —— ——, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.' 'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, and amongst our neighbours, *Auld Robin Gray* was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was *my dread* of being suspected of writing *anything*, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write *nothing*, that I carefully kept my own secret. . . . . Meantime, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. *Robin Gray* was either a very ancient ballad composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not,—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerningham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballat of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing-dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my obscurity." The air to which the ballad is now sung was written by the Rev. William Leeves, of Wrington.

The novel *Robin Gray*, by Charles Gibbon, is founded on the ballad.

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back!
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?
Or, why am I spared to cry, Wae is me?

My father argued sair—my mother didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;
They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;
And so Auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';
Ae kiss we took, nae mair—I bad him gang awa.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
For O, I am but young to cry, Wae is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I darena think o' Jamie, for that would be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

PART II.

The spring had pass'd over, 'twas summer nae mair,
And, trembling, were scatter'd the leaves in the air;
"Oh, winter," cried Jeanie, "we kindly agree,
For wae looks the sun when he shines upon me."

Nae langer she wept, her tears were a' spent:
Despair it was come, and she thought it content;
She thought it content, but her cheek was grown pale,
And she droop'd like a snow-drop broke down by the hail.

Her father was sad, and her mother was wae,
But silent and thoughtfu' was Auld Robin Gray;
He wander'd his lane, and his face was as lean
As the side of a brae where the torrents have been.

He gaed to his bed, but nae physic would take,
And often he said, "It is best for her sake!"
While Jeanie supported his head as he lay,
The tears trickled down upon Auld Robin Gray.

"Oh, greet nae mair, Jeanie!" said he, wi' a groan;
"I'm nae worth your sorrow—the truth maun be known;
Send round for your neighbours—my hour it draws near,
And I've that to tell that it's fit a' should hear.

"I've wranged her," he said, "but I kent it o'er late;
I've wrang'd her, and sorrow is speeding my date;
But a's for the best, since my death will soon free
A faithfu' young heart, that was ill match'd wi' me.

"I lo'ed and I courted her mony a day,
The auld folks were for me, but still she said nay;
I kentna o' Jamie, nor yet o' her vow;—
In mercy forgi'e me, 'twas I stole the cow!

"I cared not for crummie, I thought but o' thee;
I thought it was crummie stood 'twixt you and me;
While she fed your parents, oh! did you not say,
You never would marry wi' Auld Robin Gray?

"But sickness at hame, and want at the door—
You gied me your hand, while your heart it was sore;
I saw it was sore, why took I her hand?
Oh, that was a deed to my shame o'er the land!

"How truth, soon or late, comes to open daylight!
For Jamie cam' back,—and your cheek it grew white;
White, white grew your cheek, but aye true unto me.
Oh, Jeanie, I'm thankfu'—I'm thankfu' to dee!

"Is Jamie come here yet?" and Jamie he saw!
"I've injured you sair, lad, so I leave you my a';
Be kind to my Jeanie, and soon may it be!
Waste no time, my dauties, in mournin' for me."

They kiss'd his cauld hands, and a smile o'er his face
Seem'd hopefu' of being accepted by grace:
"Oh, doubtna," said Jamie, "forgi'en he will be,
Wha wadna be tempted, by love, to win thee?"

The first days were dowie, while time slipt awa';
But saddest and sairest to Jeanie of a'
Was thinking she couldna be honest and right,
Wi' tears in her e'e, while her heart was so light.

But nae guile had she, and her sorrow away,
The wife of her Jamie, the tear couldna stay;
A bonnie wee bairn—the auld folks by the fire—
Oh! now she has a' that her heart can desire!

LETTERS.

Letters from absent friends extinguish fear,
Unite division, and draw distance near;
Their magic force each silent wish conveys,
And wafts embodied thought a thousand ways.
Could souls to bodies write, death's power were mean,
For minds could then meet minds with heav'n between.

—Aaron Hill (1685-1750).

O blessed letters! that combine in one
All ages past, and make one live with all:
By you we do confer with who are gone,
And the Dead-living unto counsel call!
By you the unborn shall have communion
Of what we feel and what doth us befall.—Samuel Daniel (1562-1619).

DEERSLAYER.

[**James Fenimore Cooper**, born in Burlington, New Jersey, 15th September, 1789; died in Cooperstown, New York, 14th September, 1851. He is sometimes called "the Scott of America." After studying in the Yale College, he served six years in the United States navy, travelled in Europe for several years, and ultimately settled in his native country. His first novel, *Precaution*, appeared in 1821, and was followed by *The Spy; The Pioneers; The Pilot*, &c. He wrote thirty-four novels, various sketches of travel, a *History of the United States Navy*, and other works. His tales of Indian and backwoods life, and of the sea, maintain their place as amongst the very best of their kind. Daniel Webster said of him: "The enduring monuments of Fenimore Cooper are his works. While the love of country continues to prevail, his memory will exist in the hearts of the people."

Our extract is from the famous *Leatherstocking* series of tales. Natty Bumpo passes through many adventures under the names of *Deerslayer*, *Hawkeye*, *Pathfinder*, and, in his old age, *Leatherstocking*. His chief comrade is Chingachgook, or the "Big Serpent," who is a chief of the Mohicans or Delaware Indians. The latter's betrothed, Wah-ta-Wah, or in English, Hist-oh-Hist! has been captured by the Iroquois or Mingos. Deerslayer assists his friend in rescuing the girl from their enemies, but he is himself made prisoner.]

The day succeeding his capture Deerslayer was conducted before the assembled band. It was an imposing scene into which he was brought. All the older warriors were seated on the trunk of a fallen tree, waiting his approach with grave decorum. On the right stood the young men, armed, while the left was occupied by the women and children. In the centre was an open space of considerable extent, always canopied by leaves, but from which the underbrush, dead wood, and other obstacles had been carefully removed. The more open area had probably been much used by former parties, for this was the place where the appearance of a sward was the most decided. The arches of the woods, even at high noon, cast their sombre shadows on the spot, which the brilliant rays of the sun, that struggled through the leaves, contributed to mellow, and, if such an expression can be used, to illuminate. It was probably from a similar scene that the mind of man first got its idea of the effects of Gothic tracery and churchly hues; this temple of nature producing some such effect, so far as light and shadows were concerned, as the well-known offspring of human invention.

As was not unusual among the tribes and wandering bands of the aborigines, two chiefs shared, in nearly equal degrees, the principal and primitive authority that was wielded over these children of the forest. There were several who might claim the distinction of being chief men, but the two in question were so much superior to all the rest in influence, that, when they agreed, no one disputed their mandates; and when they were divided, the band hesitated like men who had lost their governing principle of action. It was also in conformity with practice—perhaps we might add in conformity with nature—that one of the chiefs was indebted to his mind for his influence, whereas the other owed his distinction altogether to qualities that were physical. One was a senior, well known for eloquence in debate, wisdom in council, and prudence in measures; while his great competitor, if not his rival, was a brave, distinguished in war, notorious for ferocity, and remarkable, in the way of intellect, for nothing but the cunning and expedients of the war-path. The first was Rivenoak, while the last was called le Panthere, in the language of the Canadas; or the Panther, to resort to the vernacular of the English colonies. The appellation of the fighting chief was supposed to indicate the qualities of the warrior, agreeably to a practice of the red-man's nomenclature; ferocity, cunning, and treachery being perhaps the distinctive features of his character.

Rivenoak and the Panther sat side by side, awaiting the approach of their prisoner, as Deerslayer put his moccasined foot on the strand; nor did either move, or utter a syllable, until the young man had advanced into the centre of the area, and proclaimed his presence with his voice. This was done firmly, though in the simple manner that marked the character of the individual.

"Here I am, Mingos," he said, in the dialect of the Delawares, a language that most present understood; "here I am; do with me what you please. My business with man and 'arth is settled; nothing remains now but to meet the white man's God, accordin' to a white man's duties and gifts."

A murmur of approbation escaped even the women at this address, and, for an instant, there was a strong and pretty general desire to adopt into the tribe one who owned so brave a spirit. Still there were dissenters from this wish, among the principal of whom might be classed the Panther, and his sister, le Sumach, so called from the number of her children, who was the widow of le Loup Cervier, now known to have fallen by the hand of the captive.

[After much deliberation, Deerslayer was

offered his life on condition that he should join the tribe and become the husband of le Sumach. Deerslayer firmly refused to accept these terms. The whole tribe was offended, but the Panther was furious at this insult to his sister, and hurled his tomahawk at the captive. The latter with singular skill caught the weapon and hurled it back at his assailant killing him on the spot.]

A common rush to his relief, left the captive, for a single instant, quite without the crowd; and, willing to make one desperate effort for life he bounded off, with the activity of a deer. There was but a breathless instant, when the whole band, old and young, women and children, abandoning the lifeless body of the Panther where it lay, raised the yell of alarm, and followed in pursuit.

Sudden as had been the event which induced Deerslayer to make this desperate trial of speed, his mind was not wholly unprepared for the fearful emergency. In the course of the past hour he had pondered well on the chances of such an experiment, and had shrewdly calculated all the details of success and failure. At the first leap, therefore, his body was completely under the direction of an intelligence that turned all its efforts to the best account, and prevented every thing like hesitation or indecision, at the important instant of the start. To this alone was he indebted for the first great advantage, that of getting through the line of sentinels unharmed. The manner in which this was done, though sufficiently simple, merits a description.

Although the shores of the point were not fringed with bushes, as was the case with most of the others on the lake, it was owing altogether to the circumstance that the spot had been so much used by hunters and fishermen. This fringe commenced on what might be termed the main land, and was as dense as usual, extending in long lines both north and south. In the latter direction, then, Deerslayer held his way; and as the sentinels were a little without the commencement of this thicket, before the alarm was clearly communicated to them, the fugitive had gained its cover. To run amongst the bushes, however, was out of the question, and Deerslayer held his way for some forty or fifty yards, in the water, which was barely knee-deep, offering as great an obstacle to the speed of his pursuers as it did to his own. As soon as a favourable spot presented, he darted through the line of bushes, and issued into the open woods.

Several rifles were discharged at Deerslayer while in the water, and more followed as he came out into the comparative exposure of the clear forest. But the direction of his line of flight, which partially crossed that of the fire, the haste with which the weapons had been aimed, and the general confusion that prevailed in the camp, prevented any harm from being done. Bullets whistled past him, and many cut twigs from the branches at his side, but not one touched even his dress. The delay caused by these fruitless attempts was of great service to the fugitive, who had gained more than a hundred yards on even the leading men of the Hurons, ere something like concert and order had entered into the chase. To think of following with rifle in hand was out of the question; and after emptying their pieces in vague hopes of wounding their captive, the best runners of the Indians threw them aside, calling out to the women and boys to recover and load them again as soon as possible.

Deerslayer knew too well the desperate nature of the struggle in which he was engaged, to lose one of the precious moments. He also knew that his only hope was to run in a straight line, for as soon as he began to turn, or double, the greater number of his pursuers would put escape out of the question. He held his way, therefore, in a diagonal direction up the acclivity, which was neither very high nor very steep in this part of the mountain, but which was sufficiently toilsome for one contending for life to render it painfully oppressive. There, however he slackened his speed, to recover breath, proceeding even at a quick walk, or a slow trot, along the more difficult parts of the way. The Hurons were whooping and leaping behind him; but this he disregarded, well knowing they must overcome the difficulties he had surmounted, ere they could reach the elevation to which he had attained. The summit of the first hill was now quite near him, and he saw, by the formation of the land, that a deep glen intervened, before the base of a second hill could be reached. Walking deliberately to the summit, he glanced eagerly about him, in every direction, in quest of a cover. None offered in the ground; but a fallen tree lay near him, and desperate circumstances require desperate remedies. This tree lay in a line parallel to the glen, at the brow of the hill; to leap on it, and then to force his person as close as possible under its lower side, took but a moment. Previously to disappearing from his pursuers, however Deerslayer stood on the height, and gave a cry of triumph, as if exulting at the sight of the descent that lay before him. In the next instant he was stretched beneath the tree.

No sooner was this expedient adopted, than the young man ascertained how desperate had been his own efforts, by the violence of the pulsations in his frame. The footsteps of those who toiled up the opposite side of the acclivity were now audible, and presently voices and treads announced the arrival of the pursuers. The foremost shouted as they reached the height; then, fearful that their enemy would escape under favour of the descent, each leaped upon the fallen tree, and plunged into the ravine, trusting to get a sight of the pursued ere he reached the bottom. In this manner Huron followed Huron, until Natty began to hope the whole had passed. Others succeeded, however, until quite forty had leaped over the tree; and then he counted them, as the surest mode of ascertaining how many could be behind. Presently all were in the bottom of the glen, quite a hundred feet below him, and some had even ascended part of the opposite hill, when it became evident an inquiry was making as to the direction he had taken. This was the critical moment; and one of nerves less steady, or of a training that had been neglected, would have seized it to rise and flee. Not so with Deerslayer. He still lay quiet, watching with jealous vigilance every movement below, and fast regaining his breath.

The Hurons now resembled a pack of hounds at fault. Little was said, but each man ran about, examining the dead leaves as the hound hunts for the lost scent. The great number of moccasins that had passed made the examination difficult, though the intoe of an Indian was easily to be distinguished from the freer and wider step of a white man. Believing that no more pursuers remained behind, and hoping to steal away unseen, Deerslayer suddenly threw himself over the tree, and fell on the upper side. This achievement appeared to be effected successfully, and hope beat high in the bosom of the fugitive. Rising to his hands and feet, after a moment lost in listening to the sounds in the glen in order to ascertain if he had been seen, the young man next scrambled to the top of the hill, a distance of only ten yards, in the expectation of getting its brow between him and his pursuers, and himself so far under cover. Even this was effected, and he rose to his feet, walking swiftly but steadily along the summit, in a direction opposite to that in which he had first fled. The nature of the calls in the glen, however, soon made him uneasy, and he sprang upon the summit again, in order to reconnoitre. No sooner did he reach the height than he was seen and the chase renewed. As it was better footing on the level ground, Deerslayer now avoided the sidehill, holding his flight along the ridge; while the Hurons, judging from the general formation of the land, saw that the ridge would soon melt into the hollow, and kept to the latter, as the easiest mode of heading the fugitive. A few, at the same time, turned south, with a view to prevent his escaping in that direction, while some crossed his trail toward the water, in order to prevent his retreat by the lake, running southerly.

The situation of Deerslayer was now more critical than it ever had been. He was virtually surrounded on three sides, having the lake on the fourth. But he had pondered well on all the chances, and took his measures with coolness, even while at the top of his speed. As is generally the case with the vigorous border-men, he could outrun any single Indian among his pursuers, who were principally formidable to him on account of their numbers, and the advantages they possessed in position; and he would not have hesitated to break off in a strait line at any spot, could he have got the whole band again fairly behind him. But no such chance did, or indeed could now offer; and when he found that he was descending toward the glen, by the melting away of the ridge, he turned short, at right angles to his previous course, and went down the declivity with tremendous velocity, holding his way toward the shore. Some of his pursuers came panting up the hill, in direct chase, while most still kept on in the ravine, intending to head him at its termination.

Deerslayer had now a different, though a desperate, project in view. Abandoning all thoughts of escape by the woods, he made the best of his way toward the canoe. He knew where it lay: could it be reached, he had only to run the gauntlet of a few rifles, and success would be certain. None of the warriors had kept their weapons, which would have retarded their speed, and the risk would come either from the uncertain hands of the women, or from those of some well-grown boy; though most of the latter were already out in hot pursuit. Everything seemed propitious to the execution of this plan, and the course being a continued descent, the young man went over the ground at a rate that promised a speedy termination to his toil.

As Deerslayer approached the point, several women and children were passed, but, though the former endeavoured to cast dried branches between his legs, the terror inspired by his bold retaliation on the redoubted Panther was

so great, that none dared come near enough seriously to molest him. He went by all triumphantly, and reached the fringe of bushes. Plunging through these, our hero found himself once more in the lake, and within fifty feet of the canoe. Here he ceased to run, for he well understood that his breath was now all-important to him. He even stooped, as he advanced, and cooled his parched mouth by scooping up water in his hand to drink. Still the moments pressed, and he soon stood at the side of the canoe. The first glance told him that the paddles had been removed! This was a sore disappointment, after all his efforts, and for a single moment he thought of turning, and of facing his foes by walking with dignity into the centre of the camp again. But an infernal yell, such as the American savage alone can raise, proclaimed the quick approach of the nearest of his pursuers, and the instinct of life triumphed. Preparing himself duly, and giving a right direction to its bows, he ran off into the water bearing the canoe before him, threw all his strength and skill into a last effort, and cast himself forward so as to fall into the bottom of the light craft without materially impeding its way. Here he remained on his back, both to regain his breath and to cover his person from the deadly rifle. The lightness which was such an advantage in paddling the canoe, now operated unfavourably. The material was so like a feather, that the boat had no momentum; else would the impulse in that smooth and placid sheet have impelled it to a distance from the shore that would have rendered paddling with the hands safe. Could such a point once be reached, Deerslayer thought he might get far enough out to attract the attention of Chingachgook and Judith, who would not fail to come to his relief with other canoes, a circumstance that promised everything. As the young man lay in the bottom of the canoe, he watched its movements by studying the tops of the trees on the mountain-side, and judged of his distance by the time and the motion. Voices on the shore were now numerous, and he heard something said about manning the raft, which, fortunately for the fugitive, lay at a considerable distance on the other side of the point.

Perhaps the situation of Deerslayer had not been more critical that day than it was at this moment. It certainly had not been one-half as tantalizing. He lay perfectly quiet for two or three minutes, trusting to the single sense of hearing, confident that the noise in the lake would reach his ears did any one venture to approach by swimming. Once or twice he fancied that the element was stirred by the cautious movement of an arm, and then he perceived it was the wash of the water on the pebbles of the strand; for, in mimicry of the ocean, it is seldom that those little lakes are so totally tranquil as not to possess a slight heaving and setting on their shores. Suddenly all the voices ceased, and a death-like stillness pervaded the spot; a quietness as profound as if all lay in the repose of inanimate life. By this time the canoe had drifted so far as to render nothing visible to Deerslayer, as he lay on his back, except the blue void of space, and a few of those brighter rays that proceed from the effulgence of the sun, marking his proximity. It was not possible to endure this uncertainty long. The young man well knew that the profound stillness foreboded evil, the savages never being so silent as when about to strike a blow—resembling the stealthy foot of the panther ere he takes his leap. He took out a knife, and was about to cut a hole through the bark, in order to get a view of the shore, when he paused from a dread of being seen in the operation, which would direct the enemy where to aim their bullets. At this instant a rifle *was* fired, and the ball pierced both sides of the canoe within eighteen inches of the spot where his head lay. This was close work, but our hero had too lately gone through that which was closer to be appalled. He lay still half a minute longer, and then he saw the summit of an oak coming slowly within his narrow horizon.

Unable to account for this change, Deerslayer could restrain his impatience no longer. Hitching his body along with the utmost caution, he got his eye at the bullet-hole, and fortunately commanded a very tolerable view of the point. The canoe, by one of those imperceptible impulses that so often decide the fate of men as well as the course of things, had inclined southerly, and was slowly drifting down the lake. It was lucky that Deerslayer had given it a shove sufficiently vigorous to send it past the end of the point ere it took this inclination, or it must have gone ashore again. As it was, it drifted so near it as to bring the tops of two or three trees within the range of the young man's view, as has been mentioned, and indeed to come in quite as close proximity with the extremity of the point as was at all safe. The distance could not much have exceeded a hundred feet, though fortunately a light current of air from the south-west began to set it slowly off shore.

Deerslayer now felt the urgent necessity of resorting to some expedient to get farther from

his foes, and, if possible, to apprise his friends of his situation. The distance rendered the last difficult, while the proximity to the point rendered the first indispensable. As was usual in such craft, a large, round, smooth stone was in each end of the canoe, for the double purposes of seats and ballast; one of these was within reach of his feet. This stone he contrived to get so far between his legs as to reach it with his hands, and then he managed to roll it to the side of its fellow in the bows, where the two served to keep the trim of the light boat, while he worked his own body as far aft as possible. Before quitting the shore, and as soon as he perceived that the paddles were gone, Deerslayer had thrown a bit of dead branch into the canoe, and this was within reach of his arm. Removing the cap he wore, he put it on the end of this stick, and just let it appear over the edge of the canoe, as far as possible from his own person. This *ruse* was scarcely adopted before the young man had a proof how much he had underrated the intelligence of his enemies. In contempt of an artifice so shallow and common-place, a bullet was fired directly through another part of the canoe, which actually grazed his skin. He dropped the cap, and instantly raised it immediately over his head, as a safeguard. It would seem that this second artifice was unseen, or what was more probable, the Hurons, feeling certain of recovering their captive, wished to take him alive.

Deerslayer lay passive a few minutes longer, his eye at the bullet-hole, however, and much did he rejoice at seeing that he was drifting gradually farther and farther from the shore. When he looked upward, the tree-tops had disappeared, but he soon found that the canoe was slowly turning, so as to prevent his geting a view of anything at his peephole but of the two extremities of the lake. He now bethought him of the stick, which was crooked, and offered some facilities for rowing, without the necessity of rising. The experiment succeeded, on trial, better even than he had hoped, though his great embarrassment was to keep the canoe straight. That his present manœuvre was seen soon became apparent by the clamour on the shore, and a bullet entering the stern of the canoe, traversed its length, whistling between the arms of our hero, and passed out at the head. This satisfied the fugitive that he was getting away with tolerable speed, and induced him to increase his efforts. He was making a stronger push than common, when another messenger from the point broke the stick out-board, and at once deprived him of his oar. As the sound of voices seemed to grow more and more distant, however, Deerslayer determined to leave all to the drift until he believed himself beyond the reach of bullets. This was nervous work, but it was the wisest of all the expedients that offered; and the young man was encouraged to persevere in it by the circumstance that he felt his face fanned by the air, a proof that there was a little more wind.

By this time Deerslayer had been twenty minutes in the canoe, and he began to grow a little impatient for some signs of relief from his friends. The position of the boat still prevented his seeing in any direction, unless it were up or down the lake; and though he knew that his line of sight must pass within a hundred yards of the castle, it in fact passed that distance to the westward of the buildings. The profound stillness troubled him also, for he knew not whether to ascribe it to the increasing space between him and the Indians, or to some new artifice. At length, wearied with fruitless watchfulness, the young man turned himself on his back, closed his eyes, and awaited the result in determined acquiescence. If the savages could so completely control their thirst for revenge, he was resolved to be as calm as themselves, and to trust his fate to the interposition of the currents and air.

Some additional ten minutes may have passed in this quiescent manner on both sides, when Deerslayer thought he heard a slight noise, like a low rubbing against the bottom of his canoe. He opened his eyes of course in expectation of seeing the face or arm of an Indian rising from the water, and found that a canopy of leaves was impending directly over his head. Starting to his feet the first object that met his eye was Rivenoak, who had so far aided the slow progress of the boat as to draw it on the point, the grating on the strand being the sound that had first given our hero the alarm. The change in the drift of the canoe had been altogether owing to the baffling nature of the light currents of air, aided by some eddies in the water.

"Come," said the Huron, with a quiet gesture of authority to order his prisoner to land; "my young friend has sailed about till he is tired; he will forget how to run again, unless he uses his legs."

"You've the best of it, Huron," returned Deerslayer, stepping steadily from the canoe, and passively following his leader to the open area of the point; "Providence has helped you in an onexpected manner. I'm your prisoner ag'in."

"My young friend is a moose!" exclaimed the Huron. "His legs are very long; they have given my young men trouble. But he is not a fish; he cannot find his way in the lake. We did not shoot him; fish are taken in nets, and not killed by bullets. When he turns moose again, he will be treated like a moose."

"Ay, have your talk, Rivenoak; make the most of your advantage. 'Tis your right, I suppose, and I know it is your gift. On that p'int there'll be no words atween us; for all men must and ought to follow their gifts." . . .

"My hour is come, I do suppose;" continued Deerslayer, "and what must be, must. If you are bent on the tortur', I'll do my indivors to bear up ag'in it, though no man can say how far his natur will stand pain until he's been tried."

Rivenoak now directed the proper persons to bind the captive. This expedient was adopted, not from any apprehensions that he would escape, or from any necessity, that was yet apparent, of his being unable to endure the torture with his limbs free, but from an ingenious design of making him feel his helplessness, and of gradually sapping his resolution by undermining it, as it might be, little by little. Deerslayer offered no resistance. He submitted his arms and his legs, freely if not cheerfully, to the ligaments of bark. As soon as the body of Deerslayer was withed in bark sufficiently to create a lively sense of helplessness, he was literally carried to a young tree, and bound against it, in a way that effectually prevented him from moving, as well as from falling. The hands were laid flat against the legs, and thongs were passed over all, in a way nearly to incorporate the prisoner with the tree. His cap was then removed, and he was left half-standing, half-sustained by his bonds, to face the coming scene in the best manner he could.

The refusal of Deerslayer to accept Sumach as a wife, was deemed an insult to the whole tribe. It became a point of honour to punish the pale-face who disdained a Huron woman, and more particularly one who coolly preferred death to relieving the tribe from the support of a widow and her children. The young men showed an impatience to begin to torture that Rivenoak understood, and, as his elder associates manifested no disposition to permit any longer delay, he was compelled to give the signal for the infernal work to proceed.

It was one of the common expedients of the savages, in their tortures, to put the nerves of their victims to the severest proofs. On the other hand, it was a matter of Indian pride to betray no yielding to terror or pain; but for the prisoner to provoke his enemies to such acts of violence as would soonest produce death. Many a warrior had been known to bring his own sufferings to a more speedy termination by taunting reproaches and reviling language, when he found that his physical system was giving way under his agony of sufferings. This happy expedient, of taking refuge from the ferocity of his foes in their passions, was denied Deerslayer, however, by his peculiar notions of the duty of a white man; and he had stoutly made up his mind to endure everything in preference to disgracing his colour.

No sooner did the young men understand that they were at liberty to commence, than some of the boldest and most forward among them sprang into the arena, tomahawk in hand. Here they prepared to throw that dangerous weapon, the object being to strike the tree, as near as possible to the victim's head, without absolutely hitting him. This was so hazardous an experiment, that none but those who were known to be exceedingly expert with the weapon were allowed to enter the lists at all, lest an early death might interfere with the expected entertainment. In the truest hands, it was seldom that the captive escaped injury in these trials; and it often happened that death followed, even when the blow was not premeditated.

The first youth who presented himself for the trial was called the Raven, having as yet had no opportunity of obtaining a more warlike *sobriquet*. He was remarkable for high pretension, rather than for skill or exploits; and those who knew his character thought the captive in imminent danger, when he took his stand and poised the tomahawk. Nevertheless, the young man was good-natured, and no thought was uppermost in his mind, other than the desire to make a better cast than any of his fellows. After a suitable number of flourishes and gesticulations, that promised much more than he could perform, the Raven let the tomahawk quit his hand. The weapon whirled through the air with the usual evolutions, cut a chip from the sapling to which the prisoner was bound, within a few inches of his cheek, and stuck in a large oak that grew several yards behind him. This was decidedly a bad effort, and a common sneer proclaimed as much, to the great mortification of the young man. On the other hand, there was a general but suppressed murmur of admiration at the steadiness with which the captive stood the trial. The head was the only part he could

move, and this had been purposely left free, that the tormentors might have the amusement, and the tormented endure the shame, of dodging and otherwise attempting to avoid the blows. Deerslayer disappointed these hopes, by a command of nerve that rendered his whole body as immovable as the tree to which it was bound. Nor did he even adopt the natural and usual expedient of shutting his eyes; the firmest and oldest warrior of the red-man never having more disdainfully denied himself this advantage, under similar circumstances.

The Raven had no sooner made his unsuccessful and puerile effort, than he was succeeded by le Daim-Mose, or the Moose, a middle-aged warrior, who was particularly skilful in the use of the tomahawk, and from whose attempt the spectators confidently looked for gratification. This man had none of the good-nature of the Raven, but he would gladly have sacrificed the captive to his hatred of the pale-faces generally, were it not for the greater interest he felt in his own success as one particularly skilful in the use of this weapon. He took his stand quietly, but with an air of confidence, poised his little axe but a single instant, advanced a foot with a quick motion, and threw. Deerslayer saw the keen instrument whirling towards him, and believed all was over; still he was not touched. The tomahawk had actually bound the head of the captive to the tree, by carrying before it some of his hair; having buried itself deep beneath the soft bark. A general yell expressed the delight of the spectators, and the Moose felt his heart soften a little towards the prisoner, whose steadiness of nerve alone enabled him to give this evidence of his consummate skill.

Le Daim-Mose was succeeded by the Bounding Boy, or *le Garçon qui Bondit*, who came leaping into the circle like a hound, or a goat at play. This was one of those elastic youths whose muscles seemed always in motion, and who either affected, or who from habit was actually unable to move in any other manner than by showing the antics just mentioned. Nevertheless, he was both brave and skilful, and had gained the respect of his people by deeds in war as well as success in the hunt. The Bounding Boy skipped about in front of the captive, menacing him with his tomahawk, now on one side, and now on another, and then again in front, in the vain hope of being able to extort some sign of fear by this parade of danger. At length Deerslayer's patience became exhausted by all this mummery, and he spoke for the first time since the trial had actually commenced.

"Throw away, Huron!" he cried, "or your tomahawk will forget its ar'n'd. Why do you keep loping about like a fa'a'n that's showing its dam how well it can skip, when you're a warrior grown yourself, and a warrior grown defies you and all your silly antics? Throw, or the Huron gals will laugh in your face."

Although not intended to produce such an effect, the last words aroused the "Bounding" warrior to fury. The same nervous excitability which rendered him so active in his person, made it difficult to repress his feelings, and the words were scarcely past the lips of the speaker, than the tomahawk left the hand of the Indian. Nor was it cast without goodwill, and a fierce determination to slay. Had the intention been less deadly, the danger might have been greater. The aim was uncertain, and the weapon glanced near the cheek of the captive, slightly cutting the shoulder in its evolutions. This was the first instance in which any other object than that of terrifying the prisoner and of displaying skill had been manifested; and the Bounding Boy was immediately led from the arena, and was warmly rebuked for his intemperate haste, which had come so near defeating all the hopes of the band.

To this irritable person succeeded several other young warriors, who not only hurled the tomahawk, but who cast the knife, a far more dangerous experiment, with reckless indifference; yet they always manifested a skill that prevented any injury to the captive. Several times Deerslayer was grazed, but in no instance did he receive what might be termed a wound. The unflinching firmness with which he faced his assailants, more especially in the sort of rally with which this trial terminated, excited a profound respect in the spectators; and when the chiefs announced that the prisoner had well withstood the trials of the knife and the tomahawk, there was not a single individual in the band who really felt any hostility toward him, with the exception of Sumach and the Bounding Boy.

Rivenoak now told his people that the pale-face had proved himself to be a man. He might live with the Delawares, but he had not been made woman with that tribe. He wished to know whether it was the desire of the Hurons to proceed any further. Even the gentlest of the females, however, had received too much satisfaction in the late trials to forego their expectations of a gratifying exhibition; and there was but one voice in the request to proceed. The politic chief, who had some such desire to receive so celebrated a hunter

into his tribe, as a European minister has to devise a new and available means of taxation, sought every plausible means of arresting the trial in season; for he well knew, if permitted to go far enough to arouse the more ferocious passions of the tormentors, it would be as easy to dam the waters of the great lakes of his own region, as to attempt to arrest them in their bloody career. He therefore called four or five of the best marksmen to him, and bid them put the captive to the proof of the rifle, while, at the same time, he cautioned them touching the necessity of their maintaining their own credit, by the closest attention to the manner of exhibiting their skill.

When Deerslayer saw the chosen warriors step into the circle, with their arms prepared for service, he felt some such relief as the miserable sufferer who has long endured the agonies of disease feels at the certain approach of death. Any trifling variance in the aim of this formidable weapon would prove fatal; since, the head being the target, or rather the point it was desired to graze without injury, an inch or two of difference in the line of projection must at once determine the question of life or death.

The distance was short, and, in one sense, safe. But in diminishing the distance taken by the tormentors, the trial to the nerves of the captive was essentially increased. The face of Deerslayer, indeed, was just removed sufficiently from the ends of the guns to escape the effects of the flash, and his steady eye was enabled to look directly into their muzzles, as it might be, in anticipation of the fatal messenger that was to issue from each. The cunning Hurons well knew this fact; and scarce one levelled his piece without first causing it to point as near as possible at the forehead of the prisoner, in the hope that his fortitude would fail him, and that the band would enjoy the triumph of seeing a victim quail under their ingenious cruelty. Nevertheless, each of the competitors was still careful not to injure; the disgrace of striking prematurely being second only to that of failing altogether in attaining the object. Shot after shot was made; all the bullets coming in close proximity to the Deerslayer's head, without touching it. Still no one could detect even the twitching of a muscle on the part of the captive, or the slightest winking of an eye. This indomitable resolution, which so much exceeded everything of its kind that any present had before witnessed, might be referred to three distinct causes. The first was resignation to his fate, blended with natural steadiness of deportment, for our hero had calmly made up his mind that he must die; the second was his great familiarity with this particular weapon, which deprived it of all the terror that is usually connected with the mere form of the danger; and the third was this familiarity carried out in practice, to a degree so nice as to enable the intended victim to tell, within an inch, the precise spot where each bullet must strike, for he calculated its range by looking in at the bore of the piece. So exact was Deerslayer's estimation of the line of fire that his pride of feeling finally got the better of his resignation, and when five or six had discharged their bullets into the tree, he could not refrain from expressing his contempt at their want of hand and eye.

"You may call this shooting, Mingos," he exclaimed, "but we've squaws among the Delawares, and I've known Dutch gals on the Mohawk, that could outdo your greatest indivors. Ondo these arms of mine, put a rifle into my hands, and I'll pin the thinnest warlock in your party to any tree you can show me—and this at a hundred yards; ay, or at two hundred, if the object can be seen, nineteen shots in twenty; or for that matter, twenty in twenty, if the piece is creditable and trusty!"

A low menacing murmur followed this cool taunt; the ire of the warriors kindled at listening to such a reproach from one who so far disdained their efforts as to refuse even to wink when a rifle was discharged as near his face as could be done without burning it. The desire to break down his spirit grew in them precisely as they saw proofs of the difficulty there would be in subduing it. The honour of the band was now involved in the issue; and even the sex lost all its sympathy with suffering, in the desire to save the reputation of the tribe. The voices of the girls, soft and melodious as nature had made them, were heard mingling with the menaces of the men; and the wrongs of Sumach suddenly assumed the character of injuries inflicted on every Huron female. Yielding to this rising tumult, the men drew back a little, signifying to the females that they left the captive for a time in their hands; it being a common practice, on such occasions, for the women to endeavour to throw the victim into a rage by their taunts and revilings, and then to turn him suddenly over to the men in a state of mind that was little favourable to resisting the agony of bodily suffering. Nor was this party without the proper instruments for effecting such a purpose. It is unnecessary to repeat all that ferocity and ignorance could invent for such a purpose; the only difference

between this outbreaking of feminine anger and a similar scene among ourselves, consisting in the figures of speech and the epithets; the Huron woman calling their prisoner by the names of the lower and least respected animals that were known to themselves.

But Deerslayer's mind was too much occupied to permit him to be disturbed by the abuse of excited hags; and their rage necessarily increasing with his indifference, as his indifference increased with their rage, the furies soon rendered themselves impotent by their own excesses. Perceiving that the attempt was a complete failure, the warriors interfered to put a stop to this scene; and this so much the more because preparations were now seriously making for the commencement of the real tortures, or that which would put the fortitude of the sufferer to the test of severe bodily pain.

Rivenoak now abandoned all hope, and even the wish of saving him, and no longer was disposed to retard the progress of the torture. Fragments of dried wood were rapidly collected around the tree, and the splinters which it was intended to thrust into the flesh of the victim previously to lighting, were also gathered. All this, so eagerly did every one act, was done in profound silence, while Deerslayer stood watching the proceedings as seemingly unmoved as one of the pines of the hills. The fire was immediately applied to the pile, and the end of all was anxiously expected.

It was not the intention of the Hurons absolutely to destroy the life of their victim by means of fire. They designed merely to put his physical fortitude to the severest proofs it could endure, short of that extremity. In the end, they fully intended to carry his scalp with them into their village, but it was their wish first to break down his resolution, and reduce him to the level of a complaining sufferer. With this view, the pile of brush and branches had been placed at a proper distance, or one at which it was thought the heat would soon become intolerable, though it might not be immediately dangerous. As often happened, however, on these occasions, this distance had been miscalculated, and the flames began to wave their forked tongues in a proximity to the face of the victim that would have proved fatal in another instant had not an Indian female pushed through the circle, advanced to the heap, and with her foot dashed aside the lighted twigs. A yell followed this disappointment; but when the offender turned toward the circle, and presented the countenance of Hist, it was succeeded by a common exclamation of pleasure and surprise. For a minute all thought of pursuing the business in hand was forgotten, and young and old crowded around the girl in haste to demand an explanation of her sudden and unlooked for return. But their conference was cut short by another and a still more extraordinary interruption. A young Indian came bounding through the Huron ranks, leaping into the very centre of the circle in a way to denote the utmost confidence, or a temerity bordering on foolhardiness. Five or six sentinels were still watching the lake, at different and distant points; and it was the first impression of Rivenoak, that one of these had come in with tidings of import. Still, the movements of the stranger were so rapid, and his war-dress, which scarcely left him more drapery than an antique statue, had so little distinguishing about it, that, at the first moment, it was impossible to ascertain whether he were friend or foe. Three leaps carried this warrior to the side of Deerslayer, whose withes were cut in the twinkling of an eye, with a quickness and precision that left the prisoner perfect master of his limbs. Not till this was effected did the stranger bestow a glance on any other object; then he turned, and showed the astonished Hurons the noble brow, fine person, and eagle eye of a young warrior, in the paint and panoply of a Delaware. He held a rifle in each hand, the butts of both resting on the earth, while from one dangled its proper pouch and horn. This was Killdeer, which even as he looked boldly and in defiance on the crowd around him, he suffered to fall back in the hands of its proper owner. The presence of two armed men, though it was in their midst, startled the Hurons. Their rifles were scattered about against the different trees, and their only weapons were their knives and tomahawks. Still, they had too much self-possession to betray fear. It was little likely that so small a force would assail so strong a band; and each man expected some extraordinary proposition to succeed so decisive a step. The stranger did not seem disposed to disappoint them; he prepared to speak:

"Hurons," he said, "this earth is very big. The great lakes are big too; there is room beyond them for the Iroquois; there is room for the Delawares on this side. I am Chingachgook, the son of Uncas, the kinsman of Tamenund. This is my betrothed; that pale-face is my friend. My heart was heavy when I missed him; I followed him to your camp, to see that no harm happened to him. All the Delaware girls are waiting for Wah; they

wonder that she stays away so long. Come, let us say farewell, and go on our path."

"Hurons, this is your mortal enemy, the Great Serpent of them you hate," cried Briarthorn. "If he escape, blood will be in your moccasin prints, from this spot to the Canadas. *I* am *all* Huron!"

As the last words were uttered, he cast his knife at the naked breast of the Delaware. A quick movement of the arm on the part of Hist, who stood near, turned aside the blow, the dangerous weapon burying its point in a pine. At the next instant a similar weapon glanced from the hand of the Serpent, and quivered in the Huron's heart. A minute had scarcely elapsed from the moment in which Chingachgook bounded into the circle, and that in which Briarthorn fell, like a log, dead in his tracks. The rapidity of events had prevented the Hurons from acting; but this catastrophe permitted no farther delay. A common exclamation followed, and the whole party was in motion. At this instant a sound unusual to the woods was heard, and every Huron, male and female, paused to listen, with ears erect and faces filled with expectation. The sound was regular and heavy, as if the earth was struck with beetles. Objects became visible among the trees of the back-ground, and a body of troops was seen advancing with measured tread. They came upon the charge, the scarlet of the king's livery shining among the bright green foliage of the forest.

The scene that followed is not easily described. It was one in which wild confusion, despair, and frenzied efforts were so blended as to destroy the unity and distinctness of the action. A general yell burst from the inclosed Hurons; it was succeeded by the hearty cheers of England. Still not a musket or rifle was fired, though that steady, measured tramp continued, and the bayonet was seen gleaming in advance of a line that counted nearly sixty men. The Hurons were taken at a fearful disadvantage. On three sides was the water, while their formidable and trained foes cut them off from flight on the fourth. Each warrior rushed for his arms, and then all on the point, man, woman, and child, eagerly sought the covers. In this scene of confusion and dismay, however, nothing could surpass the discretion and coolness of Deerslayer. He threw himself on a flank of the retiring Hurons, who were inclining off toward the southern margin of the point, in the hope of escaping through the water. Deerslayer watched his opportunity, and finding two of his recent tormentors in a range, his rifle first broke the silence of the terrific scene. The bullet brought both down at one discharge. This drew a general fire from the Hurons, and the rifle and war-cry of the Serpent were heard in the clamour. Still the trained men returned no answering volley, nothing being heard on their side, if we except the short, prompt word of authority, and that heavy, measured, and menacing tread. Presently, however, the shrieks, groans, and denunciations that usually accompany the bayonet followed. That terrible and deadly weapon was glutted in vengeance. Much the greater portion of the warriors suffered on the spot. A few escaped, and others were taken prisoners, among whom was Rivenoak. This timely arrival of troops had been effected by Deerslayer's friends, who, during his captivity, had been actively occupied planning his rescue.

MY LADY.

[Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, born 1516, died 1547. Poet and soldier. He distinguished himself in the wars against France; but by the machinations of his enemies at home he was charged with high-treason, and executed on Tower Hill in his thirty-first year.]

Give place, ye lovers here before,
That spent your boasts and braggs in vain,
My lady's beauty passeth more
The best of yours I dare well sayne,
Than doth the sun the candle light,
Or brightest day the darkest night.
And thereto hath a troth as just,
As had Penelope the fair,
For what she sayeth ye may it trust
As it by writing sealed were.
And virtues hath she many mo'e
Than I with pen have skill to show.
I could rehearse, if that I would,
The whole effect of Nature's plaint
When she had lost the perfect mould
The like to whom she could not paint;
With wringing hands how she did cry,
And what she said, I know it, I,
I know she swore with raging mind,
Her kingdom only set apart,
There was no loss by law of kind,
That could have gone so near her heart;
And this was chiefly all her pain—
She could not make the like again.
Sith Nature thus gave her the praise
To be the chiefest work she wrought,
In faith, methinks, some better ways
On your behalf might well be sought,
Than to compare (as you have done)
To match the candle with the sun.

THE WEARYFUL WOMAN.

[John Galt, born at Irvine, Ayrshire, 2d May, 1779; died at Greenock, 11th April, 1839. A novelist, poet, and miscellaneous writer. In faithful delineation of Scottish character and scenery, his tales are admitted to be second only to those of Scott. His fame, however, was somewhat dimmed by the lustre of the great master's genius, which absorbed public attention most at the time when Galt's works appeared. *The Entail*, *The Ayrshire Legatees*, *Annals of the Parish*, *The Provost*, and *Sir Andrew Wylie* are a few of the titles of his best-known tales. He wrote about twenty-four novels. He was also the author of numerous books of travel and biography—so numerous that when writing a list of his works he omitted *The Battle of Largs*, a poem issued about 1804. He laughed at the omission, and used to say that he would be remembered as "the man who had written an epic and forgotten it." He was at intervals busily occupied with commercial affairs, and several of his projections realized fortunes for others, although he did not profit by them. He was sometime acting-manager for the Canada Company for selling the crown-lands of Upper Canada and establishing emigrants. Whilst he held this office he founded the town of Guelph, and another town near it bears his name. D. M. Moir, in his memoir of Galt, wrote: "His is among the bright names of his country, and will stand out to after-times as one of the landmarks of the age in which he lived."]

Mr. M'Waft, when in his good health, as all his acquaintance well know, has a wonderful facetious talent at a story; and he was so much lightened with my narrations, that, after taking two glasses of the red port, he began to tell an adventure he once met with in going to London on some matter of his muslin business, when one of the great cotton speculators, in the 1809, fell to the pigs and whistles.

It happened, said he, that there were in the smack many passengers, and among others a talkative gentlewoman of no great capacity, sadly troubled with a weakness of parts about her intellectuals. She was, indeed, a real weak woman; I think I never met with her like for weakness—just as weak as water. Oh, but she was a weak creature as ever the hand of the Lord put the breath of life in! and from morning to night, even between the bockings of the sea-sickness, she was aye speaking; nay, for that matter, it's a God's truth, that at the dead hour of midnight, when I happened to be wakened by a noise on the decks, I heard her speaking to herself for want of other companions; and yet for all that, she was vastly entertaining, and in her day had seen many a thing that was curious, so that it was no wonder she spoke a great deal, having seen so much; but she had no command of her judgment, so that her mind was always going round and round, and pointing to nothing, like a weathercock in a squally day.

"Mrs M'Adam," quoth I to her one day, "I am greatly surprised at your ability in the way of speaking." But I was well afflicted for the hypocritical compliment, for she then fastened upon me; and whether it was at mealtime or on the deck, she would come and sit beside me, and talk as if she was trying how many words her tongue could utter without a single grain of sense. I was for a time as civil to her as I could be; but the more civility I showed, the more she talked, and the weather being calm, the vessel made but little way. Such a prospect in a long voyage as I had before me!

Seeing that my civility had produced such a vexatious effect, I endeavoured to shun the woman, but she singled me out; and even when I pretended to be overwhelmed with the sickness, she would sit beside me, and never cease from talking. If I went below to my bed, she would come down and sit in the cabin, and tell a thousand stories about remedies for the sea-sickness; for her husband had been a doctor, and had a great repute for skill. "He was a worthy man," quoth she, "and had a world of practice, so that he was seldom at home, and I was obligated to sit by myself for hours in the day, without a living creature to speak to, and obliged to make the iron tongs my companions, by which silence and solitude I fell into low spirits. In the end, however, I broke out of them, and from that day to this I have enjoyed what the doctor called a cheerful fecundity of words; but when he, in the winter following, was laid up with the gout, he fashed at my spirits, and worked himself into such a state of irritation against my endeavours to entertain him, that the gout took his head, and he went out of the world like a pluff of powther, leaving me a very disconsolate widow; in which condition, it is not every woman who can demean herself with the discretion that I have done. Thanks be, and praise, however, I have not been tempted beyond my strength; for when Mr Pawkie, the Seceder minister, came, shortly after the interment, to catch me with the tear in my ee, I saw through his exhortations, and I told him upon the spot that he might refrain; for it was my intent to spend the remainder of my days in sorrow and lamentation for my dear deceased husband. Don't you think, sir, it was a very proper rebuke to the first putting forth of his cloven foot? But I had soon occasion to fear

that I might stand in need of a male protector; for what could I, a simple woman, do with the doctor's bottles and pots, pills, and other doses, to say nothing of his brazen pestle and mortar, which of itself was a thing of value, and might be coined, as I was told, into a firlot of farthings? not, however, that farthings are now much in circulation, the pennies and new bawbies have quite supplanted them, greatly, as I think, to the advantage of the poor folk, who now get the one or the other, where, in former days, they would have been thankful for a farthing; and yet, for all that, there is a visible increase in the number of beggars—a thing which I cannot understand—and far less thankfulness on their part than of old, when alms were given with a scantier hand; but this, no doubt, comes of the spreading wickedness of the times. Don't you think so, sir? It's a mystery that I cannot fathom; for there was never a more evident passion for church-building than at present; but I doubt there is great truth in the old saying, 'The nearer the kirk the farther from grace,' which was well exemplified in the case of Provost Pedigree of our town, a decent man in his externals, and he keepit a hardware shop; he was indeed a merchant of 'a' things,' from a needle and a thimble down to a rake and a spade. Poor man! he ran at last a ram-race, and was taken before the session; but I had always a jealousy of him, for he used to say very comical things to me in the doctor's lifetime, not that I gave him any encouragement farther than in the way of an innocent joke, for he was a jocose and jocular man; but he never got the better of that exploit with the session, and, dwining away, died the year following of a decay, a disease for which my dear deceased husband used to say no satisfactory remedy exists in nature, except gentle laxatives, before it has taken root. But although I have been the wife of a doctor, and spent the best part of my life in the smell of drugs, I cannot say that I approve of them, except in a case of necessity, where, to be sure, they must be taken, if we intend the doctor's skill to take effect upon us; but many a word he and my dear deceased husband had about my taking of his pills, after my long affliction with the hypochondriacal affection, for I could never swallow them, but always gave them a check between the teeth, and their taste was so odious that I could not help spitting them out. It is indeed a great pity that the Faculty cannot make their nostrums more palatable; and I used to tell the doctor, when he was making up doses for his patients, that I wondered how he could expect sick folk, unable to swallow savoury food, would ever take his nauseous medicines, which he never could abide to hear, for he had great confidence in many of his prescriptions, especially a bolus of flower of brimstone and treacle for the cold, one of the few of his compounds I could ever take with any pleasure."

In this way, said Mr. M'Waft, did that endless woman rain her words into my ear, till I began to fear that something like a gout would also take my head. At last I fell on a device, and, lying in bed, began to snore with great vehemence, as if I had been sound asleep, by which, for a time, I got rid of her; but being afraid to go on deck lest she should attack me again, I continued in bed, and soon after fell asleep in earnest. How long I had slept I know not, but when I awoke, there she was chattering to the steward, whom she instantly left the moment she saw my eye open, and was at me again. Never was there such a plague invented as that woman; she absolutely worked me into a state of despair, and I fled from her presence as from a serpent; but she would pursue me up and down, back and fore, till everybody aboard was like to die with laughing at us, and all the time she was as serious and polite as any gentlewoman could well be.

When we got to London, I was terrified she would fasten herself on me there, and therefore, the moment we reached the wharf, I leaped on shore, and ran as fast as I could for shelter to a public-house, till the steward had despatched her in a hackney. Then I breathed at liberty—never was I so sensible of the blessing before, and I made all my acquaintance laugh very heartily at the story. But my trouble was not ended. Two nights after, I went to see a tragedy, and was seated in an excellent place, when I heard her tongue going among a number of ladies and gentlemen that were coming in. I was seized with a horror, and would have fled, but a friend that was with me held me fast; in that same moment she recognized me, and before I could draw my breath, she was at my side, and her tongue rattling in my lug. This was more than I could withstand, so I got up and left the playhouse. Shortly after I was invited to dinner, and, among other guests, in came that afflicting woman, for she was a friend of the family. O Lord! such an afternoon I suffered—but the worst was yet to happen.

I went to St. James's to see the drawing-room on the birth-day, and among the crowd I fell in with her again, when, to make the matter

complete, I found she had been separated from her friends. I am sure they had left her to shift for herself. She took hold of my arm as an old acquaintance, and humanity would not allow me to cast her off: but although I stayed till the end of the ceremonies, I saw nothing; I only heard the continual murmur of her words like the sound of a running river.

When I got home to my lodging, I was just like a demented man; my head was bizzing like a bees' skep, and I could hear of nothing but the birr of that wearyful woman's tongue. It was terrible; and I took so ill that night, and felt such a loss o' appetite and lack of spirit the next day, that I was advised by a friend to take advice; and accordingly, in the London fashion, I went to a doctor's door to do so; but just as I put up my hand to the knocker, there within was the wearyful woman in the passage, talking away to the servant-man. The moment I saw her I was seized with a terror, and ran off like one that has been bitten by a wud dog at the sight and sound of running water. It is, indeed, not to be described what I suffered from that woman; and I met her so often, that I began to think she had been ordained to torment me; and the dread of her in consequence so worked upon me, that I grew frightened to leave my lodgings, and I walked the streets only from necessity, and then I was as a man hunted by an evil spirit.

But the worst of all was to come. I went out to dine with a friend that lives at a town they call Richmond, some six or eight miles from London, and there being a pleasant company, and me no in any terror of the wearyful woman, I sat wi' them as easy as you please, till the stage-coach was ready to take me back to London. When the stage-coach came to the door, it was empty, and I got in; it was a wet night, and the wind blew strong, but, tozy wi' what I had gotten, I laid mysel' up in a corner, and soon fell fast asleep. I know not how long I had slumbered, but I was awakened by the coach stopping, and presently I heard the din of a tongue coming towards the coach. It was the wearyful woman; and before I had time to come to mysel', the door was opened, and she was in, chatting away at my side, the coach driving off.

As it was dark, I resolved to say nothing, but to sleep on, and never heed her. But we hadna travelled half a mile, when a gentleman's carriage going by with lamps, one of them gleamed on my face, and the wearyful woman, with a great shout of gladness, discovered her victim.

For a time, I verily thought that my soul would have leapt out at the crown of my head like a vapour; and when we got to a turn of the road where was a public-house, I cried to the coachman for Heaven's sake to let me out, and out I jumped. But O waes me! That deevil thought I was taken ill, and as I was a stranger, the moment I was out and in the house, out came she likewise, and came talking into the kitchen, into which I had ran, perspiring with vexation.

At the sight, I ran back to the door, determined to prefer the wet and wind on the outside of the coach to the clatter within. But the coach was off, and far beyond call. I could have had the heart, I verily believe, to have quenched the breath of life in that wearyful woman; for when she found the coach was off without us, her alarm was a perfect frenzy, and she fastened on me worse than ever—I thought my heart would have broken.

By-and-by came another coach, and we got into it. Fortunately two young London lads, clerks or siclike, were within. They endured her tongue for a time, but at last they whispered each other, and one of them giving me a nodge or sign, taught me to expect they would try to silence her. Accordingly the other broke suddenly out into an immoderate daft-like laugh that was really awful. The mistress paused for a minute, wondering what it could be at; anon, however, her tongue got under way, and off she went; presently again the younker gave another gaffaw, still more dreadful than the first. His companion, seeing the effect it produced on madam, said, "Don't be apprehensive, he has only been for some time in a sort of deranged state; he is quite harmless, I can assure you." This had the desired effect, and from that moment till I got her safe off in a hackney-coach from where the stage stoppit, there was nae word out of her head; she was as quiet as pussy, and cowered in to me in terrification o' the madman breaking out. I thought it a soople trick o' the Londoners. In short, said Mr. M'Waft, though my adventures with the wearyful woman is a story now to laugh at, it was in its time nothing short of a calamity.—*The Steamboat.*

EPIGRAM.

Because I'm silent, for a fool
Beau Clincher doth me take:
I know he's one by surer rule,
For—I heard Clincher speak!

DR. WALSH.

THE SINGING LEAVES.

A BALLAD.

[James Russell Lowell, born at Cambridge, Massachusetts, 22d February, 1819. Poet and essayist. He was admitted to the bar, but renounced law for letters. He was, at different periods, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly Magazine* and of the *North American Review*. In 1855 he succeeded the poet Longfellow as professor of belles-lettres in Harvard College. His most important works are: *A Year's Life; A Legend of Brittany; Prometheus; The Vision of Sir Launfal; A Fable for Critics*—a humorous review in verse of the most prominent American writers; *The Biglow Papers*, a series of political satires; *Fireside Travels; Among my Books; My Study Windows;*[1] and *Under the Willows*. H. T. Tuckerman, one of the best of American critics, says of Professor Lowell: "He has written clever satires, good sonnets, and some long poems with fine descriptive passages. He reminds us often of Tennyson in the sentiment and construction of his verse. Imagination and philanthropy are the dominant elements in his writings. He died in 1891.]

I.

"What fairings will ye that I bring?"
Said the king to his daughters three;
"For I to Vanity Fair am boun,
Now say what shall they be?'

Then up and spake the eldest daughter,
That lady tall and grand:
"O bring me pearls and diamonds great,
And gold rings for my hand."

Thereafter spake the second daughter,
That was both white and red:
"For me bring silks that will stand alone,
And a gold comb for my head."

Then came the turn of the least daughter,
That was whiter than thistle-down,
And among the gold of her blithesome hair
Dim shone the golden crown.

"There came a bird this morning
And sang 'neath my bower-eaves,
Till I dreamed, as his music made me,
'Ask thou for the singing leaves.'"

Then the brow of the King swelled crimson
With a flush of angry scorn:
"Well have ye spoken, my two eldest,
And chosen as ye were born;

"But she like a thing of peasant race,
That is happy binding the sheaves;"
Then he saw her dead mother in her face,
And said, "Thou shalt have thy leaves."

[1] See *Library*, vol. i. p. 393.

II.

He mounted and rode three days and nights
Till he came to Vanity Fair,
And 'twas easy to buy the gems and the silk,
But no singing leaves were there.

Then deep in the greenwood rode he,
And asked of every tree,
"O, if you have ever a singing leaf,
I pray you to give it me!"

But the trees all kept their counsel,
And never a word said they,
Only there sighed from the pine-tops
A music of sea far away.

Only the pattering aspen
Made a sound of growing rain,
That fell ever faster and faster,
Then faltered to silence again.

"O, where shall I find a little foot-page
That would win both hose and shoon,
And will bring to me the singing leaves
If they grow under the moon?"

Then lightly turned him Walter the page,
By the stirrup as he ran:
"Now pledge ye me the truesome word
Of a king and gentleman,

"That you will give me the first, first thing
You meet at your castle gate,
And the princess shall get the singing leaves,
Or mine be a traitor's fate."

The King's head dropped upon his breast
A moment, as it might be;
"'Twill be my dog," he thought, and said,
"My faith I plight to thee."

Then Walter took from next his heart
A packet small and thin,
"Now give you this to the Princess Anne,
The singing leaves are therein."

III.

As the King rode in at his castle gate,
A maiden to meet him ran,
And "Welcome, father!" she laughed and cried
Together, the Princess Anne.

"Lo, here the singing leaves," quoth he,
"And woe, but they cost me dear!"
She took the packet, and the smile
Deepened down beneath the tear.

It deepened down till it reached her heart,
And then gushed up again,
And lighted her tears as the sudden sun
Transfigures the summer rain.

And the first leaf, when it was opened,
Sang: "I am Walter the page,
And the songs I sing 'neath thy window
Are my only heritage."

And the second leaf sang: "But in the land
That is neither on earth or sea,
My lute and I are lords of more
Than thrice this kingdom's fee."

And the third leaf sang: "Be mine! be mine!"
And ever it sang, "Be mine!"
Then sweeter it sang and ever sweeter,
And said, "I am thine, thine, thine."

At the first leaf she grew pale enough,
At the second she turned aside,
At the third, 't was as if a lily flushed
With a rose's red heart's tide.

"Good counsel gave the bird," said she,
"I have my hope thrice o'er,
For they sing to my very heart," she said,
"And it sings to them evermore."

She brought to him her beauty and truth,
But and broad earldoms three,
And he made her queen of the broader lands
He held of his lute in fee.

WITS AND POETS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.

Cowley, like other poets who have written with narrow views, and, instead of tracing intellectual pleasure to its natural sources in the minds of men, paid their court to temporary prejudices, has been at one time too much praised, and too much neglected at another.

Wit, like all other things subject by their nature to the choice of man, has its changes and fashions, and at different times takes different forms. About the beginning of the seventeenth century appeared a race of writers that may be termed the metaphysical poets.

The metaphysical poets were men of learning, and to show their learning was their whole endeavour: but, unluckily resolving to show it in rhyme, instead of writing poetry they only wrote verses, and very often such verses as stood the trial of the finger better than of the ear; for the modulation was so imperfect, that they were only found to be verses by counting the syllables.

If the father of criticism had rightly denominated poetry τέχνη μιμητική, *an imitative art*, these writers will, without great wrong, lose their right to the name of poets; for they cannot be said to have imitated anything: they neither copied nature nor life; neither painted the forms of matter, nor represented the operations of intellect.

Those, however, who deny them to be poets, allow them to be wits. Dryden confesses of himself and his contemporaries, that they fall below Donne in wit; but maintains that they surpass him in poetry.

If wit be well described by Pope, as being "that which has been often thought, but was never before so well expressed," they certainly never attained, nor ever sought it; for they endeavoured to be singular in their thoughts, and were careless of their diction. But Pope's account of wit is undoubtedly erroneous: he depresses it below its natural dignity, and reduces it from strength of thought to happiness of language.

If by a more noble and more adequate conception, that be considered as wit which is at once natural and new, that which, though not obvious, is, upon its first production, acknowledged to be just; if it be that which he that never found it, wonders how he missed; to wit of this kind the metaphysical poets have seldom risen. Their thoughts are often new, but seldom natural; they are not obvious, but neither are they just; and the reader, far from wondering that he missed them, wonders more frequently by what perverseness of industry they were ever found.

But wit, abstracted from its effects upon the hearer, may be more rigorously and philosophically considered as a kind of *discordia concors;* a combination of dissimilar images, or discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike. Of wit, thus defined, they have more than enough. The most heterogeneous ideas are yoked by violence together; nature and art are ransacked for illustrations, comparisons, and allusions; their learning instructs, and their subtlety surprises; but the reader commonly thinks his improvement dearly bought, and though he sometimes admires, is seldom pleased.

From this account of their compositions it will be readily inferred, that they were not successful in representing or moving the affections. As they were wholly employed on something unexpected and surprising, they had no regard to that uniformity of sentiment which enables us to conceive and to excite the pains and the pleasure of other minds: they never inquired what, on any occasion, they

should have said or done; but wrote rather as beholders than partakers of human nature; as beings looking upon good and evil, impassive and at leisure; as epicurean deities, making remarks on the actions of men, and the vicissitudes of life, without interest and without emotion. Their courtship was void of fondness, and their lamentation of sorrow. Their wish was only to say what they hoped had been never said before.

Nor was the sublime more within their reach than the pathetic; for they never attempted that comprehension and expanse of thought which at once fills the whole mind, and of which the first effect is sudden astonishment, and the second rational admiration. Sublimity is produced by aggregation, and littleness by dispersion. Great thoughts are always general, and consist in positions not limited by exceptions, and in descriptions not descending to minuteness. It is with great propriety that subtlety, which in its original import means exility of particles, is taken in its metaphorical meaning for nicety of distinction. Those writers who lay on the watch for novelty, could have little hope of greatness; for great things cannot have escaped former observation. Their attempts were always analytic; they broke every image into fragments; and could no more represent, by their slender conceits and laboured particularities, the prospects of nature, or the scenes of life, than he who dissects a sunbeam with a prism can exhibit the wide effulgence of a summer noon.

What they wanted, however, of the sublime they endeavoured to supply by hyperbole; their amplifications had no limits; they left not only reason but fancy behind them; and produced combinations of confused magnificence, that not only could not be credited, but could not be imagined.

Yet great labour, directed by great abilities, is never wholly lost; if they frequently threw away their wit upon false conceits, they likewise sometimes struck out unexpected truth: if their conceits were far-fetched, they were often worth the carriage. To write on their plan, it was at least necessary to read and think. No man could be born a metaphysical poet, nor assume the dignity of a writer, by descriptions copied from descriptions, by imitations borrowed from imitations, by traditional imagery, and hereditary similes, by readiness of rhyme, and volubility of syllables.

In perusing the works of this race of authors, the mind is exercised either by recollection or inquiry; something already learned is to be retrieved, or something new is to be examined. If their greatness seldom elevates, their acuteness often surprises; if the imagination is not always gratified, at least the powers of reflection and comparison are employed; and in the mass of materials which ingenious absurdity has thrown together, genuine wit and useful knowledge may be sometimes found buried perhaps in grossness of expression, but useful to those who know their value; and such as, when they are expanded to perspicuity, and polished to elegance, may give lustre to works which have more propriety though less copiousness of sentiment.

This kind of writing, which was, I believe, borrowed from Marino and his followers, had been recommended by the example of Donne, a man of very extensive and various knowledge; and by Jonson, whose manner resembled that of Donne more in the ruggedness of his lines than in the cast of his sentiments.

When their reputation was high, they had undoubtedly more imitators than time has left behind. Their immediate successors, of whom any remembrance can be said to remain, were Suckling, Waller, Denham, Cowley, Cleveland, and Milton. Denham and Waller sought another way to fame, by improving the harmony of our members. Milton tried the metaphysic style only in his lines upon Hobson the carrier. Cowley adopted it, and excelled his predecessors, having as much sentiment and more music. Suckling neither improved versification nor abounded in conceits. The fashionable style remained chiefly with Cowley; Suckling could not reach it, and Milton disdained it.

Critical remarks are not easily understood without examples; and I have therefore collected instances of the modes of writing by which this species of poets (for poets they were called by themselves and their admirers) was eminently distinguished.

As the authors of this race were perhaps more desirous of being admired than understood, they sometimes drew their conceits from recesses of learning not very much frequented by common readers of poetry. Thus, Cowley on Knowledge:

"The sacred tree 'midst the fair orchard grew;
The phœnix truth did on it rest,
And built his perfumed nest,
That right Porphyrian tree which did true logic show.
Each leaf did learned notions give,
And the apples were demonstrative;
So clear their colour and divine,
The very shade they cast did other lights outshine."

On Anacreon continuing a lover in his old age:

"Love was with thy life entwined
Close as heat with fire is join'd;

A powerful brand prescribed the date
Of thine, like Meleager's fate.
Th' antiperistasis of age
More inflam'd thy amorous rage."

In the following verses we have an allusion to a rabbinical opinion concerning manna:

"Variety I ask not: give me one
To live perpetually upon.
The person Love does to us fit,
Like manna, has the taste of all in it."

Thus Donne shows his medicinal knowledge in some encomiastic verses:

"In everything there naturally grows
A balsamum to keep it fresh and new,
If 'twere not injured by extrinsic blows:
Your youth and beauty are this balm in you.
But you, of learning and religion,
And virtue and such ingredients, have made
A mithridate, whose operation
Keeps off, or cures what can be done or said."

Though the following lines of Donne, on the last night of the year, have something in them too scholastic, they are not inelegant:

"This twilight of two years, not past nor next,
Some emblem is of me, or I of this,
Who, meteor-like, of stuff and form perplext,
Whose what and where in disputation is,
If I should call me anything, should miss.
I sum the years and me, and find me not
Debtor to th' old, nor creditor to th' new.
That cannot say, my thanks I have forgot,
Nor trust I this with hopes; and yet scarce true
This bravery is, since these times show'd me you."

Yet more abstruse and profound is Donne's reflection upon man as a microcosm:

"If men be worlds, there is in every one
Something to answer in some proportion;
All the world's riches; and in good men this
Virtue, our form's form, and our soul's soul, is."

Of thoughts so far-fetched as to be not only unexpected, but unnatural, all their books are full.

To a lady who wrote posies for rings:

"They who above do various circles find,
Say, like a ring th' equator Heaven does bind.
When Heaven shall be adorn'd by thee,
(Which then more Heaven than 'tis will be)
'Tis thou must write the poesy there,
For it wanteth one as yet,
Then the sun pass through't twice a year,
The sun, which is esteem'd the god of wit."
—(Cowley.)

The difficulties which have been raised about identity in philosophy are by Cowley, with still more perplexity, applied to love:

"Five years ago (says story) I loved you,
For which you call me most inconstant now;
Pardon me, madam, you mistake the man;
For I am not the same that I was then:
No flesh is now the same 'twas then in me,
And that my mind is changed yourself may see.
The same thoughts to retain still, and intents,
Were more inconstant far; for accidents
Must of all things most strangely inconstant prove,
If from one subject they t' another move;
My members then the father members were,
From whence these take their birth which now are here.
If then this body love what th' other did,
'Twere incest, which by nature is forbid."

The love of different women is, in geographical poetry, compared to travels through different countries:

"Hast thou not found each woman's breast
(The land where thou hast travelled)
Either by savages possest,
Or wild, and uninhabited?
What joy could'st take, or what repose,
In countries so unciviliz'd as those?
Lust, the scorching dog-star, here
Rages with immoderate heat;
Whilst Pride, the rugged northern bear,
In others makes the cold too great.
And where these are temperate known,
The soil's all barren sand or rocky stone."
—(Cowley.)

A lover, burned up by his affection, is compared to Egypt:

"The fate of Egypt I sustain,
And never feel the dew of rain,
From clouds which in the head appear;
But all my too-much moisture owe
To overflowings of the heart below."—(Cowley.)

The lover supposes his lady acquainted with the ancient laws of augury and rites of sacrifice:

"And yet this death of mine, I fear,
Will ominous to her appear:
When, sound in every other part,
Her sacrifice is found without an heart.
For the last tempest of my death
Shall sigh out that too, with my breath."

That the chaos was harmonized, has been recited of old; but whence the different sounds arose remained for a modern to discover:

"Th' ungovern'd parts no correspondence knew;
An artless war from thwarting motions grew;
Till they to number and fixed rules were brought.
Water and air he for the tenor chose,
Earth made the base; the treble flame arose."
—(Cowley.)

The tears of lovers are always of great poetical account; but Donne has extended them into worlds. If the lines are not easily understood, they may be read again:

"On a round ball
A workman, that hath copies by, can lay
An Europe, Afric, and an Asia,
And quickly make that which was nothing, all.
So doth each tear,
Which thee doth wear,
A globe, yea world, by that impression grow,
Till thy tears mixed with mine do overflow
This world, by waters sent from thee my heaven dissolved so."

On reading the following lines the reader may perhaps cry out, "Confusion worse confounded:"

"Here lies a she sun, and a he moon here,
She gives the best light to his sphere,
Or each is both, and all, and so
They unto one another nothing owe."—(Donne.)

Who but Donne would have thought that a good man is a telescope?

"Though God be our true glass through which we see
All, since the being of all things is he,
Yet are the trunks, which do to us derive
Things in proportion fit, by perspective
Deeds of good men; for by their living here,
Virtues, indeed remote, seem to be near."

Who would imagine it possible that in a very few lines so many remote ideas could be brought together?

"Since 'tis my doom, love's undershrieve,
Why this reprieve?
Why doth my she advowson fly
Incumbency?
To sell thyself dost thou intend
By candles end,
And hold the contract thus in doubt,
Life's taper out?
Think but how soon the market fails,
Your sex lives faster than the males;
And if to measure age's span,
The sober Julian were th' account of man,
Whilst you live by the fleet Gregorian."
—(CLEVELAND.)

Of enormous and disgusting hyberboles, these may be examples:

"By every wind that comes this way,
Send me at least a sigh or two,
Such and so many I'll repay
As shall themselves make winds to get to you."

"In tears I'll waste these eyes,
By love so vainly fed:
So lust of old the deluge punished."

"All arm'd in brass, the richest dress of war,
(A dismal glorious sight!) he shone afar.
The sun himself started with sudden fright,
To see his beams return so dismal bright."
—(COWLEY.)

An universal consternation:

"His bloody eyes he hurls round, his sharp paws
Tear up the ground; then runs he wild about,
Lashing his angry tail and roaring out.
Beasts creep into their dens, and tremble there;
Trees, though no wind is stirring, shake with fear;
Silence and horror fill the place around;
Echo itself dares scarce repeat the sound."
—(COWLEY.)

Their fictions were often violent and unnatural.

Of his mistress bathing:

"The fish around her crowded, as they do
To the false light that treacherous fishers show,
And all with as much ease might taken be,
As she at first took me;
For ne'er did light so clear
Among the waves appear,
Though every night the sun himself set there."
—(COWLEY.)

The poetical effect of a lover's name upon glass:

"My name engraved herein
Doth contribute my firmness to this glass:
Which, ever since that charm, hath been
As hard as that which graved it was."—(DONNE.)

Their conceits were sometimes slight and trifling.

On an inconstant woman:

"He enjoys the calmy sunshine now,
And no breath stirring hears,
In the clear heaven of thy brow
No smallest cloud appears.
He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And trusts the faithless April of thy May.
—(COWLEY.)

Upon a paper written with the juice of lemon, and read by the fire:

"Nothing yet in thee is seen,
But when a genial heat warms thee within,
A new-born wood of various lines there grows;
Here buds an L, and there a B.
Here sprouts a V, and there a T,
And all the flourishing letters stand in rows."
—(COWLEY.)

As they sought only for novelty, they did not much inquire whether their allusions were to things high or low, elegant or gross; whether they compared the little to the great, or the great to the little.

Physic and chirurgery for a lover:

"Gently, ah gently, madam, touch
The wound which you yourself have made:
That pain must needs be very much
Which makes me of your hand afraid.
Cordials of pity give me now,
For I too weak of purgings grow."—(COWLEY.)

The world and a clock:

'Mahol th' inferior world's fantastic face
Through all the turns of matter's maze did trace;
Great Nature's well set clock in pieces took;
On all the springs and smallest wheels did look
Of life and motion, and with equal art
Made up the whole again of every part."
—(COWLEY.)

A coal-pit has not often found its poet; but that it may not want its due honour, Cleveland has paralleled it with the sun:

"Yet why should hallow'd vestal's sacred shrine
Deserve more honour than a flaming mine?
These pregnant wombs of heat would fitter be,
Than a few embers, for a deity.
Had he our pits, the Persian would admire
No sun, but warm's devotion at our fire:
He'd leave the trotting whipster, and prefer
Our profound Vulcan 'bove that waggoner.
For wants he heat or light? or would have store
Of both? 'tis here: and what can suns give more?
Nay, what's the sun but, in a different name,
A coal-pit rampant, or a mine on flame?
Then let this truth reciprocally run,
The sun's heaven's coalery, and coals our sun."

Death, a voyage:

"No family
E'er rigg'd a soul for Heaven's discovery,
With whom more venturers might boldly dare
Venture their stakes with him in joy to share."
—(DONNE.)

Their thoughts and expressions were sometimes grossly absurd, and such as no figures or license can reconcile to the understanding.

A lover neither dead nor alive:

"Then down I laid my head
Down on cold earth; and for a while was dead,
And my freed soul to a strange somewhere fled;

Ah, sottish soul, said I,
When back to its cage again I saw it fly;
Fool to resume her broken chain,
And row her galley here again!
Fool, to that body to return
Where it condemned and destined is to burn!
Once dead, how can it be,
Death should a thing so pleasant seem to thee,
That thou should'st come to live it o'er again in me?"—(COWLEY.)

A lover's heart a hand grenado:

"Woe to her stubborn heart, if once mine come
Into the self-same room,
'Twill tear and blow up all within,
Like a grenado shot into a magazine.
Then shall Love keep the ashes and torn parts
Of both our broken hearts;
Shall out of both one new one make;
From hers th' alloy, from mine the metal take."
—(COWLEY.)

The poetical propagation of light:

"The prince's favour is diffus'd o'er all,
From which all fortunes, names, and natures fall;
Then from those wombs of stars, the Bride's bright eyes,
At every glance a constellation flies,
And sowes the court with stars, and doth prevent
In light and power, the all-ey'd firmament:
First her eye kindles other ladies' eyes,
Then from their beams their jewels' lustres rise;
And from their jewels torches do take fire,
And all is warmth, and light, and good desire."
—(DONNE.)

They were in very little care to clothe their notions with elegance of dress, and therefore miss the notice and the praise which are often gained by those who think less, but are more diligent to adorn their thoughts.

That a mistress beloved is fairer in idea than in reality is by Cowley thus expressed:

"Thou in my fancy dost much higher stand
Than woman can be placed by Nature's hand;
And I must needs, I'm sure, a loser be,
To change thee as thou'rt there, for very thee."

That prayer and labour should co-operate are thus taught by Donne:

"In none but us are such mix'd engines found,
As hands of double office; for the ground
We till with them; and them to heaven we raise;
Who prayerless labours, or, without this, prays,
Doth but one-half, that's none."

By the same author, a common topic, the danger of procrastination, is thus illustrated:

"That which I should have begun
In my youth's morning, now late must be done;
And I, as giddy travellers must do,
Which stray or sleep all day, and having lost
Light and strength, dark and tired, must then ride post."

All that man has to do is to live and die; the sum of humanity is comprehended by Donne in the following lines:

"Think in how poor a prison thou didst lie;
After enabled but to suck and cry.
Think, when 'twas grown to most, 'twas a poor inn,
A province pack'd up in two yards of skin,
And that usurp'd or threaten'd with a rage
Of sicknesses or their true mother, age.
But think that death hath now enfranchis'd thee;
Thou hast thy expansion now, and liberty;
Think, that a rusty piece discharged is flown
In pieces, and the bullet is his own,
And freely flies: this to thy soul allow,
Think thy shell broke, think thy soul hatch'd but now."

These poets were sometimes indelicate and disgusting. They were not always strictly curious, whether the opinions from which they drew their illustrations were true; it was enough that they were popular. Bacon remarks that some falsehoods are continued by tradition, because they supply commodious allusions.

"It gave a piteous groan, and so it broke;
In vain it something would have spoke;
The love within too strong for't was,
Like poison put into a Venice-glass."—(COWLEY.)

In forming descriptions, they looked out not for images, but for conceits. Night has been a common subject, which poets have contended to adorn. Dryden's Night is well known; Donne's is as follows:

"Thou seest me here at midnight, now all rest:
Time's dead-low water; when all minds divest
To-morrow's business; when the labourers have
Such rest in bed that their last church-yard grave,
Subject to change, will scarce be a type of this;
Now when the client, whose last hearing is
To-morrow, sleeps: when the condemned man,
Who, when he opes his eyes, must shut them then
Again by death, although sad watch he keep;
Doth practise dying by a little sleep:
Thou at this midnight seest me."

It must be, however, confessed of these writers, that if they are upon common subjects, often unnecessarily and unpoetically subtle; yet, where scholastic speculation can be properly admitted, their copiousness and acuteness may justly be admired. What Cowley has written upon Hope shows an unequalled fertility of invention:

"Hope, whose weak being ruin'd is,
Alike if it succeed and if it miss;
Whom good or ill does equally confound,
And both the horns of fate's dilemma wound;
Vain shadow! which dost vanish quite
Both at full noon and perfect night!
The stars have not a possibility
Of blessing thee;
If things then from their end we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.
Hope, thou bold taster of delight,
Who, whilst thou should'st but taste, devour'st it quite!
Thou bring'st us an estate, yet leav'st us poor,
By clogging it with legacies before!"

To the following comparison of a man that travels and his wife that stays at home, with a pair of compasses, it may be doubted whether absurdity or ingenuity has the better claim:

"Our two souls, therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet

A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.
If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but doth if th' other do.
And, though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam
It leans and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.
Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot obliquely run.
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun."—(DONNE.)

In all these examples it is apparent that whatever is improper or vicious is produced by a voluntary deviation from nature in pursuit of something new and strange; and that the writers fail to give delight by their desire of exciting admiration.

Essay on Cowley.

ALCANDER AND SEPTIMIUS.

BY OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Athens, even long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. The emperors and generals, who in these periods of approaching ignorance still felt a passion for science, from time to time added to its buildings, or increased its professorships. Theodoric, the Ostrogoth, was of the number: he repaired those schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning which avaricious governors had monopolized to themselves.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow students together. The one the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other the most eloquent speaker in the Academic Grove. Mutual admiration soon begot an acquaintance, and a similitude of disposition made them perfect friends. Their fortunes were nearly equal, their studies the same, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this mutual harmony they lived for some time together, when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world, and as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. Hypatia showed no dislike to his addresses. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed, the previous ceremonies were performed, and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

An exultation in his own happiness, or his being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce his mistress to his fellow student, which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love.—But this was an interview fatal to the peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her but he was smit with an involuntary passion. He used every effort, but in vain, to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust. He retired to his apartment in inexpressible agony; and the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by this means, soon discovered the cause of their patient's disorder; and Alcander, being apprised of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at this time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance; and this unlooked-for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents of which he was so eminently possessed, he in a few years arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city judge, or pretor.

Meanwhile Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for his having basely given her up, as was suggested, for money. Neither his innocence of the crime laid to his charge, nor his eloquence in his own defence, was able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. Unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, himself stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed in the market-place, and sold as a slave to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master; and his skill in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply a precarious subsistence. Condemned to hopeless servitude, every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. Nothing but death or flight was left him, and almost certain death was the consequence of his attempting to flee. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered: he embraced it with ardour, and travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The day of Alcander's arrival Septimius sat in the forum administering justice; and hither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known and publicly acknowledged. Here he stood the whole day among the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but so much was he altered by a long succession of hardships, that he passed entirely without notice; and in the evening, when he was going up to the pretor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness, and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, or despair.

In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and virtue found on this flinty couch more ease than down can supply to the guilty.

It was midnight when two robbers came to make this cave their retreat, but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning, and this naturally induced a further inquiry. The alarm was spread, the cave was examined, Alcander was found sleeping, and immediately apprehended and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood, and cruelty, and was determined to make no defence. Thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. The proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication; the judge, therefore, was proceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when, as if illumined by a ray from heaven, he discovered, through all his misery, the features, though dim with sorrow, of his long-lost, loved Alcander. It is impossible to describe his joy and his pain on this strange occasion; happy in once more seeing the person he most loved on earth, distressed at finding him in such circumstances. Thus agitated by contending passions, he flew from his tribunal, and, falling on the neck of his dear benefactor, burst into an agony of distress. The attention of the multitude was soon, however, divided by another object. The robber who had been really guilty was apprehended selling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted, shared the friendship and the honours of his friend Septimius, lived afterwards in happiness and ease, and left it to be engraved on his tomb, that "no circumstances are so desperate which Providence may not relieve."

The Bee, 1759.

BARREN FAITH.

O, friend, we nurse in vain a scholar-faith,
  Though one that with its husky logic feeds
  And satisfies our intellectual needs;
How should this move to good or guard from scaith?
Begot of schoolmen's subtleties alone
  It carries with it no awakening force,
  Life is not quickened by it in its course;
The head is ever cool; the heart a stone.
Such dead-seed faith is with no saving rife,
  It does not, cannot blossom into aught
  Of active goodness, is mere barren thought
That never can become a law of life.
Something the soul demands on which to thrive;
If it is saved, it must be saved "alive."

WILLIAM SAWYER.

HOME.

[John Crawford Wilson, born at Mallow, Cork, Ireland. Poet, dramatist, and miscellaneous writer. His chief poetical works are: *The Village Pearl; Elsie; Flights to Fairyland;* and *Lost and Found*, a pastoral. *Jonathan Oldaker*, or *Leaves from the Diary of a Commercial Traveller*, is a series of sketches and tales which has passed through several editions. His most important dramas are *Gitanilla* and a stage version of his poem *Lost and Found*. He has on several occasions appeared with much success as a public reader of selections from his own works and those of other authors. "Mr. Wilson's style is animated and rapid: we have seldom read verses which breathe more earnestly the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn, the love of love. To the moral qualities which distinguish poets, Mr. Wilson may lay an undoubted claim. Genuine feeling is so infectious, that such a writer can hardly tell a plain and pathetic story to unsympathizing hearers."—*Athenæum.*]

"I must go Home to-day!"
A golden beam
Of dazzling sunlight streamed from heaven to earth;
Through clouds that seemed like polished silver domes
Of temples angel-built, or fairy towers
Spotless and white, with sparkling minarets,
Drifting like icebergs in a calm blue sea,
The fiery shaft ran down—down to a bed
On which lay prone a little wasted form
Of faded earth, from which the struggling soul
Yet panted to be free.
It was a girl—
A little sickly girl lay on that bed—
To whom God's sunbeam came. She saw the beam—
But to her eye of faith 'twas not a beam—
'Twas a bright golden stair with myriad steps,
All small—all suited to her tiny feet—
And leading straight to Heaven.
"I must go Home—
Not a short holiday, my mother dear,
Like those I've had from school—from school to Home,
And then from Home to school; the Home so short,
And, oh, the school so long! but always Home;
And it will be to-day—must be to-day."

"My darling is at Home!" the mother sobbed,
As with a moistened feather she essayed
To damp the parchèd lips, round which the dews
Shook from the wings of death thronged cold and clear.
But in the eyes through which that spirit looked
A soft denial shone; and the small voice
Pleaded in whispers to that mother's heart,—
"Oh! do not keep me here—let me go Home;
I'm very tired of earth—I long for Home;
I'm weak and ill, and only fit for Home—
And such a Home, sweet mother!—there—'tis there!"

She smiled within the sunbeam, and her hand,
Like it, transparent seemed, as it was raised
Pointing to Heaven. A Heaven not far away—
But near; so near—that e'en her dying smile
Seemed not to herald night, but the bright dawn
Of an unclouded and eternal day.

The mother felt, as kneeling by that bed
She tended every want, and on her breast
Pillowed the sufferer's head—that the frail shell,
The young worn mould encircled by her arms,
Was crumbling fast to dust—and that the wings
Of a freed angel would be heavenward spread
When earth's last gyves fell off, and the last sigh
Followed the sunbeam, sent to light her Home.

They called her "Lily"—Lilian was her name—
But from her birth she seemed so waxen white—
So fairy slight so gentle and so pure,
That to her father's mind she ever brought
The image of that pale and fragile flower:
And so he called her "Lily." 'Twas a term
In which endearment, tenderness, and hope
Were all wreathed up; the hope too often crossed
By jealous fears, when some untoward breath
Too roughly bent to earth the sickly flower,
Leaving it drooping on its yielding stem.

And there she lay at last,—almost in Heaven—
Of Time and of Eternity a part—
A dying, living link, uniting those
Who live to die—and die to ever live!

Her eyes were closed. Her mother thought she slept
The sleep that wakes no more: but 'twas not so.
A step was on the stair—the fading eyes
Opened again on earth—the wasted cheeks—
Dimpled once more, as round the lips a smile
Played like the shadow of a silver cloud
Upon a sunlit stream. "Mother! 'tis he—
'Tis father's footstep—and so very kind—
So thoughtful of his Lily, he has left
His heavy boots below; he pauses now—
Clings to the rail, and sobs. I hear it all!
He fears I am gone Home. Go, mother dear!
Tell him I could not go till he returned.
I want to feel his kiss upon my lips;
And take it up to Heaven."

Another sob,
And then a choking whisper from without.
"May I come in? If she is gone, say 'No.'
If not, say 'Yes.' I'll tread so very light—
I shall not wake her, wife. May I come in?"

A faltering voice said, "Come!" 'Twas Lily's voice;
So he went in—a stalwart lusty man—
A giant, with a tiny infant's heart,

Weeping big tears that would not be controlled.
Oh! how he loved that child—how she loved him!
Yet both so opposite; her little soul
Clinging round his—a tendril round an oak—
A lily cleaving to a rugged rock.

He sat beside her bed, and in his hands
Buried his streaming eyes. His soul rebelled:
"She had no right to die—to rive his heart;
Rob him and it, of all life's tenderest ties."
He felt as he could say, "Lily, lie there
For ever dying; but, oh! never die
'Til I die too." He thought not of his wife—
She was his other self. She was himself;
But Lily was their cherished life of life—
Of each and both a part—so grafted on,
That, if removed, they must become once more
Two bodies with two souls—no longer one,
Their living link destroyed—not loving less,
But singly loving—'twixt their hearts a gulf
Unbridged by Lily's love;—a love so pure
That not a taint of selfishness was near;
All this he felt, and on the future looked
As on a desolation.

Lily spoke—
Or whispered rather—but a thunder peal
Would less affect him than her sinking tones:
"Raise me, dear father; take me to your breast—
Your broad kind breast, so full of love for me—
'Twill rest me on my road—'tis half-way Home!

And then he rose, and round her wasted form
His brawny arms——before whose mighty strength
The massive anvil quivered, as his hands
Swung high the ponderous sledge—or in whose gripe
The fiery steed stood conquered and subdued——
Closed, as the breath of heaven, or God's own love,
So lightly, softly, gently, hemmed they in
The little dying child. Then there he sat,
Her face upon his breast, and on his knee
Her tearless mother's head; for all her tears
Were inly wept, dropping like molten lead
Upon her breaking heart.

Far in the west
Long waves of crimson clouds stretched o'er the hills;
And through those clouds, as in a sea of blood,
The sun sank slowly down. Ere his last ray
Glanced upwards from the earth, the father felt
His Lily lift her head—celestial light
Beamed from her eyes, as for the last embrace,
She to her mother turned, and then to him:
"They beckon me," she said; "I come! I come!"
Around his neck she twined her faded arms,
Rising obedient to her heavenly call;
Again he pressed her lips, but in the kiss
Her soul, enfranchised, bounded from its thrall;
Its crumbling fetters drooped upon his heart—
The angel was at Home!

THE ROOKS RETURNING TO THEIR NESTS.

[The Rev. Gilbert White (1720–1793) published a series of letters addressed by him to Pennant and Daines Barrington, descriptive of the natural objects and appearances of the parish of Selborne in Hampshire. White was rector of this parish, and had spent in it the greater part of his life, engaged in literary occupations and the study of nature. His minute and interesting facts, the entire devotion of the amiable author to his subject, and the easy elegance and simplicity of his style, render "*White's History*," a universal favourite—something like Izaak Walton's book on Angling, which all admire, and hundreds have endeavoured to copy. The retired naturalist was too full of facts and observations to have room for sentimental writing, yet in sentences like the following—however humble be the theme—we may trace no common power of picturesque painting:]

The evening proceedings and manœuvres of the rooks are curious and amusing in the autumn. Just before dusk, they return in long strings from the foraging of the day, and rendezvous by thousands over Selborne down, where they wheel round in the air, and sport and dive in a playful manner, all the while exerting their voices, and making a loud cawing, which, being blended and softened by the distance that we at the village are below them, becomes a confused noise or chiding; or rather a pleasing murmur, very engaging to the imagination, and not unlike the cry of a pack of hounds in hollow echoing woods, or the rushing of the winds in tall trees, or the tumbling of the tide upon a pebbly shore. When this ceremony is over, with the last gleam of day they retire for the night to the deep beechen woods of Tisted and Ropley. We remember a little girl, who, as she was going to bed, used to remark on such an occurrence, in the true spirit of physico-theology, that the rooks were saying their prayers; and yet this child was much too young to be aware that the Scriptures have said of the Deity, that "he feedeth the ravens who call upon him."

A CAT ADOPTING YOUNG SQUIRRELS.

A boy has taken three little young squirrels in their nest, or *drey*, as it is called in these parts. These small creatures he put under the care of a cat who had lately lost

her kittens, and finds that she nurses and suckles them with the same assiduity and affection as if they were her own offspring. This circumstance corroborates my suspicion that the mention of exposed and deserted children being nurtured by female beasts of prey who had lost their young, may not be so improbable an incident as many have supposed; and therefore may be a justification of those authors who have gravely mentioned what some have deemed to be a wild and improbable story.

So many people went to see the little squirrels suckled by a cat, that the foster mother became jealous of her charge, and in pain for their safety, and therefore hid them over the ceiling, where one died. This circumstance shows her affection for these foundlings, and that she supposes the squirrels to be her own young. Thus hens, when they have hatched ducklings, are equally attached to them as if they were their own chickens.

GILBERT WHITE.

NIGHT HABITS OF POULTRY.

The earnest and early propensity of the gallinæ to roost on high is very observable and discovers a strong dread impressed on their spirits respecting vermin that may annoy them on the ground during the hours of darkness. Hence, poultry, if left to themselves and not housed, will perch the winter through on yew-trees and fir-trees; and turkeys and guinea-fowls, heavy as they are, get up into apple-trees. Pheasants also, in the woods, sleep on trees to avoid foxes; while pea-fowls climb to the tops of the highest trees round their owner's house for security, let the weather be ever so cold or blowing. Partridges, it is true, roost on the ground, not having the faculty of perching; but then the same fear prevails in their minds; for through apprehensions from pole-cats and stoats, they never trust themselves to coverts, but nestle together in the midst of large fields, far removed from hedges and coppices, which they love to haunt in the day, and where at that season they can skulk more secure from the ravages of rapacious birds.

As to ducks and geese, their awkward splay-web feet forbid them to settle on trees; they therefore, in the hours of darkness and danger, betake themselves to their own element, the water, where amidst large lakes and pools, like ships riding at anchor, they float the whole night long in peace and security.

GILBERT WHITE.

SIGHS FOR REST.

[EWALD CHRISTIAN VON KLEIST. Born in 1715, at Zeblin, Pomerina; died in 1759, from a wound received at the battle of Kunersdorf. He has been called "the German Thomson," from having imitated "The Seasons" in his poem, "Spring."]

O silver brook, my leisure's early soother,
When wilt thou murmur lullabies again?
When shall I trace thy sliding smooth and smoother,
While kingfishers along thy reeds complain?
Afar from thee, with care and toil oppressed,
Thy image still can calm my troubled breast.

O ye fair groves and odorous violet valleys,
Girt with a garland blue of hills around;
Thou quiet lake, where, when Aurora sallies,
Her golden tresses seem to sweep the ground:
Soft mossy turf, on which I wont to stray,
For me no longer bloom thy flowerets gay.

Thou, who behind the linden's fragrant boughs,
Would'st lurk to hear me blow the mellow flute,
Speak, Echo, shall I never know repose?
Must every muse I wooed henceforth be mute?
How oft, while, pleased, in the thick shade I lay,
Doris I named, and Doris thou wouldst say!

Far now are fled the pleasures once so dear,
Thy welcome words no longer meet my calls,
No sympathetic tone assails the ear,
Death from a thousand mouths of iron bawls:
There brook and meadow harmless joys bestow,
Here grows but danger, and here flows but woe.

As when the chilly winds of March arise,
And whirl the howling dust in eddies swift,
The sunbeams wither in the dimmer skies,
O'er the young ears the sand and pebbles drift:
So the war rages, and the furious forces
The air with smoke bespread, the field with corses.

The vineyard bleeds, and trampled is the corn,
Orchards but heat the kettles of the camp.
Her youthful friend the bride beholds, forlorn,
Crushed like a flower beneath the horse's tramp:
Vain is her shower of tears that bathes the dead,
As dews on roses plucked and soon to fade.

There flies a child; his aid the father lends,
But writhing falls by random bullets battered;
With his last breath the boy to God commends,
Nor knows that both by the same blow were shattered:
So Boreas, when he stirs his mighty wings,
The blooming hop, and its supportance, flings.

* * * * *

Like the fond lover, whose too dazzling flame
Forbids him to discern, ye're mocked by fate.
If fortune give me neither wealth nor fame,
At least I do not grudge them to the great.
A heart at ease, a home where friends resort,
I would not change for tinsel, or for court.

Thou best of carpets, spread thee at my feet!
Meadow, brook, reeds, beside you let me dwell!
Gold is but sand, not worth these murmurs sweet;
These branchy shades all palace-roofs excel.
When of your hills my wandering visions dream
The world's as little to me as they seem.

SCARRON'S DESCRIPTION OF HIMSELF.

[Paul Scarron, born in Paris in 1610, was of noble descent and was at first destined for the church, but he spent his youth in dissipations and was finally deprived of the use of his legs by paralysis. He then took up literature as a profession and soon became noted for his talent for burlesque. In 1652 he married Françoise d'Aubigné, afterwards Madame Maintenon, and their house was a rendezvous for all the Parisian wits. All his friends were taxed by his requests for money, in pressing which he had no delicacy. He wrote *The Scholar of Salamanca*, *Travesty of the Æneid*, and *Comic Romance*, besides some burlesque comedies, witty tales and numerous verses. He died in 1660. Our extract is the Introduction to the "Comic Romance."]

Reader, you who have never seen me, and who perhaps trouble yourself very little about me—for there is not much to be gained by seeing a person made like me—know that I should not be anxious that you should see me, if I had not learned that some facetious wits make themselves merry at the expense of my misfortunes, and depict me as quite different from what I am. Some say that I am a cripple in a bowl; others, that I have no thighs, and that I am put on the table in a box, where I chatter like a winking magpie; and others that my hat is fastened to a cord that's attached to a pulley, and that I raise and lower it to salute those who come to see me. I think I ought, in conscience, to prevent them from telling any more lies . . . I would have had myself well painted, if any painter had dared to undertake it. In default of the painting, I intend to tell you as nearly as I can what sort of a fellow I am.

I have left thirty years behind me. If I get to forty, I shall add many pains to those I have already suffered for eight or nine years. I have had a good figure, though short. My illness has shortened it by a good foot. My head is rather large for my height. I have a pretty full face for my meagre body; hair enough not to need a wig; I have many white ones in spite of the proverb; pretty good sight, though my eyes are rather large: they are blue; one is more deeply set than the other, on the side that I bend my head. I have a nose of tolerably good shape. My teeth, which used to be squares of pearl, are of the colour of wood, and will soon be the colour of slate. I have lost one and a half on the left side, and two-and-a-half on the right, and two are a little chipped. My legs and my thighs formed at first an obtuse angle, and then a right angle, and at last an acute angle. My thighs and my body made another; and my head bending down on my chest, I am pretty much like a Z. My arms are shortened as well as my legs, and my fingers as well as my arms. In fact, I am an epitome of human misery. That's pretty nearly how I look.

Since I am in such a fair way, I will tell you something of my temper. Besides, this introduction is written just to make the book bigger, at the request of the bookseller, who is afraid he will not get back the expenses of printing, but for that it would be of no use, just like a good many others. But it is no new thing to commit folly out of good nature, besides those that one does on one's own account.

I have always been rather passionate, rather fond of good things, and rather idle. I often call my valet a fool, and soon after, sir. I hate nobody; God send they may treat me the same. I am very comfortable when I have any money, and should be still more comfortable if I had my health. I enjoy myself very well in company. I am very content when I am alone. I bear my troubles pretty patiently.

But it seems to me that my introduction is long enough, and that it is time for me to make an end.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD.

[The following ode, by THEODORE O'HARA, formed a part of the ceremonies at the dedication of the monument to the soldiers of Kentucky who fell in the war with Mexico.]

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping-ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And Glory guards with solemn round
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now swells upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
No braying horn nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumèd heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud—
And plenteous funeral tears have washed
The red stains from each brow,
And the proud forms by battle gashed
Are free from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
The din and shout are passed—
Nor War's wild note, nor Glory's peal
Shall thrill with fierce delight,
Those breasts that never more may feel
The rapture of the fight.

Like the fierce northern hurricane
That sweeps his great plateau,
Flushed with the triumph yet to gain,
Came down the serried foe—
Who heard the thunder of the fray
Break o'er the field beneath,
Knew well the watchword of that day
Was Victory or Death.

Full many a mother's breath has swept
O'er Angostura's plain,
And long the pitying sky has wept
Above its mouldered slain.
The raven's scream or eagle's flight,
Or shepherd's pensive lay,
Alone now wake each solemn height
That frowned o'er that dread fray.

Sons of the dark and bloody ground,
Ye must not slumber there,
Where stranger steps and tongues resound
Along the heedless air;
Your own proud land's heroic soil
Shall be your fitter grave;
She claims from war its richest spoil—
The ashes of her brave.

Thus 'neath their parent turf they rest,
Far from the gory field,
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast
On many a bloody shield.
The sunshine of their native sky
Smiles softly on them here,
And kindred eyes and hearts watch by
The hero's sepulchre,

Rest on, embalmed and sainted dead!
Dear as the blood ye gave,
No impious footsteps here shall tread
The herbage of your grave;
Nor shall your glory be forgot
While Fame her record keeps,
Or Honour points the hallowed spot
Where Valor proudly sleeps.

Yon marble minstrel's voiceless stone
In deathless song shall tell,
When many a vanished year has flown,
The story how ye fell;
Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
Nor time's remorseless doom,
Can dim one ray of holy light
That gilds your glorious tomb.

THE BATTLE OF MOUNT VESUVIUS.

A VICTORY TO WHICH ROME OWED HER CONQUEST OF THE WORLD.

[THOMAS ARNOLD, D. D., the eminent educator and historian, was born at Cowes, Isle of Wight, June 13, 1795. He was educated at Oxford, in which University he subsequently became regius professor of history. As head-master of Rugby school, Dr. Arnold wielded a vast and beneficent influence. His chief literary work—left incomplete,—is a *History of Rome*, from which we offer a quotation. Dean Stanley says: "His [Dr. Arnold's] greatness did not consist in the pre-eminence of any single quality, but in several remarkable powers, thoroughly leavened and pervaded by an ever-increasing moral nobleness." He died June 12, 1842, leaving two sons, one of whom is the distinguished poet, Matthew Arnold.]

When the Latins sent their two prætors as ambassadors to Rome, it is evident that

no active warfare could be going on in Campania. Latin garrisons had probably wintered there to repel plundering parties of the Samnites; and the Latin army would march thither as soon as the season for military operations arrived, to renew their invasion of Samnium. No expectation seems to have been entertained that their proposal of an equal union would be answered by an immediate declaration of war. Certain it is that the breach of the old alliance was far more to be charged on the Romans than on them; for the Romans had deserted them in the midst of a war jointly undertaken by the two nations, and had made peace with the common enemy; and the Campanians, who had originally joined the alliance to obtain protection against the Samnites, had no choice but to follow the Latins, as from them alone was that protection now to be hoped for. But the opportunity was tempting, and the Romans, taking advantage of the earliness of the season, when the Latins might scarcely be prepared for active operations, hastily declared war, and dispatched both consuls with two consular armies, not by the direct road into Campania by Tarracina or by the Liras, but by a circuitous route at the back of their enemies' country, through the territory of the Marsians and Pelignians into Samnium. There the consuls were joined by the Samnite army; and their combined forces then descended from the mountains of Samnium, and encamped in presence of the enemy on the plain of Capua, with a retreat open into the country of the Samnites on their rear, but with the whole army and territory of the hostile confederacy interposed between them and Rome.

While the Romans and Latins lay here over against each other, the consuls issued an order strictly forbidding all irregular skirmishing, or single encounters with the enemy. They wished to prevent the confusion which might arise in chance combats between two parties alike in arms and in language: perhaps also they wished to stop all intercourse with the Latins, lest the enemy should discover their real strength, or lest old feelings of kindness should revive in the soldiers' minds, and they should begin to ask whether they had any sufficient grounds of quarrel. It was on this occasion that T. Manlius, the consul's son, was challenged by Geminus Metius, of Tusculum, and, heedless of the order of the generals, he accepted the challenge and slew his antagonist. The young man returned in triumph to the camp, and laid his spoils at his father's feet; but the consul, turning away from him, immediately summoned the soldiers to the prætorium, and ordered his son to be beheaded before them. All were struck with horror at the sight, and the younger soldiers, from a natural sympathy with youth and courage, regarded the consul with abhorrence to the latest hour of his life; but fear and respect were mingled with their abhorrence, and strict obedience, enforced by so dreadful an example, was felt by all to be indispensable.

The stories which we are obliged to follow, shifting their scene as rapidly and unconnectedly as our old drama, transport the two armies without a word of explanation from the neighborhood of Capua to the foot of Mount Vesuvius, where, on the road which led to Veseris, according to their own way of expressing it, the decisive battle was fought. . . .

He who had been present at the last council held by the Roman generals before they parted to take their respective stations in the line, might have seen that having planned for the coming battle all that skill and ability could devise, they were ready to dare all that the most heroic courage could do or suffer: the aruspices had been consulted as to the import of the signs given by the entrails of the sacrifice; their answer had been made known to the principal officers of the army; and with it the determination of the consuls, that, on whichever side of the battle the Romans should first begin to give ground, the consul who commanded in that quarter should forthwith devote himself, and the hosts of the enemy with himself, to the gods of death and to the grave: "for fate," said they, "requires the sacrifice of a general from one party, and of an army from the other; one of us, therefore, will be the general that shall perish, that the army which is to perish also may not be ours, but the army of the Latins."

We have seen that the arms and tactics of both armies were precisely similar. In each there were two grand divisions, the first forming the ordinary line of battle, and the second the reserve; the latter being, in point of numbers, considerably the strongest. The first division, however, was subdivided into two equal parts, the first of which, known by the name of the Hastati, consisted of light and heavy armed soldiers, in

the proportion of one-third of the former to two-thirds of the latter: the second part, called the Principes, contained the flower of the whole army, all heavy-armed men, in the vigour of their age, and most perfectly and splendidly accoutred. The reserve, forming in itself a complete army, contained a three-fold subdivision; one-third of it was composed of veteran heavy-armed soldiers, the Triarii; another third of light-armed, Rorarii; and the remainder were mere supernumeraries, Accensi, who were destined to supply the places of those who should have fallen in the first line, or to act with the reserve in cases of the last extremity. These divisions being the same in both armies, the generals on either side knew precisely the force and nature of the enemy's reserve, and could calculate the movements of their own accordingly. . . . .

The Roman and Latin legions were opposed to each other. The Samnites and Hernicans, who formed one wing of the Roman army, must in like manner have been opposed to the nations of their own or of a kindred stock, the Campanians, Sidicinians, and Volscians. Of the Roman line itself, the legions on the right were commanded by Titus Manlius, those on the left by Publius Decius.

The battle began with the encounter of the hastati, who formed on each side, as we have seen, the first division of the first line. Consisting both of light and heavy-armed soldiers, they closed with each other with levelled pikes, amidst showers of darts from their light-armed men, who either skirmished in the intervals between the maniples of the pikemen. or, sheltered behind them, threw their missiles over the heads of their comrades into the line of the enemy.

In this conflict the right wing of the Latins prevailed, and the Roman hastati of the left wing fell back in disorder upon the principes, who formed what may be called the main battle.

Decius then called aloud for M. Valerius, the pontifex maximus. "The gods," he said, "must help us now," and he bade the pontifex dictate to him the form of words in which he was to devote himself and the legions of the enemy to the gods of death. It should be remembered that, to Decius, as one of the commons, all the ceremonies of the Roman religion were an unknown mystery. The pontifex bade him take his consular toga, and wrap it around his head, putting out his hand from under it to hold it to his face, and to set his feet upon a javelin, and so to utter the set of words which he should dictate. When they had been duly spoken, the consul sent his lictors to his colleague, to say that he had devoted himself to death for the deliverance of the Roman army. Then, with his toga wrapped around his body, after the fashion adopted in sacrifices to the gods, he sprung upon his horse, armed at all points, plunged amidst the ranks of the enemy, and was slain. Such an example of self-devotion in a general, is in all cases inspiriting; but the Romans beheld in this not only the heroic valour of Decius, but the certain devotion of their enemies to the vengeance of the gods: what was due from themselves to the powers of death, Decius had paid for them; so, like men freed from a burden, they rushed on with light and cheerful hearts, as if appointed to certain victory.

The Latins too understood the meaning of Decius' death, when they saw his dress and heard his words of devotion; and no doubt it produced on their minds something of dismay. But soon recovering, the main battles on both sides closed in fierce onset; and though the light troops of the Roman reserve were also brought into action, and skirmished amongst the maniples of the hastati and principes, yet victory seemed disposed to favor the Latins.

In this extremity Manlius, well knowing that in a contest so equal the last reserve brought into the field on either side would inevitably decide the day, still kept back the veterans of his second line, and called forward only his accensi or supernumeraries, whom for this very purpose he had, contrary to the usual custom, furnished with complete arms. The Latins mistook these for the veterans, or triarii, and thinking that the last reserve of the Romans was now engaged, they instantly brought up their own. The Romans struggled valiantly, but at last were beginning to give way, when, at a signal given, the real reserve of the Roman veterans started forwards, advanced through the intervals of the wavering line in front of them, and with loud cheers charged upon the enemy. Such a shock at such a moment, was irresistible; they broke through the whole army of the Latins almost without loss; the battle became a butchery, and according to the usual results of engagements fought hand to hand, where a broken army can neither

fight nor fly, nearly three-fourths of the Latins were killed or taken.

How far the Samnites contributed to this victory; whether they, after having beaten the Volscians and Campanians, threatened the flank of the Latins at the moment of the last charge of the Roman veterans, there was no Samnite historian to tell, and no Roman annalist would tell truly. Nor need we wonder at this; for if we had only certain English accounts of the battle of Waterloo, who would know that the Prussians had any effectual share in that day's victory?

If the importance of a battle be a just reason for dwelling upon it in detail, then I may be excused for having described minutely this great action between the Romans and Latins under Mount Vesuvius; for to their victory on that day, securing to them forever the alliance of Latium, the Romans owed their conquest of the world.

THE CHOICE OF A WIFE.

[William Cecil, Lord Burleigh. Born 1520; died 1598. He was one of the favorites of Queen Elizabeth and for forty years her secretary of state. His characteristics as a minister are reflected in his sole literary production, *Precepts or Directions for the Well Ordering of a Man's Life*, from which we quote.]

When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife. For from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of life like unto a stratagem of war, wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous soever. For a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility. Nor choose a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth; for it will cause contempt in others, and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf, or a fool; for, by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies; the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will *yirke* thee to hear her talk. For thou shalt find it, to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

And touching the guiding of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate, and, according to the means of thy estate, rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly. For I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table. But some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame. But banish swinish drunkards out of thine house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and makes no show. I never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard, but for the well-bearing of his drink; which is a better commendation for a brewer's horse or a drayman, than for either a gentleman or a serving-man. Beware thou spend not above three of four parts of thy revenues; nor above a third part of that in thy house. For the other two parts will do no more than defray thy extraordinaries, which always surmount the ordinary by much; otherwise thou shalt live like a rich beggar, in continual want. And the needy man can never live happily nor contentedly. For every disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell. And that gentleman who sells an acre of land, sells an ounce of credit. For gentility is nothing else but ancient riches. So that if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must needs follow.

PRECEDENCE.

'Tis first the true and then the beautiful,
Not first the beautiful and then the true;
First the wild moor, with rock and reed and pool,
Then the gay garden, rich in scent and hue.

'Tis first the good and then the beautiful,—
Not first the beautiful and then the good;
First the rough seed, sown in the rougher soil,
Then the flower-blossom, or the branching wood.

Not first the glad and then the sorrowful,—
But first the sorrowful, and then the glad;
Tears for a day,—for earth of tears is full,
Then we forget that we were ever sad.

Not first the bright, and after that the dark,—
But first the dark, and after that the bright;
First the thick cloud, and then the rainbow's arc,
First the dark grave, then resurrection-light.

'Tis first the night,—stern night of storm and war,—
Long night of heavy clouds and veiled skies;
Then the far sparkle of the Morning-star,
That bids the saints awake and dawn arise.

Horatius Bonar.

LORNA DOONE.

[**Richard Doddridge Blackmore**, born at Longworth, Berkshire, 1825. The son of a clergyman, and the descendant of an old North Devon family, and of the celebrated Dr. Doddridge; educated at Exeter College, Oxford, and called to the bar, but did not practise. His chief poetical works are:—*Poems by Melanter; Epullia; The Bugle of the Black Sea; Kadisha; The Fate of Franklin;* and the *Georgics of Virgil*, translated into heroic couplets. His novels are:—*Clara Vaughan; Cradock Nowell*, a tale of the New Forest; *Lorna Doone* (published by S. Low, Marston, & Co.); and the *Maid of Sker*, which originally appeared in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The *Times* says of Mr. Blackmore: "His descriptions are wonderfully vivid and natural. His pages are brightened everywhere with great humour; the quaint dry turns of thought remind you occasionally of Fielding."]

[The Doones of Bagworthy Forest were a band of outlaws who, in the troublous times of the seventeenth century, contrived for years to defy law and order. They were a stalwart race, the terror of the country round, and no outsider would venture into their wild retreat. Lorna—a beautiful and charming girl—was brought up amongst these men; but she was shielded from their brutality by the chief, Sir Ensor Doone (whose grandchild she believed herself to be), and by the Counsellor—the cunning adviser of the band. The latter protected her because he knew that she was not a Doone at all, but the heiress of vast wealth, which he hoped to share by uniting her to his son, Carver Doone. Lorna, however, loved, and was devotedly loved by John Ridd, an honest yeoman, of herculean frame, whose father had been slain by the Doones. During "the Great Winter" when snow fell for weeks, old Sir Ensor died, and Lorna was placed in sad peril. John Ridd himself tells the story.]

When I started on my road across the hills and valleys (which now were pretty much alike), the utmost I could hope to do was to gain the crest of hills, and look into the Doone Glen. Hence I might at least descry whether Lorna still was safe, by the six nests still remaining (a signal arranged by the lovers), and the view of the Captain's house. When I was come to the open country, far beyond the sheltered homestead, and in the full brunt of the wind, the keen blast of the cold broke on me, and the mighty breadth of snow. Moor and highland, field and common, cliff and vale, and watercourse, over all the rolling folds of misty white were flung. There was nothing square or jagged left, there was nothing perpendicular; all the rugged lines were eased, and all the breaches smoothly filled. Curves, and mounds, and rounded heavings took the place of rock and stump; and all the country looked as if a woman's hand had been on it.

Through the sparkling breadth of white, which seemed to glance my eyes away, and past the humps of laden trees, bowing their backs like a woodman, I contrived to get along, half sliding and half walking, in places where a plain-shodden man must have sunk, and waited freezing, till the thaw should come to him. For although there had been such violent frost every night upon the snow, the snow itself having never thawed even for an hour, had never coated over. Hence it was as soft and light as if all had fallen yesterday. In places where no drift had been, but rather off than on to them, three feet was the least of depth; but where the wind had chased it round, or any draught led like a funnel, or anything opposed it, there you might very safely say that it ran up to twenty feet, or thirty, or even fifty, and I believe sometimes a hundred.

At last I got to my spy-hill (as I had begun to call it), although I never should have known it but for what it looked on. And even to know this last again required all the eyes of love, soever sharp and vigilant. For all the beautiful Glen Doone (shaped from out the mountains, as if on purpose for the Doones, and looking in the summer-time like a sharp-cut vase of green) now was besnowed half up the sides, and at either end so, that it was more like the white basins wherein we boil plum-puddings. Not a patch of grass was there, not a black branch of a tree: all was white; and the little river flowed beneath an arch of snow, if it managed to flow at all.

Now this was a great surprise to me; not only because I believed Glen Doone to be a place outside all frost, but also because I thought perhaps that it was quite impossible to be cold near Lorna. And now it struck me all at once that perhaps her ewer was frozen (as mine had been for the last three weeks, requiring embers around it), and perhaps her window would not shut, any more than mine would; and perhaps she wanted blankets. This idea worked me up to such a chill of sympathy, that seeing no Doones now about, and doubting if any guns would go off in this state of the weather, and knowing that no man could catch me up (except with shoes like mine), I even resolved to slide the cliffs, and bravely go to Lorna.

It helped me much in this resolve, that the snow came on again, thick enough to blind a man who had not spent his time among it, as I had done now for days and days. There-

fore I took my neatsfoot oil, which now was clogged like honey, and rubbed it hard into my leg-joints, so far as I could reach them. And then I set my back and elbows well against a snow-drift, hanging far adown the cliff, and saying some of the Lord's Prayer, threw myself on Providence. Before there was time to think or dream, I landed very beautifully upon a ridge of run-up snow in a quiet corner. My good shoes, or boots, preserved me from going far beneath it; though one of them was sadly strained, where a grub had gnawed the ash, in the early summer-time. Having set myself aright, and being in good spirits, I made boldly across the valley (where the snow was furrowed hard), being now afraid of nobody.

If Lorna had looked out of the window, she would not have known me, with those boots upon my feet, and a well-cleaned sheepskin over me, bearing my own (J.R.) in red, just between my shoulders, but covered now in snow-flakes. The house was partly drifted up, though not so much as ours was; and I crossed the little stream almost without knowing that it was under me. At first, being pretty safe against interference from the other huts, by virtue of the blinding snow and the difficulty of walking, I examined all the windows; but these were coated so with ice, like ferns and flowers and dazzling stars, that no one could so much as guess what might be inside of them. Moreover I was afraid of prying narrowly into them, as it was not a proper thing where a maiden might be: only I wanted to know just this, whether she were there or not.

Taking nothing by this movement, I was forced, much against my will, to venture to the door and knock, in a hesitating manner, not being sure but what my answer might be the mouth of a carbine. However it was not so, for I heard a pattering of feet and a whispering going on, and then a shrill voice through the keyhole, asking, "Who's there?"

"Only me, John Ridd," I answered; upon which I heard a little laughter, and a little sobbing, or something that was like it; and then the door was opened about a couple of inches, with a bar behind it still; and then the little voice went on,—

"Put thy finger in, young man, with the old ring on it. But mind thee, if it be the wrong one, thou shalt never draw it back again."

Laughing at Gwenny's mighty threat, I showed my finger in the opening: upon which she let me in, and barred the door again like lightning.

"What is the meaning of all this, Gwenny?" I asked, as I slipped about on the floor, for I could not stand there firmly with my great snow-shoes on.

"Maning enough, and bad maning too," the Cornish girl made answer. "Us be shut in here, and starving, and durstn't let anybody in upon us. I wish thou wer't good to ate, young man: I could manage most of thee."

I was so frightened by her eyes, full of wolfish hunger, that I could only say, "Good God!" having never seen the like before. Then drew I forth a large piece of bread, which I had brought in case of accidents, and placed it in her hands. She leaped at it, as a starving dog leaps at sight of his supper, and she set her teeth in it, and then withheld it from her lips, with something very like an oath at her own vile greediness; and then away round the corner with it, no doubt for her young mistress. I meanwhile was occupied, to the best of my ability, in taking my snow-shoes off, yet wondering much within myself why Lorna did not come to me.

But presently I knew the cause, for Gwenny called me, and I ran, and found my darling quite unable to say so much as, "John, how are you?" Between the hunger, and the cold, and the excitement of my coming, she had fainted away, and lay back on a chair, as white as the snow around us. In betwixt her delicate lips, Gwenny was thrusting with all her strength the hard brown crust of the rye-bread, which she had snatched from me so.

"Get water, or get snow," I said; "don't you know what fainting is, you very stupid child?"

"Never heered on it, in Carnwall," she answered, trusting still to the bread: "be un the same as bleeding?"

"It will be directly, if you go on squeezing away with that crust so. Eat a piece; I have got some more. Leave my darling now to me."

Hearing that I had some more, the starving girl could resist no longer, but tore it in two, and had swallowed half before I had coaxed my Lorna back to sense, and hope, and joy, and love.

"I never expected to see you again. I had made up my mind to die, John; and to die without your knowing it."

As I repelled this fearful thought in a manner highly fortifying, the tender hue flowed back again into her famished cheeks and lips, and a softer brilliance glistened from the depth of her dark eyes. She gave me one little shrunken hand, and I could not help a tear for it.

"After all, Mistress Lorna," I said, pretending to be gay, for a smile might do her good; "you do not love me as Gwenny does; for she even wanted to eat me."

"And shall, afore I have done, young man," Gwenny answered, laughing; "you come in here with they red chakes, and make us think o' sirloin."

"Eat up your bit of brown bread, Gwenny. It is not good enough for your mistress. Bless her heart, I have something here such as she never tasted the like of, being in such appetite. Look here, Lorna; smell it first. I have had it ever since Twelfth-day, and kept it all the time for you. Annie made it. That is enough to warrant it good cooking."

And then I showed my great mince-pie in a bag of tissue paper, and I told them how the mince-meat was made of golden pippins finely shred, with the undercut of the sirloin, and spice and fruit accordingly and far beyond my knowledge. But Lorna would not touch a morsel until she had thanked God for it, and given me the kindest kiss, and put a piece in Gwenny's mouth.

I have eaten many things myself, with very great enjoyment, and keen perception of their merits, and some thanks to God for them. But I never did enjoy a thing, that had found its way between my own lips, half or even a quarter as much as I now enjoyed beholding Lorna, sitting proudly upwards (to show that she was faint no more) entering into that mince-pie, and moving all her pearls of teeth (inside her little mouth-place) exactly as I told her. For I was afraid lest she should be too fast in going through it, and cause herself more damage so, than she got of nourishment. But I had no need to fear at all, and Lorna could not help laughing at me for thinking that she had no self-control.

Some creatures require a deal of food (I myself among the number), and some can do with a very little; making, no doubt, the best of it. And I have often noticed that the plumpest and most perfect women never eat so hard and fast as the skinny and three-cornered ones. These last be often ashamed of it, and eat most when the men be absent. Hence it came to pass that Lorna, being the loveliest of all maidens, had as much as she could do to finish her own half of pie; whereas Gwenny Carfax (though generous more than greedy) ate up hers without winking, after finishing the brown loaf; and then I begged to know the meaning of this state of things.

"The meaning is sad enough," said Lorna; "and I see no way out of it. We are both to be starved until I let them do what they like with me,"

"That is to say, until you choose to marry Carver Doone, and be slowly killed by him."

"Slowly! No, John, quickly. I hate him so intensely, that less than a week would kill me."

"Not a doubt of that," said Gwenny: "oh, she hates him nicely then: but not half so much as I do."

I told them both that this state of things could be endured no longer; on which point they agreed with me, but saw no means to help it. For even if Lorna could make up her mind to come away with me and live at Plover's Barrows farm, under my good mother's care, as I had urged so often, behold the snow was all around us, heaped as high as mountains, and how could any delicate maiden ever get across it?

Then I spoke, with a strange tingle upon both sides of my heart, knowing that this undertaking was a serious one for all, and might burn our farm down,—

"If I warrant to take you safe, and without much fright or hardship, Lorna, will you come with me?"

"To be sure I will, dear," said my beauty with a smile, and a glance to follow it; "I have small alternative, to starve, or go with you, John."

"Gwenny, have you courage for it? Will you come with your young mistress?"

"Will I stay behind?" cried Gwenny, in a voice that settled it. And so we began to arrange about it; and I was much excited. It was useless now to leave it longer: if it could be done at all, it could not be too quickly done. It was the Counsellor who had ordered, after all other schemes had failed, that his niece should have no food until she would obey him. He had strictly watched the house, taking turns with Carver, to ensure that none came nigh it bearing food or comfort. But this evening, they had thought it needless to remain on guard; and it would have been impossible, because themselves were busy offering high festival to all the valley, in right of their own commandership. And Gwenny said that nothing made her so nearly mad with appetite as the account she received from a woman of all the dishes preparing. Nevertheless she had answered bravely,—

"Go and tell the Counsellor, and go and tell the Carver, who sent you to spy upon us, that we shall have a finer dish than any set before them." And so in truth they did although so little dreaming it; for no Doone

that was ever born, however much of a Carver, might vie with our Annie for mince-meat.

Now while we sat, reflecting much, and talking a good deal more, in spite of all the cold,—for I never was in a hurry to go, when I had Lorna with me,—she said, in her silvery voice, which always led me so along, as if I were slave to a beautiful bell,—

"Now, John, we are wasting time, dear. You have praised my hair, till it curls with pride, and my eyes till you cannot see them, even if they are brown diamonds, which I have heard for the fiftieth time at least; though I never saw such a jewel. Don't you think that it is high time to put on your snow-shoes, John?"

"Certainly not," I answered, "till we have settled something more. I was so cold, when I came in; and now I am as warm as a cricket. And so are you, you lively soul; though you are not upon my hearth yet."

"Remember, John," said Lorna, nestling for a moment to me; "the severity of the weather makes a great difference between us. And you must never take advantage."

"I quite understand all that, dear. And the harder it freezes the better, while that understanding continues. Now do try to be serious."

"I try to be serious! And I have been trying fifty times, and could not bring you to it, John? Although I am sure the situation, as the Counsellor always says, at the beginning of a speech, the situation, to say the least, is serious enough for anything. Come, Gwenny, imitate him."

Gwenny was famed for her imitation of the Counsellor making a speech; and she began to shake her hair, and mount upon a foot-stool; but I really could not have this, though even Lorna ordered it. The truth was that my darling maiden was in such wild spirits at seeing me so unexpected, and at the prospect of release, and of what she had never known, quiet life and happiness, that, like all warm and loving natures, she could scarce control herself.

"Come to this frozen window, John, and see them light the stack-fire. They will little know who looks at them. Now be very good, John. You stay in that corner, dear, and I will stand on this side; and try to breathe yourself a peep-hole through the lovely spears and banners. Oh, you don't know how to do it. I must do it for you. Breathe three times, like that, and that; and then you rub it with your fingers, before it has time to freeze again."

All this she did so beautifully, with her lips put up like cherries and her fingers bent half back, as only girls can bend them, and her little waist thrown out against the white of the snowed-up window, that I made her do it three times over; and I stopped her every time, and let it freeze again, that so she might be the longer. Now I knew that all her love was mine, every bit as much as mine was hers; yet I must have her to show it, dwelling upon every proof, lengthening out all certainty. Perhaps the jealous heart is loth to own a life worth twice its own. Be that as it may, I know that we thawed the window nicely.

And then I saw, far down the stream (or rather down the bed of it, for there was no stream visible), a little form of fire arising, red, and dark, and flickering. Presently it caught on something and went upward boldly; and then it struck into many forks, and then it fell and rose again.

"Do you know what all that is, John?" asked Lorna, smiling cleverly at the manner of my staring.

"How on earth should I know? Papists burn Protestants in the flesh; and Protestants burn Papists in effigy, as we mock them. Lorna, are they going to burn any one to-night?"

"No, you dear. I must rid you of these things. I see that you are bigoted. The Doones are firing Dunkery beacon to celebrate their new captain."

"But how could they bring it here through the snow? If they have sledges, I can do nothing."

"They brought it before the snow began. The moment poor grandfather was gone, even before his funeral, the young men, having none to check them, began at once upon it. They had always borne a grudge against it: not that it ever did them harm, but because it seemed so insolent. 'Can't a gentleman go home without a smoke behind him?' I have often heard them saying. And though they have done it no serious harm, since they threw the firemen on the fire, many, many years ago, they have often promised to bring it here for their candle; and now they have done it. Ah, now look! The tar is kindled."

Though Lorna took it so in joke, I looked upon it very gravely, knowing that this heavy outrage to the feelings of the neighbourhood would cause more stir than a hundred sheep stolen, or a score of houses sacked. Not of course that the beacon was of the smallest use to any one, neither stopped anybody from stealing: nay, rather it was like the parish-knell, which begins when all is over, and depresses all the

survivors; yet I knew that we valued it, and were proud, and spoke of it as a mighty institution; and even more than that, our vestry had voted, within the last two years, seven shillings and sixpence to pay for it, in proportion with other parishes. And one of the men who attended to it, or at least who was paid for doing so, was our Jem Slocombe's grandfather.

However, in spite of all my regrets, the fire went up very merrily, blazing red, and white, and yellow, as it leaped on different things. And the light danced on the snowdrifts with a misty lilac hue. I was astonished at its burning in such mighty depths of snow; but Gwenny said that the wicked men had been three days hard at work, clearing, as it were, a cock-pit, for their fire to have its way. And now they had a mighty pile, which must have covered five landyards square, heaped up to a goodly height and eager to take fire.

In this I saw great obstacle to what I wished to manage. For when this pyramid should be kindled thoroughly, and pouring light and blazes round, would not all the valley be like a white room full of candles? Thinking thus, I was half inclined to abide my time for another night; and then my second thoughts convinced me that I would be a fool in this. For lo, what an opportunity! All the Doones would be drunk of course, in about three hours time, and getting more and more in drink as the night went on. As for the fire, it must sink in about three hours or more, and only cast uncertain shadows friendly to my purpose. And then the outlaws must cower round it, as the cold increased on them, helping the weight of the liquor; and in their jollity any noise would be cheered as a false alarm. Most of all, and which decided once for all my action, when these wild and reckless villains should be hot with ardent spirits, what was door, or wall, to stand betwixt them and my Lorna?

This thought quickened me so much that I touched my darling reverently, and told her in a few short words how I hoped to manage it.

"Sweetest, in two hours' time I shall be again with you. Keep the bar up and have Gwenny ready to answer any one. You are safe while they are dining, dear, and drinking healths, and all that stuff; and before they have done with that I shall be again with you. Have everything you care to take in a very little compass; and Gwenny must have no baggage. I shall knock loud, and then wait a little; and then knock twice, very softly."

With this I folded her in my arms; and she looked frightened at me, not having perceived her danger: and then I told Gwenny over again what I had told her mistress; but she only nodded her head and said, "Young man, go and teach thy grandmother."

To my great delight I found that the weather, not often friendly to lovers, and lately seeming so hostile, had in the most important matter done me a signal service. For when I had promised to take my love from the power of those wretches, the only way of escape apparent lay through the main Doone-gate. For though I might climb the cliffs myself, especially with the snow to aid me, I durst not try to fetch Lorna up them, even if she were not half-starved as well as partly frozen; and as for Gwenny's door, as we called it (that is to say, the little entrance from the wooded hollow), it was snowed up long ago to the level of the hills around. Therefore I was at my wit's end how to get them out; the passage by the Doone-gate being long, and dark, and difficult, and leading to such a weary circuit among the snowy moors and hills.

But now, being homeward-bound by the shortest possible track, I slipped along between the bonfire and the boundary cliffs, where I found a caved way of snow behind a sort of avalanche: so that if the Doones had been keeping watch (which they were not doing, but revelling), they could scarcely have discovered me. And when I came to my old ascent, where I had often scaled the cliff and made across the mountains, it struck me that I would just have a look at my first and painful entrance, to wit, the water-slide. I never for a moment imagined that this could help me now; for I never had dared to descend it, even in the finest weather; still I had a curiosity to know what my old friend was like with so much snow upon him. But to my very great surprise, there was scarcely any snow there at all, though plenty curling high over head from the cliff, like bolsters over it. Probably the sweeping of the north-east wind up the narrow chasm had kept the showers from blocking it, although the water had no power under the bitter grip of frost. All my water-slide was now less a slide than path of ice; furrowed where the waters ran over fluted ridges; seamed where wind had tossed and combed them, even while congealing; and crossed with little steps wherever the freezing torrent lingered. And here and there the ice was fibred with the trail of sludge-weed, slanting from the side, and matted, so as to make resting-place.

Lo it was easy track and channel, as if for the very purpose made, down which I could

guide my sledge with Lorna sitting in it. There were only two things to be feared: one lest the rolls of snow above should fall in and bury us; the other lest we should rush too fast, and so be carried headlong into the black whirlpool at the bottom, the middle of which was still unfrozen, and looking more horrible by the contrast. Against this danger I made provision, by fixing a stout bar across; but of the other we must take our chance, and trust ourselves to Providence.

I hastened home at my utmost speed, and told my mother for God's sake to keep the house up till my return, and to have plenty of fire blazing, and plenty of water boiling, and food enough hot for a dozen people, and the best bed aired with the warming-pan. Dear mother smiled softly at my excitement, though her own was not much less, I am sure, and enhanced by sore anxiety. Then I gave very strict directions to Annie, and praised her a little, and kissed her; and I even endeavoured to flatter Eliza, lest she should be disagreeable.

After this I took some brandy, both within and about me; the former, because I had sharp work to do; and the latter in fear of whatever might happen, in such great cold, to my comrades. Also I carried some other provisions, grieving much at their coldness; and then I went to the upper linhay and took our new light pony-sledd, which had been made almost as much for pleasure as for business; though God only knows how our girls could have found any pleasure in bumping along so. On the snow, however, it ran as sweetly as if it had been made for it; yet I durst not take the pony with it; in the first place, because his hoofs would break through the ever-shifting surface of the light and piling snow; and secondly, because those ponies, coming from the forest, have a dreadful trick of neighing, and most of all in frosty weather.

Therefore I girded my own body with a dozen turns of hay-rope, twisting both the ends in under at the bottom of my breast, and winding the hay on the skew a little, that the hempen thong might not slip between, and so cut me in the drawing. I put a good piece of spare rope in the sledd, and the cross seat with the back to it, which was stuffed with our own wool, as well as two or three fur coats: and then just as I was starting, out came Annie, in spite of the cold, panting for fear of missing me, and with nothing on her head, but a lantern in one hand.

"Oh, John, here is the most wonderful thing! Mother has never shown it before; and I can't think how she could make up her mind. She had gotten it in a great well of a cupboard, with camphor, and spirits, and lavender. Lizzie says it is a most magnificent sealskin cloak, worthy fifty pounds, or a farthing."

"At any rate it is soft and warm," said I, very calmly flinging it into the bottom of the sledd. "Tell mother I will put it over Lorna's feet."

"Lorna's feet! Oh you great fool," cried Annie, for the first time reviling me. "Over her shoulders; and be proud, you very stupid John."

"It is not good enough for her feet," I answered, with strong emphasis; "but don't tell mother I said so, Annie. Only thank her very kindly."

With that I drew my traces hard, and set my ashen staff into the snow, and struck out with my best foot foremost (the best one at snow-shoes, I mean), and the sledd came after me as lightly as a dog might follow; and Annie with the lantern seemed to be left behind and waiting, like a pretty lamp-post.

The full moon rose as bright behind me as a patin of pure silver, casting on the snow long shadows of the few things left above, burdened rock, and shaggy foreland, and the labouring trees. In the great white desolation, distance was a mocking vision: hills looked nigh and valleys far; when hills were far and valleys nigh. And the misty breath of frost, piercing through the ribs of rock, striking to the pith of trees, creeping to the heart of man, lay along the hollow places, like a serpent sloughing. Even as my own gaunt shadow (travestied as if I were the moonlight's daddy-long-legs) went before me down the slope; even I, the shadow's master, who had tried in vain to cough, when coughing brought good liquorice, felt a pressure on my bosom and a husking in my throat.

However, I went on quietly and at a very tidy speed; being only too thankful that the snow had ceased and no wind as yet arisen. And from the ring of low white vapour girding all the verge of sky, and from the rosy blue above, and the shafts of starlight set upon a quivering bow, as well as from the moon itself and the light behind it, having learned the signs of frost from its bitter twinges, I knew that we should have a night as keen as ever England felt. Nevertheless, I had work enough to keep me warm if I managed it. The question was, Could I contrive to save my darling from it?

Daring not to risk my sledd by any fall from the valley-cliffs, I dragged it very carefully up the steep incline of ice, through the narrow

chasm, and so to the very brink and verge where first I had seen my Lorna, in the fishing days of boyhood. As then I had a trident fork, for sticking of the loaches, so now I had a strong ash stake, to lay across from rock to rock and break the speed of descending. With this I moored the sledd quite safe, at the very lip of the chasm, where all was now substantial ice, green and black in the moonlight; and then I set off up the valley, skirting along one side of it.

The stack-fire still was burning strongly, but with more of heat than blaze; and many of the younger Doones were playing on the verge of it, the children making rings of fire and their mothers watching them. All the grave and reverend warriors, having heard of rheumatism, were inside of log and stone, in the two lowest houses, with enough of candles burning to make our list of sheep come short.

All these I passed without the smallest risk or difficulty, walking up the channel of drift which I spoke of once before. And then I crossed, with more of care, and to the door of Lorna's house, and made the sign, and listened, after taking my snow-shoes off.

But no one came, as I expected, neither could I espy a light. And I seemed to hear a faint low sound, like the moaning of the snow-wind. Then I knocked again more loudly, with a knocking at my heart; and receiving no answer, set all my power at once against the door. In a moment it flew inwards, and I glided along the passage with my feet still slippery. There in Lorna's room I saw, by the moonlight flowing in, a sight which drove me beyond sense.

Lorna was behind a chair, crouching in the corner, with her hands up, and a crucifix or something that looked like it. In the middle of the room lay Gwenny Carfax, stupid, yet with one hand clutching the ankle of a struggling man. Another man stood above my Lorna, trying to draw the chair away. In a moment I had him round the waist, and he went out of the window with a mighty crash of glass; luckily for him that window had no bars like some of them. Then I took the other man by the neck, and he could not plead for mercy. I bore him out of the house as lightly as I would bear a baby, yet squeezing his throat a little more than I fain would do to an infant. By the bright moonlight I saw that I carried Marwood de Whichehalse. For his father's sake I spared him, and because he had been my schoolfellow: but with every muscle of my body strung with indignation, I cast him, like a skittle, from me into a snowdrift, which closed over him. Then I looked for the other fellow, tossed through Lorna's window; and found him lying stunned and bleeding, neither able to groan yet. Charleworth Doone, if his gushing blood did not much mislead me.

It was no time to linger now: I fastened my shoes in a moment, and caught up my own darling with her head upon my shoulder, where she whispered faintly; and telling Gwenny to follow me, or else I would come back for her if she could not walk the snow, I ran the whole distance to my sledd, caring not who might follow me. Then by the time I had set up Lorna, beautiful and smiling, with the sealskin cloak all over her, sturdy Gwenny came along, having trudged in the track of my snow-shoes, although with two bags on her back. I set her in beside her mistress, to support her and keep warm; and then with one look back at the glen, which had been so long my home of heart, I hung behind the sledd, and launched it down the steep and dangerous way.

Though the cliffs were black above us, and the road unseen in front, and a great white grave of snow might at a single word come down, Lorna was as calm and happy as an infant in its bed. She knew that I was with her; and when I told her not to speak she touched my hand in silence. Gwenny was in a much greater fright, having never seen such a thing before, neither knowing what it is to yield to pure love's confidence. I could hardly keep her quiet without making a noise myself. With my staff from rock to rock, and my weight thrown backward, I broke the sledd's too rapid way, and brought my grown love safely out, by the selfsame road which first had led me to her girlish fancy and my boyish slavery.

Unpursued, yet looking back as if some one must be after us, we skirted round the black whirling pool and gained the meadows beyond it. Here there was hard collar work, the track being all uphill and rough; and Gwenny wanted to jump out to lighten the sledd and to push behind. But I would not hear of it; because it was now so deadly cold and I feared that Lorna might get frozen, without having Gwenny to keep her warm. And after all, it was the sweetest labour I had ever known in all my life, to be sure that I was pulling Lorna, and pulling her to our own farmhouse.

Gwenny's nose was touched with frost before we had gone much further, because she would not keep it quiet and snug beneath the sealskin. And here I had to stop in the moonlight (which was very dangerous) and rub it with a clove of snow, as Eliza had taught me; and Gwenny scolding all the time, as if myself

had frozen it. Lorna was now so far oppressed with all the troubles of the evening and the joy that followed them, as well as by the piercing cold and difficulty of breathing, that she lay quite motionless, like fairest wax in the moonlight—when we stole a glance at her beneath the dark folds of the cloak; and I thought that she was falling into the heavy snow-sleep whence there is no awaking.

Therefore I drew my traces tight, and set my whole strength to the business; and we slipped along at a merry pace, although with many joltings, which must have sent my darling out into the cold snow-drifts but for the short strong arm of Gwenny. And so in about an hour's time, in spite of many hindrances, we came home to the old courtyard, and all the dogs saluted us. My heart was quivering and my cheeks as hot as the Doones' bonfire, with wondering both what Lorna would think of our farmyard and what my mother would think of her. Upon the former subject my anxiety was wasted, for Lorna neither saw a thing nor even opened her heavy eyes. And as to what mother would think of her, she was certain not to think at all, until she had cried over her.

And so indeed it came to pass. Even at this length of time I can hardly tell it, although so bright before my mind, because it moves my heart so. The sledd was at the open door with only Lorna in it; for Gwenny Carfax had jumped out and hung back in the clearing, giving any reason rather than the only true one—that she would not be intruding. At the door were all our people; first of course Betty Muxworthy, teaching me how to draw the sledd, as if she had been born in it, and flourishing with a great broom wherever a speck of snow lay. Then dear Annie, and old Molly (who was very quiet and counted almost for nobody), and behind them mother, looking as if she wanted to come first, but doubted how the manners lay. In the distance Lizzie stood, fearful of encouraging, but unable to keep out of it.

Betty was going to poke her broom right in under the sealskin cloak, where Lorna lay unconscious and where her precious breath hung frozen, like a silver cobweb; but I caught up Betty's broom and flung it clean away over the corn-chamber; and then I put the others by and fetched my mother forward.

"You shall see her first," I said; "is she not your daughter? Hold the light there, Annie."

Dear mother's hands were quick and trembling as she opened the shining folds; and there she saw my Lorna sleeping, with her black hair all dishevelled, and she bent and kissed her forehead, and only said, "God bless her, John!" And then she was taken with violent weeping and I was forced to hold her.

"Us may tich of her now, I rackon," said Betty in her most jealous way: "Annie, tak her by the head and I'll tak her by the toesen. No taime to stand here like girt gawks. Don'ee tak on zo, missus. Ther be vainer vish in the zea—Lor, but her be a booty!"

With this they carried her into the house, Betty chattering all the while, and going on now about Lorna's hands, and the others crowding round her, so that I thought I was not wanted among so many women, and should only get the worst of it and perhaps do harm to my darling. Therefore I went and brought Gwenny in, and gave her a potful of bacon and pease, and an iron spoon to eat it with, which she did right heartily.

Then I asked her how she could have been such a fool as to let those two vile fellows enter the house where Lorna was; and she accounted for it so naturally, that I could only blame myself. For my agreement had been to give one loud knock (if you happen to remember), and after that two little knocks. Well, these two drunken rogues had come; and one, being very drunk indeed, had given a great thump; and then nothing more to do with it; and the other, being three-quarters drunk, had followed his leader (as one might say) but feebly, and making two of it. Whereupon up jumped Lorna, and declared that her John was there.

All this Gwenny told me shortly, between the whiles of eating, and even while she licked the spoon: and then there came a message for me that my love was sensible and was seeking all around for me. Then I told Gwenny to hold her tongue (whatever she did, among us), and not to trust to women's words; and she told me they all were liars, as she had found out long ago; and the only thing to believe in was an honest man, when found. Thereupon I could have kissed her, as a sort of tribute, liking to be appreciated; yet the pease upon her lips made me think about it; and thought is fatal to action. So I went to see my dear.

That sight I shall not forget till my dying head falls back and my breast can lift no more. I know not whether I were then more blessed or harrowed by it. For in the settle was my Lorna, propped with pillows round her, and her clear hands spread sometimes to the blazing fire-place. In her eyes no knowledge was of anything around her, neither in her neck the sense of leaning towards anything. Only both her lovely hands were entreating something to

spare her or to love her; and the lines of supplication quivered in her sad white face.

"All go away except my mother," I said very quietly, but so that I would be obeyed; and everybody knew it. Then mother came to me alone and she said, "The frost is in her brain: I have heard of this before, John." "Mother, I will have it out," was all that I could answer her; "leave her to me altogether: only you sit there and watch." For I felt that Lorna knew me and no other soul but me; and that if not interfered with, she would soon come home to me. Therefore I sat gently by her, leaving nature, as it were, to her own good time and will. And presently the glance that watched me, as at distance and in doubt, began to flutter and to brighten, and to deepen into kindness, then to beam with trust and love, and then with gathering tears to falter, and in shame to turn away. But the small, entreating hands found their way, as if by instinct, to my great protecting palms; and trembled there and rested there.

For a little while we lingered thus, neither wishing to move away, neither caring to look beyond the presence of the other; both alike so full of hope, and comfort, and true happiness, if only the world would let us be. And then a little sob disturbed us, and mother tried to make believe that she was only coughing. But Lorna, guessing who she was, jumped up so very rashly that she almost set her frock on fire from the great ash log, and away she ran to the old oak chair, where mother was by the clock-case pretending to be knitting, and she took the work from mother's hands, and laid them both upon her head, kneeling humbly, and looking up.

"God bless you, my fair mistress!" said mother, bending nearer, and then as Lorna's gaze prevailed, "God bless you, my sweet child!"

And so she went to mother's heart, by the very nearest road, even as she had come to mine; I mean the road of pity, smoothed by grace, and youth, and gentleness.

RODS AND KISSES.

All blessings ask a blessed mood;
The garnish here is more than meat;
Happy who takes sweet gratitude;
Next best, though bitter, is regret.

'Tis well if on the tempest's gloom
You see the covenant of God;
But far, far happier he on whom
The kiss works better than the rod.

COVENTRY PATMORE.

THE WOOER.

BY JOANNA BAILLIE.

It fell on a morning when we were thrang,
Our kirn was gaun, our cheese was making,
And bannocks on the girdle baking,
That ane at the door chapt loud and lang.
But the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight
Of this stirring and din took sma' notice, I ween;
For a chap at the door, in braid daylight,
Is no like a chap when heard at e'en.

Then the clocksey auld laird of the warlock glen,
Wha stood without, half-cow'd, half-cheerie,
And yearn'd for a sight of his winsome dearie,
Raised up the latch and came crousely ben.
His coat was new, and his o'erlay was white,
And his hose and his mittens were cozie and bein;
But an wooer that comes in braid daylight,
Is no like an wooer that comes at e'en.

He greeted the carlin' and lasses sae braw,
And his bare lyart pow he smoothly straiket,
And looked about, like a body half glaiket,
On bonny sweet Nanny the youngest of a'.
"Ha ha!" quo' the carline, "and look ye that way?
Hoot! let na sic fancies bewilder ye clean—
An elderlin man i' the noon o' the day,
Should be wiser than youngsters that come at e'en."

"Na na!" quo' the pauky auld wife; "I trow,
You'll fash na' your head wi' a youthfu' gilly,
As wild and as skeigh as a muirland filly,
Black Madge is far better and fitter for you."
He hemm'd and he haw'd, and he screw'd in his mouth,
And he squeezed his blue bonnet his twa hands between;
For wooers that come when the sun's in the south,
Are mair aukwart than wooers that come at e'en.

"Black Madge she is prudent."—"What's that to me?"
"She is eident and sober, has sense in her noddle,
Is douce and respeckit."—"I care na a bodle,
I'll baulk na' my luive, and my fancy's free."
Madge toss'd back her head wi' a saucy slight,
And Nanny ran laughing out to the green;
For wooers that come when the sun shines bright
Are no like the wooers that come at e'en.

Awa' flung the laird and loud muttered he,
"All the daughters of Eve, between Orkney and Tweed O,
Black and fair, young and old, dame, damsel, and widow,
May gang wi' their pride to the deil for me!"
But the auld gudewife and her mays sae tight,
For a' his loud banning cared little, I ween;
For an wooer that comes in braid daylight
Is no like an wooer that comes at e'en.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

BY JEAN PAUL F. RICHTER.

Complaint of the Bird in a Darkened Cage.—"Ah!" the imprisoned bird, "how unhappy were I in my eternal night, but for those melodious tones which sometimes make their way to me like beams of light from afar, and cheer my gloomy day. But I will myself repeat these heavenly melodies like an echo, until I have stamped them in my heart; and then I shall be able to bring comfort to myself in my darkness!" Thus spoke the little warbler, and soon had learned the sweet airs that were sung to it with voice and instrument. That done, the curtain was raised; for the darkness had been purposely contrived to assist in its instruction. O man! how often dost thou complain of overshadowing grief and of darkness resting upon thy days! And yet what cause for complaint, unless indeed thou hast failed to learn wisdom from suffering?—For is not the whole sum of human life a veiling and an obscuring of the immortal spirit of man? Then first, when the fleshly curtain falls away, may it soar upwards into a region of happier melodies!

On the Death of Young Children.—Ephemera die all at sunset, and no insect of this class has ever sported in the beams of the morning sun.[1] Happier are ye, little human ephemera! Ye played only in the ascending beams, and in the early dawn, and in the eastern light; ye drank only of the prelibations of life; hovered for a little space over a world of freshness and of blossoms; and fell asleep in innocence, before yet the morning dew was exhaled!

The Prophetic Dew-drops.—A delicate child, pale, and prematurely wise, was complaining, on a hot morning, that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers, like other happier dew-drops,[2] that live the whole night through, and sparkle in the moonlight and through the morning onwards to noonday: "The sun," said the child, "has chased them away with his heat—or swallowed them in his wrath." Soon after came rain and a rainbow; whereupon his father pointed upwards. "See," said he, "there stand thy dew-drops gloriously re-set—a glittering jewellery—in the heavens; and the clownish foot tramples on them no more. By this, my child, thou art taught, that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven." Thus the father spoke, and knew not that he spoke prefiguring words: for soon after, the delicate child, with the morning brightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled, like a dew-drop into heaven.

Female Tongues.—Hippil, the author of the book *Upon Marriage*, says—"A woman that does not talk must be a stupid woman. But Hippil is an author whose opinions it is more safe to admire than to adopt. The most intelligent women are often silent amongst women; and again, the most stupid and the most silent are often neither one nor the other, except amongst men. In general, the current remark upon men is valid also with respect to women—that those for the most part are the greatest thinkers who are the least talkers; as frogs cease to croak when *light* is brought to the water edge.—However, in fact, the disproportionate talking of women arises out of the sedentariness of their labours: sedentary artisans—as tailors, shoemakers, weavers—have this habit, as well as hypochondriacal tendencies, in common with women.—Apes do not talk, as savages say, that they may not be set to work: but women often talk double their share—even *because* they work.

Forgiveness.—Nothing is more moving to man than the spectacle of reconciliation. Our weaknesses are thus indemnified, and are not too costly—being the price we pay for the hour of forgiveness: and the archangel, who has never felt anger, has reason to envy the man who subdues it. When thou forgivest, the man who has pierced thy heart stands to thee in the relation of the sea-worm that perforates the shell of the mussel, which straightway closes the wound with a pearl.

Great Men.—The graves of the best men, of the noblest martyrs, are like the graves of the Hernhuters (the Moravian Brethren)—level, and undistinguishable from the universal earth: and if the earth could give up her secrets, our whole globe would appear a Westminster Abbey laid flat. Ah! what a multitude of tears, what myriads of bloody drops have been shed in secrecy about the three corner-trees of earth—the tree of life, the tree of knowledge, and the tree of freedom—shed, but never reckoned! It is only great periods

[1] Some class of ephemeral insects are born about five o'clock in the afternoon, and die before midnight—supposing them to live to old age.

[2] If the dew is evaporated immediately upon the sun-rising, rain and storm follow in the afternoon; but, if it stays and glitters for a long time after sunrise, the day continues fair.

of calamity that reveal to us our great men, as comets are revealed by total eclipses of the sun. Not merely upon the field of battle, but also upon the consecrated soil of virtue—and upon the classic ground of truth, thousands of *nameless* heroes must fall and struggle to build up the footstool from which history surveys the *one* hero, whose name is embalmed, bleeding—conquering—and resplendent. The grandest of herioc deeds are those which are performed within four walls and in domestic privacy. And because history records only the self-sacrifices of the male sex, and because she dips her pen only in blood—therefore is it that, in the eyes of the unseen spirit of the world, our annals appear doubtless far more beautiful and noble than in our own.

The Grandeur of Man in his Littleness.—Man upon this earth would be vanity and hollowness, dust and ashes, vapour and a bubble—were it not that he felt himself to be so. That it is possible for him to harbour such a feeling—*this*, by implying a comparison of himself with something higher in himself, *this* is it which makes him the immortal creature that he is.

Night.—The earth is every day overspread with the veil of night, for the same reason as the cages of birds are darkened—viz. that we may the more readily apprehend the higher harmonies of thought, in the hush and quiet of darkness. Thoughts, which day turns into smoke and mist, stand about us in the night, as lights and flames; even as the column which fluctuates above the crater of Vesuvius, in the day time appears a pillar of cloud, but by night a pillar of fire.

The Stars.—Look up, and behold the eternal fields of light that lie round about the throne of God. Had no star ever appeared in the heavens, to man there would have been no heavens; and he would have laid himself down to his last sleep, in a spirit of anguish, as upon a gloomy earth vaulted over by a material arch—solid and impervious.

Martyrdom.—To die for truth—is not to die for one's country, but to die for the world. Truth, like the *Venus di Medici*, will pass down in thirty fragments to posterity: but posterity will collect and recompose them into a goddess.—Then also thy temple, O eternal Truth! that now stands half below the earth—made hollow by the sepulchres of its witnesses, will raise itself in the total majesty of its proportions; and will stand in monumental granite; and every pillar on which it rests will be fixed in the grave of a martyr.

The Quarrels of Friends.—Why is it that the most fervent love becomes more fervent by brief interruption and reconciliation? and why must a storm agitate our affections before they can raise the highest rainbow of peace? Ah! for this reason it is—because all passions feel their object to be as eternal as themselves, and no love can admit the feeling that the beloved object should die. And under this feeling of imperishableness it is, that we, hard fields of ice, shock together so harshly, whilst all the while, under the sunbeams of a little space of seventy years, we are rapidly dissolving.

Dreaming.—But for dreams, that lay Mosaic worlds tesselated with flowers and jewels before the blind sleeper, and surround the recumbent living with the figures of the dead in the upright attitude of life, the time would be too long before we are allowed to rejoin our brothers, parents, friends: every year we should become more and more painfully sensible of the desolation made around us by death, if sleep—the ante-chamber of the grave—were not hung by dreams with the busts of those who live in the other world.

Dignity of Man in Self-sacrifice.—That for which man offers up his blood or his property must be more valuable than they. A good man does not fight with half the courage for his own life that he shows in the protection of another's. The mother, who will hazard nothing for herself, will hazard all in defence of her child; in short, only for the nobility within us—only for virtue, will man open his veins and offer up his spirit: but this nobility—this virtue—presents different phases: with the Christian martyr, it is faith; with the savage, it is honour; with the republican, it is liberty.

Fancy.—Fancy can lay only the past and the future under her copying paper; and every actual presence of the object sets limits to her power: just as water distilled from roses, according to the old naturalists, lost its power exactly at the periodical blooming of the rose.

Derham remarks, in his Physico-theology, that the deaf hear best in the midst of noise; as, for instance, during the ringing of bells, &c. This must be the reason that the thundering of drums, cannons, &c., accompany the entrance into cities of princes and ministers, who are generally rather deaf, in order that they may the better hear the petitions and complaints of the people.

—*Translated by T. De Quincy.*

THE SEED AND FRUIT.

BY LEWIS KINGSLEY.

'Tis not its blood that bursts the vine
When in the press it's trampled on,
But healing sacramental wine,
The Holy Grail—the cup divine—
Christ's life, free-given for our own.

'Tis not with angry stroke but kind,
The sculptor hews the marble stone;
His blows, their scars, if we will mind,
But loose the angel there confined—
An angel from a shapeless stone!

'Twas not in wrath, the psalmist old,
His inspired hand swept o'er the strings
And vexed his harp with beatings bold:
A purer, holier music rolled
E'en from its sharpest quiverings.

And thus in all the world's great round,
When we its meaning full divine—
From fiercest twangs the sweetest sound;
By sharpest strokes the soul unbound;
From sorest bruise the sweetest wine.

So to the faith now tossed with fear
All seeming ills shall prove to be
Each one the seed for harvests near:
"Though Christ was dead, he is not here;"
There needs the cross, the funeral bier,
Ere we the resurrection see.

Harper's Magazine.

DANIEL O'ROURKE.[1]

BY T. CROFTON CROKER.

People may have heard of the renowned adventures of Daniel O'Rourke, but how few are there who know that the cause of all his perils, above and below, was neither more nor less than his having slept under the walls of the Phooka's tower! I knew the man well; he lived at the bottom of Hungry Hill, just at the right-hand side of the road as you go towards Bantry. An old man was he at the time that he told me the story, with gray hair and a red nose: and it was on the 25th of June, 1813, that I heard it from his own lips, as he sat smoking his pipe under the old poplar tree, on as fine an evening as ever shone from the sky. I was going to visit the caves in Dursey Island, having spent the morning at Glengariff.

"I am often *axed* to tell it, sir," said he, "so that this is not the first time. The master's son, you see, had come from beyond foreign parts in France and Spain, as young gentlemen used to go, before Buonaparte or any such was heard of; and sure enough there was a dinner given to all the people on the ground, gentle and simple, high and low, rich and poor. The *ould* gentlemen were the gentlemen, after all, saving your honour's presence. They'd swear at a body a little, to be sure, and may be give one a cut of a whip now and then, but we were no losers by it in the end;—and they were so easy and civil, and kept such rattling houses, and thousands of welcomes;—and there was no grinding for rent, and few agents; and there was hardly a tenant on the estate that did not taste of his landlord's bounty often and often in the year;—but now it's another thing: no matter for that, sir, for I'd better be telling you my story.

"Well, we had everything of the best, and plenty of it; and we ate, and we drank, and we danced, and the young master by the same token danced with Peggy Barry, from the Bohereen—a lovely young couple they were, though they are both low enough now. To make a long story short, I got, as a body may say, the same thing as tipsy almost, for I can't remember ever at all, no ways, how it was I left the place: only I did leave it, that's certain. Well, I thought, for all that, in myself, I'd just step to Molly Cronohan's, the fairy-woman, to speak a word about the bracket heifer that was bewitched; and so as I was crossing the stepping-stones of the ford of Ballyasheenough, and was looking up at the stars and blessing myself—for why? it was Lady-day—I missed my foot, and souse I fell into the water. 'Death alive!' thought I, 'I'll be drowned now!' However, I began swimming, swimming, swimming away for the dear life, till at last I got ashore, somehow or other, but never the one of me can tell how, upon a *dissolute* island.

"I wandered and wandered about there, without knowing where I wandered, until at last I got into a big bog. The moon was shining as bright as day, or your fair lady's eyes, sir (with your pardon for mentioning her), and I looked east and west, and north and south, and every way, and nothing did I see but bog, bog, bog;—I could never find out how I got into it; and my heart grew cold with fear, for sure and certain I was that it would be my

[1] The *Quarterly Review* said that this humorous tale was "a fine Dutch picture of nightmare, rivalling in its way the sublimer vision of Burns." It is from the *Fairy Legends and Traditions of the South of Ireland.*

berrin place. So I sat down upon a stone, which, as good luck would have it, was close by me, and I began to scratch my head and sing the *Ullagone*—when all of a sudden the moon grew black, and I looked up, and saw something for all the world as if it was moving down between me and it, and I could not tell what it was. Down it came with a pounce, and looked at me full in the face; and what was it but an eagle? as fine a one as ever flew from the kingdom of Kerry. So he looked at me in the face, and says he to me, 'Daniel O'Rourke,' says he, 'how do you do?' 'Very well, I thank you, sir,' says I; 'I hope you're well;' wondering out of my senses all the time how an eagle came to speak like a Christian. 'What brings you here, Dan?' says he. 'Nothing at all, sir,' says I; 'only I wish I was safe home again.' 'Is it out of the island you want to go, Dan?' says he. ''Tis, sir,' says I; so I up and told him how I had taken a drop too much; and fell into the water; how I swam to the island; and how I got into the bog and did not know my way out of it. 'Dan,' says he, after a minute's thought, 'though it is very improper for you to get drunk on Lady-day, yet as you are a decent sober man, who 'tends mass well, and never flings stones at me nor mine, nor cries out after us in the fields—my life for yours,' says he; 'so get up on my back, and grip me well for fear you'd fall off, and I'll fly you out of the bog.' 'I am afraid,' says I, 'your honour's making game of me; for who ever heard of riding a horseback on an eagle before?' ''Pon the honour of a gentleman,' says he, putting his right foot on his breast, 'I am quite in earnest; and so now either take my offer or starve in the bog; besides, I see that your weight is sinking the stone.'

"It was true enough as he said, for I found the stone every minute going from under me. I had no choice; so thinks I to myself, faint heart never won fair lady, and this is fair persuadance:—'I thank your honour,' says I, 'for the loan of your civility, and I'll take your kind offer.' I therefore mounted upon the back of the eagle, and held him tight enough by the throat, and up he flew in the air like a lark. Little I knew the trick he was going to serve me. Up, up, up—God knows how far up he flew. 'Why, then,' said I to him—thinking he did not know the right road home—very civilly, because why?—I was in his power entirely;—'sir,' says I, 'please your honour's glory, and with humble submission to your better judgment, if you'd fly down a bit, you're now just over my cabin, and I could be put down there, and many thanks to your worship.'

"'*Arrah*, Dan,' said he, 'do you think me a fool? Look down in the next field, and don't you see two men and a gun? By my word it would be no joke to be shot this way, to oblige a drunken blackguard that I picked up off of a *could* stone in a bog.' 'Bother you,' said I to myself, but I did not speak out, for where was the use? Well, sir, up he kept flying, flying, and I asking him every minute to fly down, and all to no use. 'Where in the world are you going, sir?' says I to him. 'Hold your tongue, Dan,' says he; 'mind your own business, and don't be interfering with the business of other people.' 'Faith, this is my business, I think,' says I. 'Be quiet, Dan,' says he; so I said no more.

"At last where should we come to but to the moon itself. Now you can't see it from this, but there is, or there was in my time, a reaping-hook sticking out of the side of the moon, this way (drawing the figure thus ☾ on the ground with the end of his stick).

"'Dan,' said the eagle, 'I'm tired with this long fly; I had no notion 'twas so far.' 'And my lord, sir,' said I, 'who in the world *axed* you to fly so far—was it I? did not I beg, and pray, and beseech you to stop half an hour ago?' 'There's no use talking, Dan,' said he; 'I'm tired bad enough, so you must get off, and sit down on the moon until I rest myself.' 'Is it sit down on the moon?' said I; 'is it upon that little round thing, then? why then, sure, I'd fall off in a minute, and be *kilt* and split, and smashed all to bits: you are a vile deceiver—so you are.' 'Not at all, Dan,' said he; 'you can catch fast hold of the reaping-hook that's sticking out of the side of the moon, and 'twill keep you up.' 'I won't then,' said I. 'May be not,' said he, quite quiet. 'If you don't, my man, I shall just give you a shake, and one slap of my wing, and send you down to the ground, where every bone in your body will be smashed as small as a drop of dew on a cabbage-leaf in the morning.' 'Why, then, I'm in a fine way,' said I to myself, 'ever to have come along with the likes of you;' and so giving him a hearty curse in Irish, for fear he'd know what I said, I got off his back with a heavy heart, took a hold of the reaping-hook, and sat down upon the moon; and a mighty cold seat it was, I can tell you that.

"When he had me there fairly landed, he turned about on me, and said, 'Good morning to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he, 'I think I've nicked you fairly now. You robbed my nest last year' ('twas true enough for him, but

how he found it out is hard to say), 'and in return you are freely welcome to cool your heels dangling upon the moon like a cock-throw.'

"'Is that all, and is this the way you leave me, you brute you!' says I. 'You ugly unnatural *baste*, and is this the way you serve me at last? Bad luck to yourself, with your hook'd nose, and to all your breed, you blackguard.' 'Twas all to no manner of use; he spread out his great big wings, burst out a laughing, and flew away like lightning. I bawled after him to stop; but I might have called and bawled for ever without his minding me. Away he went, and I never saw him from that day to this—sorrow fly away with him! You may be sure I was in a disconsolate condition, and kept roaring out for the bare grief, when all at once a door opened right in the middle of the moon, creaking on its hinges as if it had not been opened for a month before. I suppose they never thought of greasing 'em, and out there walks—who do you think but the man in the moon himself? I knew him by his bush.

"'Good morrow to you, Daniel O'Rourke,' said he: 'how do you do?' 'Very well, thank your honour,' said I. 'I hope your honour's well.' 'What brought you here, Dan?' said he. So I told him how I was a little overtaken in liquor at the master's, and how I was cast on a *dissolute* island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle promised to fly me out of it, and how instead of that he had fled me up to the moon.

"'Dan,' said the man in the moon, taking a pinch of snuff when I was done, 'you must not stay here.' 'Indeed, sir,' says I, ''tis much against my will I'm here at all; but how am I to go back?' 'That's your business,' said he, 'Dan: mine is to tell you that here you must not stay, so be off in less than no time.' 'I'm doing no harm,' says I, 'only holding on hard by the reaping-hook, lest I fall off.' 'That's what you must not do, Dan,' says he. 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'may I ask how many you are in family, that you would not give a poor traveller lodging: I'm sure 'tis not so often you're troubled with strangers coming to see you, for 'tis a long way.' 'I'm by myself, Dan,' says he; 'but you'd better let go the reaping-hook.' 'Faith, and with your leave,' says I, 'I'll not let go the grip, and the more you bids me, the more I won't let go—so I will.' 'You had better, Dan,' says he again. 'Why, then, my little fellow,' says I, taking the whole weight of him with my eye from head to foot, 'there are two words to that bargain; and I'll not budge, but you may if you like.' 'We'll see how that is to be,' says he; and back he went, giving the door such a great bang after him (for it was plain he was huffed), that I thought the moon and all would fall down with it.

"Well, I was preparing myself to try strength with him, when back again he comes with the kitchen cleaver in his hand, and without saying a word, he gives two bangs to the handle of the reaping-hook that was keeping me up, and *whap!* it came in two. 'Good morning to you, Dan,' says the spiteful little old blackguard, when he saw me cleanly falling down with a bit of the handle in my hand: 'I thank you for your visit, and fair weather after you, Daniel.' I had not time to make any answer to him, for I was tumbling over and over, and rolling and rolling at the rate of a fox-hunt. 'God help me,' says I, 'but this is a pretty pickle for a decent man to be seen in at this time of night; I am now sold fairly.' The word was not out of my mouth, when whiz! what should fly by close to my ear but a flock of wild geese, all the way from my own bog of Ballyasheenough, else how should they know *me?* The *ould* gander, who was their general, turning about his head, cried out to me, 'Is that you, Dan?' 'The same,' said I, not a bit daunted now at what he said, for I was by this time used to all kinds of *bedevilment*, and, besides, I knew him of *ould*. 'Good morrow to you,' says he, 'Daniel O'Rourke; how are you in health this morning?' 'Very well, sir,' says I, 'I thank you kindly,' drawing my breath, for I was mightily in want of some. 'I hope your honour's the same.' 'I think 'tis falling you are, Daniel,' says he. 'You may say that, sir,' says I. 'And where are you going all the way so fast?' said the gander. So I told him how I had taken the drop, and how I came on the island, and how I lost my way in the bog, and how the thief of an eagle flew me up to the moon, and how the man in the moon turned me out. 'Dan,' said he, 'I'll save you; put out your hand and catch me by the leg, and I'll fly you home.' 'Sweet is your hand in a pitcher of honey, my jewel,' says I, though all the time I thought in myself that I don't much trust you; but there was no help, so I caught the gander by the leg, and away I and the other geese flew after him as fast as hops.

"We flew, and we flew, and we flew, until we came right over the wide ocean. I knew it well, for I saw Cape Clear to my right hand sticking up out of the water. 'Ah! my lord,' said I to the goose, for I thought it best to

keep a civil tongue in my head any way, 'fly to land, if you please.' 'It is impossible, you see, Dan,' said he, 'for a while, because you see we are going to Arabia.' 'To Arabia?' said I; 'that's surely some place in foreign parts, far away. Oh! Mr. Goose; why then, to be sure, I'm a man to be pitied among you.' 'Whist, whist, you fool,' said he, 'hold your tongue; I tell you Arabia is a very decent sort of place, as like West Carbery as one egg is like another, only there is a little more sand there.'

"Just as we were talking a ship hove in sight, scudding so beautiful before the wind: 'Ah! then, sir,' said I, will you drop me on the ship, if you please?' 'We are not fair over it,' said he. 'We are,' said I. 'We are not,' said he: "If I dropped you now, you would go splash into the sea.' 'I would not,' says I: 'I know better than that, for it's just clean under us, so let me drop now at once.'

"'If you must, you must,' said he. 'There, take your own way;' and he opened his claw, and faith he was right—sure enough I came down plump into the very bottom of the salt sea! Down to the very bottom I went, and I gave myself up then for ever, when a whale walked up to me, scratching himself after his night's sleep, and looked me full in the face, and never the word did he say, but lifting up his tail he splashed me all over again with the cold salt water, till there wasn't a dry stitch upon my whole carcass; and I heard somebody saying—'twas a voice I knew too—'Get up, you drunken brute, off of that;' and with that I woke up, and there was Judy with a tub full of water, which she was splashing all over me, —for, rest her soul! though she was a good wife, she never could bear to see me in drink, and had a bitter hand of her own!

"'Get up,' said she again; 'and of all places in the parish would no place *sarve* your turn to lie down upon but under the *ould* walls of Carrigaphooka? an uneasy resting I am sure you had of it.' And sure enough I had; for I was fairly bothered out of my senses with eagles, and men of the moon, and flying ganders, and whales, driving me through bogs, and up to the moon, and down to the bottom of the green ocean. If I was in drink ten times over, long would it be before I'd lie down in the same spot again, I know that."

THERE'S NOT A JOY THE WORLD CAN GIVE.

BY LORD BYRON.

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess:
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest;
'Tis but as ivy leaves around the ruin'd turret wreath,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and gray beneath.

Oh, could I feel as I have felt—or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanish'd scene;
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So, midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me.[1]

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[1] The above stanzas were written in March, 1815, for Mr. Power, and were set to music by Sir John Stevenson. Byron wrote of them: "I feel merry enough to send you a sad song. An event, the death of poor Dorset, and the recollection of what I once felt, and ought to have felt now, but could not—set me pondering and finally into the train of thought which you have in your hands." Again he said, on these lines, "I pique myself as being the *truest* though the most melancholy I ever wrote."

THE MASQUERADE.

[Mrs. Hofland, born (Barbara Wreaks) in Sheffield, 1770; died, 1844. She was the author of about seventy different works, chiefly novels and moral tales, which obtained for her extensive favour, although they are little known in the present day. She was twice married, first to Mr. T. Bradshaw Hoole, who died two years after the marriage. During her widowhood she conducted a school in Harrogate, until her second marriage, to Mr. Thomas Christopher Hofland, the landscape painter. Her principal works are: *The Daughter-in law; Emily; Captives in India; The Clergyman's Widow; Decision; Integrity; Self-denial; Fortitude; Tales of the Manor;* &c.]

"You surely will not persist, Emma, to refuse accompanying Lady Forester and her party to the masquerade?" said Alicia Clinton to her young friend, with a look of supplication.

"I certainly shall, my dear."

"But she has sent you a ticket, my dear girl; and she has persuaded my grandmamma there is no harm in it, and so decidedly renewed my wishes on the subject, that really ——"

"Do not finish your sentence by saying '*really* you intend to go.' Remember, dear Alicia, the peculiarity of your own situation. An affianced bride, long parted from the chosen of her heart, and newly arrived in this great mart of pleasure, is placed in a more delicate and perilous situation than a wife; for although her bonds are equally sacred, they are less obvious. Do not go."

"You speak, Emma, with as much seriousness as if I were going to do a positively wrong thing,—to be guilty of some unfeminine impropriety of the most reprehensible nature. Surely I have a right to a little innocent amusement, when I go in good company?"

"Very true, Alicia; but you also know that different definitions are given by different persons to words and things, and that no young woman who has given herself to another can act always upon her own conviction. No person for a moment will doubt that our fancy balls in the country, where each assumed a character, were as innocent as they were gay; but I apprehend a London crowd of people in masks, who are thereby privileged to address you, be they who they may, is a very different affair, and might subject a gentlewoman of correct manners to very embarrassing feelings."

"Impossible! when she is with a party. I promise you not to leave Lady Forester for a moment: no, I'll hang upon her like a drowning creature, rather than subject myself to any attentions that could by possibility give future pain to your brother."

"But will you be able to do that? You have often compared Charles, in days past, to Captain Wentworth in the admirable novel of *Persuasion*, not only on account of his person and profession, but for that acute sensibility, and even fastidious perception, of the honourable, modest, and virtuous, in female character; and whilst admiring him have said, 'Would I were like Anne Musgrave, for his sake!' Now do you, *can* you think, that on the eve of her lover's return from a long and dangerous voyage, *she* could have given even her wishes to a masquerade?"

"No, Emma, she would not, I grant you; but we know that when the story commences she was five or six years older than I am; and these 'tamers of the human breast,' disappointment and comparative poverty, had impaired her spirits, diminished her beauty, and rendered her a pensive, gentle, stay-at-home sort of a person. Now, try as I may, I cannot become like her, for I have had indulgent friends, a plentiful fortune, and an attached lover; I cannot become compliant, and meek, and dejected, do what I will."

"But you can be, and have been, constant, tender, and affectionate. You are capable of the heroism of self-denial, of sacrificing the love of admiration, and the stimulus of curiosity, to a deeper and more endeared motive of action!"

As Emma uttered the last words she withdrew, perceiving she had made an impression on her gay friend, who soon began thus to soliloquize:—

"If I thought dear Charles would come to-day, or to-morrow, it is true I should not think of going: but seamen are so uncertain, and I may never have another opportunity; for he is very particular, and thinks so much of me, that I question if he would deem me safe, even in his own protection; he is so ardent, so sincere, so unlike everybody one sees——"

The tide of tender recollections now beginning to flow in the young beauty's bosom, would have soon restored her to her wonted feelings, if the cunning tempter had not arrived at this moment, and influenced her decision by reiterating her former entreaties, and adding the blandishments of well-acted interest in her lovely young friend,—who was little aware that her company was sought not only to add brilliance to the dowager's evening parties, but for the purpose of ensnaring her person and fortune, as the prize of some one of her ladyship's favourites.

So short a period intervened between the time when Alicia's promise was exacted and that when she was to be called for, that she found herself much at a loss how to procure a dress, such as she could approve herself, or please her new and her former friend by adopting.

"I will not be a flower-girl," said she, "for everybody says the rooms will overflow with them; and Lady Forester would laugh at me as a nun, or a tragic muse, or a Quaker: and suppose I were Thalia, or Rosalind, or Perdita, or a sultana, or even Diana, Emma might see something in my dress that would be painful to her; and she is so good, and loves me so truly, I could not bear to wound her. I could better bear the sneer of Lady Forester when she talks of blue-stocking ladies, and sentimental country misses than grieve dear Emma."

In this dilemma her grandmother suggested the idea of her wearing the dress of one of her female ancestors, as she appeared at the court of George II., and which had been carefully preserved in the family since that time. It was accordingly tried on by an ancient waiting-woman, proud of understanding bygone fashions; and was found to be not only splendid in general effect, but exceedingly becoming, and so perfectly adapted to her height and shape, that Emma herself declared it unexceptionable.

Thus attired, Alicia joined the motley party of Lady Forester, who appeared in the costume of Maria Theresa; and she proceeded to the masquerade, assuming no particular character, and of course affecting no theatrical graces; but by no means unconscious of the elegance of her figure, and the graces of her manners, and under the full persuasion that the novelty of the scene on which she was entering, and the abilities of those with whom she must mingle, would not fail to elicit her talents, and render her wit still more conspicuous than her person. She concluded that all the former abodes of gaiety in which she had found herself happy, and the cause of happiness to others, must be eclipsed for ever by this.

But, alas! those spirits that "live i' the sunbeam" of young hearts, and light young eyes with rapture, refused on this eventful evening to visit Alicia. When she indeed found herself one in the midst of a crowd, at once brilliant and low, the motley group, in their numbers and incongruity, oppressed her spirits; and she felt much more inclined to moralize on their characters, than laugh at their absurdities. This feeling increased whenever a domino appeared, for to the wearers of this dress her active imagination appended the office of an inquisitor; and she shrunk from every one that approached, as if he had the power to read alike her thoughts and her situation, and report both to her disadvantage.

She was compelled to resign her reflections, and exert herself to recover those powers of mind, and, if possible, obtain that vivacity for which she was so generally admired; but her efforts to this end were paralyzed by the fulsome adulation of a grand Turk, who belonged to the party, and the teasing attentions of a beau of the last century, who considered himself privileged to address her. As neither of them had either wit, or even the technicalities which belonged to the forms they assumed, effrontery and stupidity appeared to Alicia their only characteristics; but she had not the power of even satirizing these tormentors, for the Hungarian queen, her chaperone, did not allow her the power of addressing her. Under the pretext of supporting her character, she threw her on the attentions of one or other so decidedly as to render her sense of impropriety extremely painful.

This increased to alarm, when she found the disciple of Lord Chesterfield vanished, and the officious Turk her sole attendant, at the very time when she lost Lady Forester, and the humble companion who accompanied her. As she insisted on following them immediately, she was compelled to accept the stranger's arm and guidance, and hear with burning cheek and heaving bosom his self-gratulations on her soft compliance, no longer uttered in the feigned voice he had previously adopted. Tears of vexation and self-reproach rose to her eye, which she cast round in vain for her conductress to this now hateful scene, when she was interrupted in her path by a mask, who appeared to personate a dumb slave, and, being arrayed in the Turkish costume, by his gestures invited her conductor to follow him.

Glad of any interruption, Alicia expressed her willingness to do so; but the representative of an imperial despot determinately resisted her entreaties in this respect, and dismissed the slave, who lost not a moment in darting through the crowd, and with more courage than complaisance compelled Lady Forester to return with him. Alicia's short but pointed reproof effectually silenced the sarcasms the *friend* was prepared to pour on our mortified heroine; in consequence of which, that amiable personage determined to mortify her, by remaining at the place till the latest moment, being fully aware of Alicia's desire to quit it.

Whatever might be her wishes, or those of the Turk, her friend, it was evident that their designs were in a great measure neutralized by the intrusion of the dumb slave, who seemed determined never to leave them, and who stood a battery of observations directed at him, if not to him, with a *sang froid* that really communicated the idea that he was deaf, as well as dumb. At length, however, he made a sudden start, and ran off, to the evident pleasure of the party; but Alicia had by this time so far recovered her self-possession, and was so certain from the extreme thinness of the rooms, that she must be soon relieved, that she determined to sustain with calmness the remainder of that wearisome time she was called on to endure.

At length their carriage drew up, and under the sickly daylight of a cold spring morning, Alicia drove home, exhausted and harassed, with feelings estranged from her companions, and penitent towards her beloved Emma.

As she arrived at the door of her revered relative, a post-chaise and four drove from it: the circumstance struck her as extraordinary; and she eagerly inquired of the servant in waiting, who was in the carriage that had driven thence.

"Captain Alderson, ma'am; he arrived last night after you were gone. Miss Alderson is up and in the breakfast parlour."

Thither Alicia went in extreme agitation. Joy that her lover had arrived, sorrow that she had been absent, and anger that he could have left the house without seeing her, were strangely mingled in her bosom; but fear for the consequences of that conduct which had cost her already so much vexation was her predominant sensation. Seizing the hand of Emma, she exclaimed—

"Tell me in a moment what is the meaning of all this? Charles (poor Charles, from whom we have been so long parted!) has been here and is gone!"

"Yes, he arrived unfortunately before you had left us half an hour. I was very sorry you lost the pleasure of receiving him, for he is looking so well, and is every way so entirely himself; so kind, and frank, and noble-hearted."

"But why did he go? How could he go without seeing me, knowing that I came to London to meet him?"

"He had promised a sick boy, his midshipman, not to part from him till he had given him in charge to his own widowed mother at Tunbridge. He sent an express to this lady, and ordered a post-chaise to be here at six, before he came hither. It stood at the door half an hour, in the hope of your arrival, when, finding the patient became feverish from anxiety, he set out—a little vexed at your delay—but losing his own troubles in his cares for the invalid. You know how tender he is towards all who suffer."

Alicia threw down her mask, hastily unclasped her necklace, and, throwing herself into the arms of her friend, burst into a passion of tears. At length she exclaimed—

"And from such a man as this, so generous to others, so disinterested for himself, so confiding in me, I could flee to mingle in a crowd of strangers, to hear nonsense I despised, and witness folly I could not——"

"Were you not amused, then, after all?"

"No! not for a single half-hour: beyond the first five minutes (in which the novelty of the scene struck me) I found it insupportably dull. I tried to fancy I was in the carnival of Italy, of which one has read so much; but it would not do; there was no exhilarating sun above me, no flashes of merriment or beams of wit around me, and I was teased to death with two stupid coxcombs, who——"

"Were driven away by a third."

These words were not spoken by Emma. Alicia started, looked up, and with inexpressible emotion beheld Charles himself before her. The cause of his return was soon explained: he had met the anxious mother whom he sought, placed her son in her care, and returned immediately. Alicia heard this account —and her head again sunk on the bosom of Emma, anxious to hide there the traces of her past tears, and the blushes which now lighted her pale cheeks. The lover complained of his reception, adding that she "could give a better to a black slave."

"Ha!" cried Alicia, "is my past folly already known to you?"

The lover threw himself at her feet, in such an attitude as to show that he had himself been her attendant under that disguise.

Alicia's countenance was half smiles, half tears, as she extended her arms to raise him. She felt assured that Charles had read the mortification of her heart, and approved her manners, though he might blame her appearance at the masquerade; and in this sweet conviction she almost forgave herself, though she ingenuously told the solicitude of Emma to save her from committing an action, which, in her present circumstances, might be deemed one of folly and unkindness.

"My sister's kindness was worthy of herself, and beneficial to me," returned the lover: "for

finding her ticket on the mantle-piece, I was induced to avail myself of it, unknown to any one but my own servant, and by taking the only dress I could procure, to effect relief to you from evident annoyance. I cannot regret an incident which enabled me to read a new page in the heart of her to whom I have been so long and profoundly attached; but never again may I have the pain of fearing to find its innocent gaiety misconstrued, or its purity sullied, by the unfeminine absurdities of a public masquerade!"

WORK.

[Alice Cary, born 1820; died at New York, 12th February, 1871. An American poet who during a life of much suffering and some privation, produced many beautiful lyrics. Horace Greeley, who knew her well, said of her:—"I do not believe that she ever wrote one line that she did not thoroughly believe to be true, and calculated to convey instruction or pleasure—often both—to her readers. She concentrated all her powers and energies on the task of making truth more palpable and good, more acceptable to hungry, waiting souls." Her sister, Phebe, also wrote verse and prose for the magazines.]

Down and up, and up and down,
Over and over and over;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown:
Turn out the bright red clover.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

With hand on the spade and heart in the sky
Dress the ground and till it;
Turn in the little seed, brown and dry;
Turn out the golden millet.
Work, and your house shall be duly fed;
Work, and rest shall be won;
I hold that a man had better be dead
Than alive, when his work is done!

Down and up, and up and down,
On the hill-top, low in the valley;
Turn in the little seed, dry and brown,
Turn out the rose and lily.
Work, with a plan, or without a plan,
And your ends they shall be shaped true;
Work, and learn at first hand like a man—
The best way to *know* is to *do!*

Down and up, till life shall close,
Ceasing not your praises;
Turn in the wild white winter snows,
Turn out the sweet spring daisies.
Work, and the sun your work will share,
And the rain in its time will fall;
For Nature, she worketh everywhere,
And the grace of God through all.

THE SONGSTRESS.[1]

The opera was over. Still, however, the tumultuous applause uplifted in honour of the fair *debutante* who had that evening made her first obeisance before the audience of Berlin, reverberated through the house, and seemed as if it would have no end. A thousand clapping hands, and a corresponding number of roaring voices, were employed in bearing testimony to the merits of Henrietta, and in demanding her momentary re-appearance, to receive the homage of the spectators. At length the curtain again rolled up, and the beauty came forward in all the graceful loveliness whereby she had previously enchanted her auditory.

In comparison with the noise which now arose, the former might be regarded almost as the silence of the dead! Every one present, in fact, seemed to abandon himself to the most extravagant marks of rapture; the young songstress, alone, was unable to give vent to her emotions, and was obliged to retire with silent obeisances; her eyes, however, were eloquent, demonstrating, by their animated lustre, the gratification she experienced.

But the amount of Henrietta's gratification appeared trivial beside that manifested by the glances and exclamations of the gentlemen in the house. A regular epidemic seemed to have seized them (although of no very disastrous nature), and to have included every class and every age within its range of attack. Even old Field Marshal Von Rauwitsch,[2] upon whose head, worn gray during numerous campaigns, scarcely a few straggling hairs were to be counted—even he appeared, in his old age, to have been wounded by Love's dart, against which he perhaps imagined himself completely armed.

If, however, these right noble warriors were fascinated by the syren, he was more than matched by a couple of royal counsellors—Messrs. Hemmstoff and Wicke,[3] who had be-

[1] The above is abridged from a little work published sometime ago at Leipzig, under the title of *Henrietta die schöne Sängerin*, which excited much attention in Germany. The story is founded on fact. The real name of the heroine was Mlle Sontag.

[2] Marshal Von Brauchitsh, then governor of Berlin.

[3] Gemmstoff and Wilke.

come close friends in consequence of a congeniality of sentiment in matters relating to the fine arts and the drama. The latter, his eye fixed on the fallen curtain, broke out with an ejaculation—"Oh, friend! what is life without love? I now understand the delicate lines of the poet."

"True, very true!" interposed Hemmstoff, vainly endeavouring to pass, in the true *exquisite* style, his fingers through the remnant of that luxurious crop of hair which the scythe of Time had cut down—"very truly does the poet say—but I feel confoundedly hungry. Shall we sup at the hotel, or where?"

"Below, my dear fellow," rejoined Wicke, in a melting tone, "for I understand there is a supply of fresh oysters just arrived. Alas! how sweet a thing is love!"

Thus sentimentalizing did he and his companion descend into the supper-room, which was unusually full—doubtless on account of the necessity felt by so many young bucks of recruiting their shaken nerves and spirits by the help of a little *eau-de-vie*.

All the tables were soon entirely occupied. The discourse naturally turned on the opera; and all coincided in voting Henrietta's abilities to be pre-eminent, although each differed from the other as to her chief qualifications. But, as the uproar began almost to resemble that of Babel (for the parties seemed to think that the strength of the argument lay in vociferation) we turn with pleasure to a more agreeable and interesting object—the songstress herself.

To the young, pure, and sensitive heart of Henrietta, the notice she attracted was anything but congenial. She was conscious that the publicity of her situation could not fail to imply something indelicate to true feminine feeling: but circumstances and custom (together with a certain innocent belief that it could not be otherwise) tended greatly to overcome this sensation. Altogether, however, her lot had more the *appearance* than the *reality* of being enviable; and this chiefly from two co-operating causes—namely, the impertinent freedom of the critics, who (probably because they knew nothing of music) seemed to prefer descanting in no measured terms upon her *personal* accomplishments, and the countless tedious visits which were daily made her, and which she, unfortunately, was obliged to receive. By this latter annoyance, indeed, all those leisure hours were purloined which she had formerly been habituated to devote to the enjoyment of her own thoughts and the society of books, varied by agreeable household occupations.

Amongst her regular train, it will not be difficult to imagine that our friends the orators of the gasthof were duly numbered, including *a young man* (of whom the rest knew no more than we did). He spoke but little, although a sarcastic smile now and then curled his lip: by Henrietta he was uniformly well received—but this courtesy was not extended to him by his fellow admirers, who, indeed, appeared alone withheld by fear (inspired by his evident decision of character) from treating the stranger rudely. Nothing further could be gathered respecting him than that he was a young musician, by name Werner; and he was of superior presence, although his dress did not indicate a man of opulence.

One morning, the party assembled in Henrietta's *salon* were engaged in discourse respecting the journals of the day, and the criticisms they contained, when there arose a general exclamation of—"Here comes Count Regenbogen," who in a moment or two entered the apartment.

Count Regenbogen was held to be the most polite and well-dressed cavalier at the court of Berlin. Nobody had a more stylish head of hair; his perfumes were all procured direct from the French capital; his boots and shoes were uniformly made at Vienna—his coats at Paris—his nether-garments and surtouts at London. Even at the very first period of the morning (namely, about twelve o'clock), on lifting himself out of bed, he was elegant! and the report went that he absolutely slept in two waistcoats and a cravat of the finest mixture—and that, for greater luxury, he was accustomed to dress his hair himself in bed, for which purpose a sheet of looking-glass was affixed to the top! It was also rumoured, on the authority of his lawyer, that he had made provision in his will for being buried in the most fashionable attire—deeming it unbecoming to appear at the day of judgment otherwise than full dressed.

This notable gentleman was assiduously paying his devoirs to the assemblage, when his brilliant nothings were interrupted by the stalking in of a very ghastly apparition, which bore some resemblance to M. Bruckbaner, director of the K— Opera. A universal exclamation ensued upon his entrance—the more particularly as his garments displayed some stains of blood.

"Good heavens!" said Henrietta, "what is the meaning of this?"

"Let me breathe, dearest lady," said Bruckbaner, "and you shall learn the cause. Never, surely, was any director of a theatre at once so

gratified and terrified as I have been within the last five minutes. I had just called on the cashier of the house to ascertain how it stood respecting the tickets for to morrow's opera, wherein you are to appear as *Amanda*, and learned that one only was left. Two officers entered at the same moment—mutual friends—each inquiring, as if with one breath, whether places were to be had. The cashier exhibited the solitary ticket—like tigers, both sprang at it: a dispute arose; we tried to interfere, but in vain! Already swords were drawn, and the steels clashed together: both were practised fighters, and their strokes fell swift as lightning, and thick as hailstones! Nor had more than a minute passed before one of the combatants lay bleeding on the earth, whilst the other (who had not himself escaped without receiving a wound) struck triumphantly the point of his sword into the ticket, and retired with his dearly-bought prize."[1]

"And the wounded officer?" demanded Henrietta.

"They were taking him to his barracks," answered the director.

The beautiful songstress, who, to conceal her emotion at this serious accident, had turned toward the window, sank fainting upon a chair.

All rushed to her assistance. Werner, however, with Louisa's aid, conveyed the fainting girl into an adjacent apartment. He returned immediately, and addressing the company, said—"The invalid is confided to the care of becoming attendants; and as rest and silence are now most important to her well-doing, I trust, gentlemen, you will all see the propriety of following my example." With which words, he seized his hat and departed.

The others quitted the house, all of them learning the cause of Henrietta's sudden disorder when they reached the street, namely, that the wounded man had just been carried down it, and must have been seen by her.

The violent shock which our heroine's nerves had experienced on viewing the body of Maulbeere[2] carried out of the cashier's house (opposite which she resided) rendered her for some time speechless. On recovering, her first inquiry was after the wounded officer, which the servant was enabled to answer satisfactorily, through the attention of Werner (who had meanwhile made inquiries). The attendant then proceeded to communicate a request of Werner's that he might be permitted to renew his call, and be favoured with an interview in the evening, as he had something of importance to disclose. This proposition was complied with, and accordingly about dusk the young man re-appeared. Henrietta was at the moment engaged in reading, and everything around wore the air of deep quiet and seclusion, the room being lighted only by an astral lamp.

"I almost fear to interrupt this stillness," said the visitor.

"Oh," replied Henrietta, "I rejoice to see you—and the rather, as this is literally the first evening which, since my stay in this city, I have been able to call my own."

Werner took his seat by the lovely girl, and an animated discourse ensued; in one of the pauses whereof, Werner, half mechanically, took up the book which Henrietta had laid down on his entrance. "You should know that volume," said she, "for it was through you I became acquainted with it—and through it I became acquainted with you."

"Ah, Jean Paul's Titian," exclaimed Werner, turning over the leaves.

"The same; and I now peruse it with a feeling of melancholy, since the great heart from which it sprang has ceased to beat. Werner, do not think me over bold if I say that I prize the work not only from its intrinsic merits, but from the circumstances attending my first acquaintance with it."

The delighted youth, taking her hand, was about to reply, when she said, smiling, "Come, I will be your landlady for once, and make tea for you."

The equipage was accordingly introduced; but a chord had been touched, which continued to vibrate, and the young pair insensibly found themselves recurring to the interesting tone of thought and feeling that had been started.

"I shall never forget your attention that day," said Henrietta; "forced to descend the hill on foot, whilst the carriage proceeded alone, and admiring the woody landscape around, and the green valley at my feet; the jutting rocks on my left, and the dark forest of firs on my right. Aye," continued she, "I could even paint the stone whereon I found your open book, and curious (womanlike) took it up in the idea that some traveller had forgetfully left it behind him. How surprised was I, on lifting my eyes again from its pages, to find you, Werner, standing by me! What must you have thought of me?" And she turned aside her head to conceal the rising blushes.

"I was overjoyed to think," replied he, "that my favourite author seemed to interest you so deeply. I too retain the memory of that day as one of the happiest of my life; for

[1] Matter-of-fact.

[2] Molliere, an officer of artillery.

it was then, as I escorted you to the next village, that we became gradually known to each other. Ere we had reached it I was aware, Henrietta, what you were in the *world*, and what in *your heart;* whilst from you I did not conceal that I was a poor musician, undistinguished, although devoted to my profession."

My readers will easily imagine that this kind of conversation was, under all the circumstances, by no means the securest for a young couple who had previously felt for each other an incipient attachment. Perhaps they did not *wish* to guard themselves; but at any rate, before the lapse of an hour, a passionate declaration was made by the youth, and received by the lady, who, in the confidence of her affection, entreated her lover to continue near her, and act as her guide in her precarious situation.

"But why not abandon it, Henrietta?" said Werner.

"My kind friend," returned she, "reflect a while. In the theatrical profession I grew up; and was forced to accustom myself, in spite of the glittering splendour wherewith we are surrounded, to many humiliations imposed on me by the station Fate had pointed out. To what, indeed, besides could I resort? I have not received the education necessary to enable me to fill the situation of a governess, and that of mere *companion* would only be a change for the worse! The *labour of my hands*, it is true, remains; but the proceeds of that would be insufficient to support my young and helpless brothers and sisters, for whom I sacrifice myself, in order to draw them from a profession which certainly, to a heart impressed with honourable principles, is in many respects irksome and dangerous."

The seriousness of her appeal exhausted her, and deeply moved her auditor. Leaning her head upon the cushion of the sofa, she left her hand free to the warm pressure of Werner, who after a while arose and paced the room in silence, as if revolving in his mind some great determination. At length he resumed his seat, and said—

"Henrietta, let us combine our efforts for your emancipation. I think I know a person who, if he can be propitiated, is able amply to provide for you and yours. Say, my charming girl, will you at once be mine?"

She did not answer, but turning her eloquent eyes, into which the tears were starting, full upon him, sank upon his breast.

I will not attempt to detail the conversation which followed. Suffice it to say, that a plan was arranged, by virtue of which Henrietta was to bid farewell to public life, taking her leave in a concert, the proceeds whereof, which would probably be large, were to be laid aside as a fund to further their ultimate objects; that, meantime, Werner was to use every means to soften and reconcile his father to the union, and to obtain an appointment as teacher of music at the university. Some other preliminary measures being decided on, the lovers separated.

The days flew by. The contemplated arrangements were made; and Henrietta, now fully engaged to Werner, resolutely declined the gallantry of her host of other beaux, who, at length perceiving the authorized and constant attentions of their rival, one by one retired from the field. Thus were matters circumstanced when the eventful day appointed for the final public exhibition of the syren's powers approached.

Never had there been such a demand for tickets. All classes vied with each other in giving parting testimonies of respect to the fair songstress, and the rich and great loaded her with handsome presents. For three days previously not a ticket was to be procured—and hence it was announced that no pay-office would be kept open.

On the morning of the concert-day a visitor was announced to Henrietta—Count Klannheim. On being introduced, he stated that he had arrived the preceding night at Berlin, as plenipotentiary from the court of V—, and had learned with chagrin that the enjoyment he had so long promised himself, of hearing Henrietta, was likely to be denied him. He had therefore taken the liberty of appealing to herself, to inquire if there were no means of his obtaining admission into the concert-room. Henrietta expressed herself highly flattered by this compliment on the part of the count; but assured his excellency that she was altogether powerless in the matter, as literally speaking every place had been long engaged.

The count expressed great mortification on receiving this answer. "Must I then," said he, "abandon all hopes of hearing this wonder by which so many have been entranced?"

"I know but one way," returned Henrietta smiling, "of averting such an evil, and that is by your allowing me to sing an air to you on the spot."

This offer was made with so much grace and modesty, that Count Klannheim was quite delighted; and seating herself at her piano, Henrietta sang several canzonettes with her characteristic sweetness.

The count was much moved; he pressed her hand gratefully, and before he dropped it,

said, in the words of Schiller—"Accept a remembrance of this hour!" placing on her finger, as he spoke, a brilliant ring. He then retired, requesting her not to mention his visit, as he had not yet publicly announced his arrival.

The concert, it is almost superfluous to say, passed off with the utmost *éclat*. The applause was almost stunning; roses and myrtles were thrown into the orchestra at the feet of the singer; and tears gushed from her eyes on bidding farewell, for the last time, to her generous auditors.

The following morning Henrietta was somewhat surprised by a visit from an elderly minister, who addressed her as follows:—"My daughter, Fame reports you to be kind-hearted and charitable, no less than accomplished, and I have been tempted, in my compassion for a destitute family, to make trial of your goodness. The parties in favour of whom I seek to interest you, I know to be as deserving as they are unfortunate; the father is now in confinement for debt; but a few hundreds would at once liberate him, and re-establish them all. Will you be the ministering angel to effect this benevolent purpose?"

Henrietta was touched with the speaker's venerable manner and urgent appeal. She answered—"I am but too happy in being able to do this. Fortune has been liberal to me, and ill would it become me to hesitate in aiding the distressed." She then inquired the necessary sum, produced it, and the minister retired, exclaiming, as he received her bounty, "God will reward you, my daughter!" His voice had a prophetic tone, nor was the prophecy false.

Henrietta had scarcely time to recollect and felicitate herself on this occurrence, before an elegant carriage stopped at her door, and her former visitor, Count Klannheim, was announced. After some mutual passages of ceremony, the count, though with rather an embarrassed air, spoke as follows:—

"I am not a man of many words; nor will I now attempt to deny that it is chiefly on your account, lovely Henrietta, I am at present in Berlin. Our prince, a man in his best years, has found it necessary, from political considerations, to take a step repugnant to his taste, and is about to marry. He anticipates in his spouse those charms of society which he seeks. In short, he has seen you."

"Proceed no further, I entreat, count!" exclaimed Henrietta, shrinking; "I believe I anticipate what you would say."

"Perhaps you consider the affair in a false light. The prince will avow that he not only loves but also honours you. Can you blame him if, in spite of the duties his state imposes, he still feels he has a human heart?"

The fair girl rose from her seat: her bosom heaved tumultuously: she took hastily from her finger the jewel which Count Klannheim had previously fixed there, and returned it him—"I know now," cried she, "the object of this gift;" and the starting tears prevented further speech.

The count, visibly moved, was silent a few minutes, during which Henrietta stood as if expecting him to retire. At length he resumed—"Well then, I will proceed to unfold to you *the whole* of my commission."

"Not another word, I pray," answered she: "I dare not—I *will* not hear you!"

"You dare! you must! The prince anticipated your reply, and was prepared to meet it. So entire is his devotion to you, Henrietta, that he is even willing, since the laws of the state forbid his offering you his hand while he continues to reign, to resign in favour of his brother: and, in lawful possession of you, whom he accounts his greatest treasure, to retire from a throne to a private station. Say but the word, and I greet you the *wife* of my prince."

Henrietta paused one moment, as if hesitating in what terms to couch her reply. She then said—"Count, I am indeed grateful for *this* proposal, and I honour and esteem the party from whom it springs. But I will not deprive his country of such a man. Nay, I will go further, and own to you, in confidence, that, even could your prince raise me to his throne, I should not be at liberty—I should not be *desirous* to share it with him. You are too thoroughly a gentleman, I am sure, to press me farther!"

The count, during this address, had observed his fair companion with eyes beaming with joy. At its conclusion he could restrain himself no longer, but tenderly catching the astonished maiden in his arms, he cried—"Noble excellent girl, come to my heart! You shall be *my daughter!*" and at the same moment the door sprang open, and Werner, rushing towards the old man, exclaimed—"Henrietta, my father!"

The riddle now is easy to solve. The young Count Klannheim had been travelling some two or three years *incognito*, and during that interval had contracted an irrepressible passion for Henrietta. Of this he apprised his father, who, as might be expected, opposed it inexorably. Finding, however, that his son's happi-

ness was positively at stake, he, like a wise parent, set about proving the worthiness of the object; and the prosecution of this purpose will at once explain the visit of the old minister, and the mock proposal on the part of the prince. Werner had indeed, like a dutiful son, determined to marry his beloved at any rate, and seek his own fortunes, in case his father should disinherit him.

What remains?—but that the nuptials of Werner (no longer the poor musician) and Henrietta (no longer the popular actress) were celebrated with all due publicity and splendour;—and that our old friends of the —— &c., being each necessitated to *sink* the *admirer*, were happy to mix in the gay circle as respectful guests.

LESBIA ON HER SPARROW.

Tell me not of joy! there's none
Now my little sparrow's gone;
He, just as you,
Would sigh and woo,
He would chirp and flatter me;
He would hang the wing a while,
Till at length he saw me smile,
Lord! how sullen he would be.

He would catch a crumb, and then
Sporting let it go again;
He from my lip
Would moisture sip,
He would from my trencher feed;
Then would hop, and then would run,
And cry philip when he'd done;
Oh! whose heart can choose but bleed?

Oh! how eager would he fight,
And ne'er hurt though he did bite;
No morn did pass,
But on my glass
He would sit, and mark, and do
What I did; now ruffle all
His feathers o'er, now let them fall,
And then straightway sleek them too.

Whence will Cupid get his darts
Feather'd now, to pierce our hearts?
A wound he may,
Not love, convey,
Now this faithful bird is gone.
Oh! let mournful turtles join
With loving redbreasts, and combine
To sing dirges o'er his stone.

WM. CARTWRIGHT (1651).

TWO SCENES FROM THE CIVIL WAR.

[George Payn Rainsford James, born in London, 1801; died at Venice, 9th June, 1860. At the age of seventeen he began to contribute short tales and sketches to various periodicals. In 1825, by the advice of Washington Irving and encouraged by Sir Walter Scott, he wrote his first novel *Richelieu*. The success of that work was followed by a rapid stream of other novels, chiefly of an historical character. He produced nearly eighty different works, of which the most notable are: *Darnley; Henry Masterman; John Marston Hall; Arrah Neil; Gowrie, or the King's Plot; Life of Edward the Black Prince; Morley Ernstein; The Robber; The Huguenot; Henry of Guise; The King's Highway;* &c. &c. His works were popular, although they were condemned by some critics for their lack of invention in incident and character. Leigh Hunt made a fair estimate of the author: "I hail every fresh publication of James, though I half know what he is going to do with his lady and his gentleman, and his landscape, and his mystery, and his orthodoxy, and his criminal trial. But I am charmed with the new amusement which he brings out of old materials. I look on him as I look on a musician, famous for his 'variations.'" In 1852 Mr. James was appointed British consul at Richmond, Virginia, and afterwards consul at Venice.]

It was late on the night of an early day in spring—perhaps about two hours past midnight—and yet the inhabitants of a small lonely dwelling on the edge of a large piece of common-ground, lying about ten miles from Faringdon House, were all awake, and up, and with anxious eyes gazing from the small long windows upon the blank darkness that hung over the world. A single candle stood upon a plain oaken table in the midst of the room, by the light of which might be seen, at one of the windows, a small finely-formed female figure, which still preserved all the lines of exquisite beauty, though a certain degree of stiffness, corresponding well with some deep wrinkles on the cheek, and the white hair that was braided from the forehead, spoke the passing of many years under the petrifying power of time since that form had been in its prime, and that beauty, which still lingered, had known its first expansion. Leaning over her shoulder was another figure so like the first, but with every grace which time had nipped in it just blown—with the cheek unwithered and the brow unseared—that it seemed a living picture of what the other had been some twenty years before—a portrait in a family picture-gallery, where human loveliness may see and moralize on all the graces that the eternal reaper has gathered as he flew.

At the second window was a somewhat untidy maid-servant, contrasting strongly, in

her slatternly disarray, with the plain neatness which decked the two other figures, whose garb I shall not pause to describe: let it suffice that it was of white, and fashioned in the mode of the time, A.D. 164—, though either poverty, simplicity of taste, or deference to the puritanical mania of the day, had deprived it of every extraneous ornament.

The night upon which the whole party looked out was dark and sad; for the moon had gone down, and the clouds over head, though not particularly heavy, were quite sufficiently so to hide every star, and cast a deep gray shadow over the wide exent of undulating moorland which stretched away for many a mile within view in the daytime. A few faint streaks of pale light upon the sky separated the darkness of the heavens from the darkness of the earth, and marked where the prospect ended; and thitherward were turned the eyes of all, watching, with straining and anxious gaze, a particular point on the dim horizon, where, every now and then, bright red flashes, sudden and sharp, but circumscribed and momentary, broke upon the night, followed by a distant report as quick and transitory.

No one spoke while those flashes continued; but the silence itself seemed to show the intense anxiety which was felt by the tenants of that chamber, in regard to the events of which they obtained so dim and unsatisfactory a view. At the end of five minutes, however, the sudden bursts of light entirely ceased; the reports were no longer heard; and the elder of the two ladies, turning away from the window, said, in a low voice, "It is over; God's will is wrought by this time!"

The younger said nothing; but clasping her fair hands together, raised her eyes towards the dark heavens, while her full sweet lips moved silently, offering up a petition to that never-closed ear which hears the still voice of the heart's thoughts as plainly as the loudest-tongued appeal.

In a moment after the clattering sound of horses' feet was heard coming quickly down the road. At first it was faint and distant—the dull heavy tramp of several fleet steeds galloping over moist ground; but soon it came nearer and nearer—left the turf of the common—clanged over the firm and stony road—came close to the house—passed it—and died away in the distance.

"They are fleeing!" said the younger lady, "Oh, my mother, they are fleeing! Surely some of the dark powers of the air must assist those bloodthirsty fanatics. They are fleeing: do you not hear the horses galloping on!"

"Nay, nay, Margaret," replied the other, "it may be the Round-heads who flee. Though Goring and his Cavaliers marched by here, we cannot tell what way the struggle may have turned, or on what side he attacked the rebels. So it may well be the traitors that flee themselves. But look out, look out: your eyes are younger than mine, and less dimmed with tears; perchance you may catch a passing glimpse that will give us glad news."

The younger lady pressed her eyes close to the window; and though by this time the first party of fugitives had passed the house, yet the distant sound of others coming nigh met her ear; and she continued to gaze upon the faint line of the road to the spot where the yellow glare of the gravel, which distinguished it from the ground about it, was lost in the general darkness of the common. At length three dark figures came forward with tremendous speed; at first so near together, and so hidden by the night, that she could hardly distinguish them from each other; but gradually the forms became more and more clear; and as they darted past the house she exclaimed in a glad tone, "They are the rebels, they are the rebels fleeing for life! I see their great boots, and their morions without crest or plume!"

"But they may be pursuing those who went before," said her mother, with a less elated tone; "they may be the followers and not the fleers, Margaret."

"No, no, they are fleeing, in good sooth!" replied the young lady, "for ever and anon they turn their heads to look behind, and still urge their horses faster at each look. But they are gone! And now pray God that victory may not cost us dear! I would that my brother were come back, and Henry Lisle."

"Fie, Margaret, fie!" said her mother, "give God undivided thanks; for if my son and your lover be both left upon the field of battle, we ought still to feel that their lives were well bestowed to win a victory for their royal master."

Margaret covered her eyes with her hands, but made no answer; and in a moment after, fresh coming sounds called her again to the window. It was a single horseman who now approached; and though he rode at full speed, with his head somewhat bent over the saddle, yet he continued his course steadily, and neither turned his look to the right or left. As he approached the house his horse started suddenly from some object left by the road-side, plunged, and fell; and the rider, cast with frightful violence from his seat, was thrown on his head upon the ground. A deep groan was at first the only sound; but the moment after, the

horse which had borne him, starting up, approached close to the body of its master, and, putting its head to where he lay, by a long wild neigh seemed at once to express its sorrow, and to claim assistance.

"If it be Essex or Manchester, Fairfax or Cromwell, we must render him aid, Margaret," said the mother; "never must it be said that friend or enemy needed help at my door and did not meet it. Call up the hind's-boy, Bridget: open the door, and bring in yon fallen man."

Her commands were speedily fulfilled; for though brought low in her estate, the Lady Herrick was not one to suffer herself to be disobeyed. The stranger was lifted from the ground, placed in a chair, and carried into the house. His eyes were closed; and it was evident to the elder lady, as she held the candle to his face, that, if not killed, he was completely stunned by his fall. He was a hard-featured man, with short grizzled hair, and a heavy determined brow, on which the lines of habitual thought remained, even in the state of stupor into which he had fallen. He was broadly made and muscular, though not corpulent, and was above the middle size without being tall. His dress consisted of a dark gray coat, which clove to him with the familiar ease of an old servant, and a brown cloak, which, in truth, had lost much of its freshness in his service. Above his coat had been placed a complete cuirass, the adjustment of which betrayed great symptoms of haste: and by his side he wore one of those long heavy blades of plain steel which had often been the jest of the Cavaliers.

His head was uncovered either by hat or morion, and the expanse of his forehead, the only redeeming point in his countenance, was thus fully displayed. The rest of his face was not only coarse in itself, but bad in its expression; and when, after some cold water had been thrown over it, he revived in a degree, and looked round, the large, shrewd, unsatisfactory eyes which he turned upon those about him, had nothing in them to prepossess the mind in his favour.

The moment that consciousness had fully returned, he made an effort to start upon his feet, but instantly sunk back again into the chair, exclaiming, "The Lord hath smitten me, yet must I gird up my loins and go, lest I fall into captivity."

"Fear not, fear not!" replied Lady Herrick, whose humanity was somewhat chivalrous, "you are in safety here: wait for a while till you are better able to mount, and then get you gone, in God's name, for I seek not to foster Roundheads more than may be. Yet stay till you can ride," she added, seeing his hand again grasp the chair, as if to rise, "women should know no enemies in the hurt and wounded."

"Nay, but, worthy lady," replied the Parliamentarian, "should the crew of the Moabitish General Goring follow me even here to smite me hip and thigh, as they have vowed to do to all who bear arms for godliness' sake, or to bear me away captive—"

"Fear not, fear not!" answered the lady, "none should dare, by my hearth's side, to lay hands on one that common mercy bade me take in and shelter—fear not, I say—that is right, Margaret," she added, seeing her daughter pour some wine into a glass for the use of the stranger, "take that, it will revive you, and give you strength to speed on."

"Hast thou caught the stranger's horse, Dickson?" she demanded, turning to the boy who had aided in bringing in the Commonwealth-man, and who now re-entered the room after a momentary absence.

"He is caught and made fast below," replied the lad, "and here are my young master and Master Henry Lisle coming up from the court. They have beaten the Roundheads, and killed Colonel Cromwell, and taken his whole army prisoners!"

Scarcely had he time to pour forth this rapid tide of news when the door was thrown open, and two young Cavaliers, in broad hats and plumes, followed one another rapidly in, each taking with the lips of the two ladies that dear liberty consecrated to intimacy and affection. "Welcome, welcome, my gallant son!" cried the mother, as she held the first to her bosom.

"My own dear Margaret!" whispered the young gentleman who had followed, as he took the unresisting kiss which welcomed him back from danger and strife; but further gratulations of all kinds were suddenly stopped, as the eyes of the two Cavaliers fell upon the stranger, who had now recovered strength to rise from his seat, and was anxiously looking towards the door beyond them.

"Who in the devil's name have we here?" cried Sir George Herrick, "what crop-eared villain is this?"

In vain his mother explained, and strove to pacify him. The sight of one of the rebels raised again in his bosom all the agitating fury of the fight in which he had been just engaged; and neither the prayers of his mother or his sister, the promise they had made to the stranger or their remonstrances to himself,

had any effect. "Ho! boy!" he exclaimed, "bid your father bring a rope. By the Lord of Heaven, I will hang this Roundhead cur to the oak before the door! Bring a rope, I say!" and, unsheathing his sword, he advanced upon the Parliamentarian, calling upon his companion to prevent his escape by the door.

The stranger said not a word; but bit his nether lip, and calmly drawing his tuck, retreated into one corner of the room, keeping a keen fixed eye upon the young Cavalier who strode on towards him. Margaret, seeing that all persuasion was vain with her brother, turned her imploring eyes to Henry Lisle, who instantly laid his hand upon his companion's cloak. "What now?" exclaimed the other, turning sharp upon him.

"This must not be, George," replied the Cavalier.

"Must not be!" thundered Sir George Herrick, "but it shall be! Who shall stay me?"

"Your own better reason and honour, I trust," replied the other. "Hear me—but hear me, Herrick! Your lady mother promised this fellow safety to stay and to go; and upon her promise alone—she says—he stayed. Had that promise not been given we should not have found him here. Will you slay a man by your own hearth, who put confidence in your mother's word! Fie, fie! let him go! We have slain enough this night to let one rebel escape, were he the devil himself!"

Sir George Herrick glared round for a moment in moody silence, and then put up his sword. "Well," said he at length, "if he stayed but on her promise, let him take himself away. He will grace the gibbet some other day. But do not let me see him move across the room," he added, with a look of disgust, "or I shall run my blade through him whether I will or not."

"Come, fellow, get thee gone!" said Henry Lisle, "I will see thee depart:" and while his companion fixed his eyes with stern intensity upon the fireplace, as if not to witness the escape of the Roundhead, he led him out of the chamber to the outer door.

The stranger moved forward with a firm calm step, keeping his naked sword still in his hand, and making no comment on the scene in which he had been so principal a performer. As he passed through the room, however, he kept a wary glance upon Sir George Herrick; but the moment he quitted it he seemed more at ease, and paused quietly at the door while the boy brought forward his charger. During that pause he turned no unfriendly look upon Henry Lisle; and seemed as if about to speak more than once. At length he said in a low voice, "Something I would fain say—though, God knows, we are poor blinded creatures, and see not what is best for us—of thanks concerning that carnal safety which it may be doubted whether——"

"No thanks are needed," interrupted Henry Lisle, cutting across what promised to be one of the long harangues habitual with the fanatics of that day, "no thanks are needed for safety that is grudgingly awarded. I tell thee plainly, that had it not been for the lady's promise, I would willingly have aided in hanging thee with my own hands; and when next we two meet face to face, we shall not part till the life-blood of one or other mark our meeting-place!"

"It may be so, if such be God's will," replied the Parliamentarian, "and now I pray the Lord to give me strength that I may never be found slack to do the work appointed me!"

"Thou hast never been so yet, though it be the work of the evil one," answered Henry Lisle, and then added, "I know thee, though none else here does, or it had fared harder with thee in despite of all promises."

"Thou knowest me!" said the stranger, without testifying any great surprise, "then thou doest the better deed in Israel: and I will trust, notwithstanding thy present malignancy, that the day of grace may yet come to thee. Farewell!"

Thus saying, he put his foot in the stirrup, and mounting somewhat heavily the horse which was now brought up for him, rode away across the common.

. . . . . .

[Want of space compels us to omit the details of the second scene. As the reader will have surmised, the succored Puritan was Oliver Cromwell. On the day that, with solemn pomp, he was declared Lord Protector of the Commonwealth of England, Henry Lisle, a relic of the defeated and scattered Royalists, lay in the Tower of London convicted of treason and awaiting the headsman's block. In the agony of despair, Lady Herrick sought Cromwell, and by the memory of that night when his own life was protected in her house, she gained the life of him, who was not only her daughter's husband, but a tender son to her in the place of the one that had fallen in battle.]

WHOLE kingdoms fell
To sate the lust of power: more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast. One murder makes a villain;
Millions a hero. Numbers sanctified the crime.

BISHOP PORTEUS. 1731–1808.

SIR GILES OVERREACH.

[**Philip Massinger**, born at Salisbury, 1584; died in London, March, 1639. Dramatist. Educated at Oxford. The historian Hallam says: "Massinger as a tragic writer appears to me second only to Shakspeare; in the higher comedy I can hardly think him inferior to Jonson." He wrote many plays in conjunction with Fletcher and others; and thirty-seven were entirely his own productions. Of these all save nineteen were destroyed by a stupid servant who used the MSS. for lighting fires. The first collected edition of Massinger's plays was prepared by William Gifford; and a new edition from Gifford's text was issued in 1870 by Lieut. Col. F. Cunningham (Warne & Co.) *The Virgin Martyr; The Duke of Milan; The Bondman; The Maid of Honour; The Fatal Dowry; The City Madam; A Very Woman; The Bashful Lover;* and *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*—from which the following passages are taken—are the most important of the plays still in existence.]

[Sir Giles Overreach is a cruel extortioner who has helped to ruin his prodigal nephew Frank Wellborn. The latter obtains the assistance of a rich widow, Lady Allworth, to deceive his uncle, who, fancying that Wellborn is about to wed the lady, refills the spendthrift's coffers. At the same time Overreach is eager to marry his daughter Margaret to Lord Lovell. Lovell appears to favour the match, but only does so in order to secure Margaret's hand for his page and friend Tom Allworth. Justice Greedy is a creature of the usurer's, but has no thought beyond his stomach; Marrall, an attorney, is another of Overreach's tools, but betrays him in the end, and helps to bring about his discomfiture.]

SCENE.—*A Room in* LADY ALLWORTH'S *House.*

Enter LORD LOVELL *and* ALLWORTH.

Lov. 'Tis well; give me my cloak; I now discharge you
From further service: mind your own affairs,
I hope they will prove successful.
All. What is blest
With your good wish, my lord, cannot but prosper.
Let aftertimes report, and to your honour,
How much I stand engaged, for I want language
To speak my debt; yet if a tear or two
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply
My tongue's defects, I could——
Lov. Nay, do not melt:
This ceremonial thanks to me's superfluous.
Over. [*within.*] Is my lord stirring?
Lov. 'Tis he! oh, here's your letter: let him in.

Enter OVERREACH, GREEDY, *and* MARRALL.

Over. A good day to my lord!
Lov. You are an early riser,
Sir Giles.
Over. And reason, to attend your lordship.
Lov. And you, too, master Greedy, up so soon!
Greedy. In troth, my lord, after the sun is up,
I cannot sleep, for I have a foolish stomach
That croaks for breakfast. With your lordship's favour,
I have a serious question to demand
Of my worthy friend Sir Giles.
Lov. Pray you use your pleasure.
Greedy. How far, Sir Giles, and pray you answer me
Upon your credit, hold you it to be
From your manor-house, to this of my lady Allworth's?
Over. Why, some four mile.
Greedy. How! four mile, good Sir Giles——
Upon your reputation, think better;
For if you do abate but one half-quarter
Of five, you do yourself the greatest wrong
That can be in the world; for four miles riding,
Could not have raised so huge an appetite
As I feel gnawing on me.
Mar. Whether you ride,
Or go afoot, you are that way still provided,
An it please your worship.
Over. How now, sirrah? prating
Before my lord! no difference! Go to my nephew,
See all his debts discharged, and help his worship
To fit on his rich suit.
Mar. I may fit you too.
Toss'd like a dog still! [*Aside, and exit.*
Lov. I have writ this morning
A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.
Over. 'Twill fire her, for she's wholly yours already:—
Sweet master Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry you
To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there plead
For my good lord, if you shall find occasion.
That done, pray ride to Nottingham, get a license,
Still by this token. I'll have it dispatch'd,
And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,
My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.
Greedy. Take my advice, young gentleman, get your breakfast;
'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting: I'll eat with you,
And eat to purpose.
Over. Some Fury's in that gut:
Hungry again! did you not devour, this morning,
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester oysters?
Greedy. Why, that was, sir, only to scour my stomach,
A kind of a preparative. Come, gentleman,
I will not have you feed like the hangman of Flushing,
Alone, while I am here.
Lov. Haste your return.
All. I will not fail, my lord.
Greedy. Nor I, to line
My Christmas coffer.
[*Exeunt* GREEDY *and* ALLWORTH.

Over. To my wish: we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion, that were poor and trivial:
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive, to induce you to believe

I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

Lov. You are a right kind father.

Over. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well wooded, and well water'd, the acres
Fertile and rich; would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer progress?
What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well-built pile; and she that's mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.

Over. She the mistress!
It may be so for a time: but let my lord
Say only that he likes it, and would have it,
I say, ere long 'tis his.

Lov. Impossible.

Over. You do conclude too fast, not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The lady Allworth's lands, for those once Wellborn's,
(As by her dotage on him I know they will be,)
Shall soon be mine; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient,
And useful for your lordship, and once more
I say aloud, they are yours.

Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted;
My fame and credit are more dear to me,
Than so to expose them to be censured by
The public voice.

Over. You run, my lord, no hazard.
Your reputation shall stand as fair,
In all good men's opinions, as now;
Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For, though I do contemn report myself,
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable, which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions, and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth, and present state requires,
I do remove that burthen from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own: for, though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find you.

Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?

Over. Yes,
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved,
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on, a constant course: with mine own sword,
If call'd into the field, I can make that right,
Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.
Now, for these other piddling complaints
Breath'd out in bitterness; as when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand incloser
Of what was common, to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.

Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.

Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;
Nay more, if you will have my character
In little, I enjoy more true delight,
In my arrival to my wealth these dark
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure
In spending what my industry hath compass'd.
My haste commands me hence; in one word, therefore,
Is it a match?

Lov. I hope, that is past doubt now.

Over. Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind here,
Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,
Shall make me study aught but your advancement
One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it.
Dispute not my religion, nor my faith;
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,
You may make choice of what belief you please,
To me they are equal; so, my lord, good morrow. [*Exit.*

Lov. He's gone—I wonder how the earth can bear
Such a portent! I, that have lived a soldier,
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,
To hear this blasphemous beast am bath'd all over
In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he
(Confirm'd in atheistical assertions)
Is no more shaken than Olympus is
When angry Boreas loads his double head
With sudden drifts of snow.

[The means which Overreach has taken to effect the speedy and secret marriage of his daughter to Lord Lovell, enable Margaret and Allworth to become man and wife.]

Enter ALLWORTH *and* MARGARET.

Marg. Sir, first your pardon, then your blessing, with
Your full allowance of the choice I have made.
As ever you could make use of your reason, [*Kneeling.*
Grow not in passion; since you may as well
Call back the day that's past, as untie the knot

Which is too strongly fasten'd: not to dwell
Too long on words, this is my husband.

Over. How!

All. So I assure you; all the rights of marriage,
With every circumstance, are past. Alas! sir,
Although I am no lord, but a lord's page,
Your daughter and my loved wife mourns not for it;
And, for right honourable son-in-law, you may say,
Your dutiful daughter.

Over. Devil! are they married?

Willdo. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give them joy!

Over. Confusion and ruin! speak, and speak quickly,
Or thou art dead.

Willdo. They are married.

Over. Thou hadst better
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,
Than these:—my brain turns!

Willdo. Why this rage to me?
Is not this your letter, sir, and these the words?
Marry her to this gentleman.

Over. It cannot—
Nor will I e'er believe it, 'sdeath! I will not;
That I, that, in all passages I touch'd
At worldly profit, have not left a print
Where I have trod, for the most curious search
To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by children,
Baffled and fool'd, and all my hopes and labours
Defeated, and made void.

Well. As it appears,
You are so, my grave uncle.

Over. Village nurses
Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste
A syllable, but thus I take the life
Which, wretched, I gave to thee.

[*Attempts to kill* MARGARET.

Lov. [*coming forward.*] Hold, for your own sake!
Though charity to your daughter hath quite left you,
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?
Consider; at the best you are but a man,
And cannot so create your aims, but that
They may be cross'd.

Over. Lord! thus I spit at thee,
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour
Dares shew itself, where multitude and example
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change
Six words in private.

Lov. I am ready.

L. All. Stay, sir,
Contest with one distracted!

Well. You'll grow like him,
Should you answer his vain challenge.

Over. Are you pale?
Borrow his help, though Hercules call it odds,
I'll stand against both as I am, hemm'd in thus.—
Since, like a Libyan lion in the toil,
My fury cannot reach the coward hunters,
And only spends itself, I'll quit the place:
Alone I can do nothing; but I have servants,
And friends to second me; and if I make not
This house a heap of ashes, (by my wrongs,
What I have spoke I will make good!) or leave
One throat uncut,—if it be possible,
Hell, add to my afflictions! [*Exit.*

Mar. Is't not brave sport?

Greedy. Brave sport? I am sure it has ta'en away my stomach;
I do not like the sauce.

All. Nay, weep not, dearest,
Though it express your pity; what's decreed
Above, we cannot alter.

L. All. His threats move me
No scruple, madam.

Mar. Was it not a rare trick,
An it please your worship, to make the deed nothing?
I can do twenty neater, if you please
To purchase and grow rich; for I will be
Such a solicitor and steward for you,
As never worshipful had.

Well. I do believe thee;
But first discover the quaint means you used
To raze out the conveyance?

Mar. They are mysteries
Not to be spoke in public: certain minerals
Incorporated in the ink and wax.—
Besides, he gave me nothing, but still fed me
With hopes and blows; and that was the inducement
To this conundrum. If it please your worship
To call to memory, this mad beast once caused me
To urge you, or to drown or hang yourself;
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

Well. You are a rascal! he that dares be false
To a master, though unjust, will ne'er be true
To any other. Look not for reward
Or favour from me; I will shun thy sight
As I would do a basilisk's: thank my pity,
If thou keep thy ears; howe'er, I will take order
Your practice shall be silenced.

Greedy. I'll commit him,
If you will have me, sir.

Well. That were to little purpose;
His conscience be his prison. Not a word,
But instantly be gone.

Ord. Take this kick with you.

Amb. And this.

Furn. If that I had my cleaver here,
I would divide your knave's head.

Mar. This is the haven
False servants still arrive at. [*Exit.*

Re-enter OVERREACH.

L. All. Come again!

Lov. Fear not, I am your guard.

Well. His looks are ghastly.

Willdo. Some little time I have spent, under your favours,
In physical studies, and if my judgment err not,

He's mad beyond recovery: but observe him,
And look to yourselves.
Over. Why, is not the whole world
Included in myself? to what use then
Are friends and servants? Say there were a squadron
Of pikes, lined through with shot, when I am mounted
Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge them?
No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,
[*Flourishing his sword sheathed.*

I'll fall to execution.—Ha! I am feeble:
Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,
And takes away the use of t; and my sword,
Glued to my scabbard, with wrong'd orphans' tears,
Will not be drawn. Ha! what are these? sure, hangmen,
That come to bind my hands, and then to drag me
Before the judgment-seat: now they are new shapes,
And do appear like Furies, with steel whips
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall
Ingloriously, and yield? no; spite of Fate,
I will be forced to hell like to myself.
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,
Thus would I fly among you.
[*Rushes forward, and flings himself on the ground.*

Well. There's no help;
Disarm him first, then bind him.
Greedy. Take a mittimus,
And carry him to Bedlam.
Lov. How he foams!
Well. And bites the earth!
Willdo. Carry him to some dark room,
There try what art can do for his recovery.
Marg. O my dear father!
[*They force* OVERREACH *off.*

All. You must be patient, mistress.
Lov. Here is a precedent to teach wicked men,
That when they leave religion, and turn atheists,
Their own abilities leave them.

AGED LOVERS.

When my love swears that she is made of truth
I do believe her, though I know she lies,
That she might think me some untutor'd youth,
Unlearned in the world's false subtleties.
Thus vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best,
Simply I credit her false-speaking tongue:
On both sides thus is simple truth suppress'd.
But wherefore says she not she is unjust?
And wherefore say not I that I am old?
O, love's best habit is in seeming trust,
And age in love loves not to have years told:
Therefore I lie with her and she with me,
And in our faults by lies we flatter'd be.

SHAKSPEARE.

BURNS IN DUMFRIES.

[William MacDowall, born at Maxwelltown, Kirkcudbrightshire, 1815. Journalist and historian. He has been for many years editor of the *Dumfries Standard*; and is the author of *The Man of the Woods*, and other poems; the *History of the Burgh of Dumfries*, with notices of Nithsdale, Annandale, and the Western Border; &c. The *History of Dumfries*, from which we quote, is one of the most interesting and valuable of local chronicles, and will long maintain its claim to the general favour with which it is at present regarded.]

Towards the close of 1791 Dumfries could number among its citizens a man who had already made some noise in the world, and who came to be recognized as one of Scotland's most illustrious sons. His figure was remarkable; so that even a cursory observer must have at once seen that it was the outward framework of an extraordinary individual. Five feet ten inches in height, firmly built, symmetrical, with more of the roughness of a rustic than the polish of a fine gentleman, there was a something in his bearing that bespoke conscious pre-eminence; and the impress thus communicated was confirmed by his swarthy countenance, every lineament of which indicated mental wealth and power: the brow broad and high; the eyes like orbs of flame; the nose well formed, though a professional physiognomist would have said that it was deficient in force; the mouth impassioned, majestic, tender, as if the social affections and poetic muse had combined to take possession of it; and the full, rounded, dimpled chin, which made the manly face look more soft and lovable. When this new denizen of the burgh was followed from his humble dwelling in Bank Street to some favourite friendly circle where the news of the day or other less fugitive topics were discussed, his superiority became more apparent. Then eye and tongue exercised an irresistible sway: the one flashing with emotional warmth and the light of genius—now scathing with its indignant glances, anon beaming with benignity and love; the other tipped with the fire of natural eloquence, reasoning abstrusely, declaiming finely, discoursing delightfully, satirizing mercilessly, or setting the table in a roar with verses thrown off at red heat to annihilate an unworthy sentiment, or cover some unlucky opponent with ridicule. Need it be said that these remarks apply to the extenant of Ellisland, Robert Burns?

His first appearance in Dumfries was on the 4th of June, 1787, two months after the second

edition of his poems had been published. He came, on invitation, to be made an honorary burgess; neither the givers nor the receiver of the privilege dreaming, at that date, that he was destined to become an inhabitant of the town. All honour to the council that they thus promptly recognized the genius of the poet. Provost William Clark shaking hands with the newly-made burgess, and wishing him joy, when he presented himself in the veritable blue coat and yellow vest, that Nasmyth has rendered familiar, would make a good subject for a painter able to realize the characteristics of such a scene. The burgess ticket granted to the illustrious stranger bore the following inscription:—"The said day, 4th June, 1787, Mr. Robert Burns, Ayrshire, was admitted burgess of this Burgh, with liberty to exercise and enjoy the whole immunities and privileges thereof as freely as any other does, may, or can enjoy; who, being present, accepted the same, and gave his oath of burgess-ship to his Majesty and the Burgh in common form."

Whilst tenant of Ellisland farm, about six miles distant from Dumfries, Burns became, by frequent visits to the town, familiarly known to its inhabitants. Soon after Martinmas, 1791, accompanied by Bonnie Jean, with their children, Robert, Francis, and William, he took up a permanent residence in the burgh, and there spent the remainder of his chequered life; so that Dumfries became henceforth inseparably connected with his latest years. He had just seen thirty-one summers when he entered upon the occupancy of three small apartments of a second floor on the north side of Bank Street (then called the "Wee Vennel").[1] After residing there about eighteen months—or, according to another account, two years and a half—he removed to a self-contained house of a higher grade, in Mill Street, which became the scene of his untimely death in July, 1796.

What varying scenes of weal and woe, of social enjoyments, of literary triumphs, of worldly misery and moral loss, were crowded within the Dumfries experiences of the illustrious poet! There he suffered his severest pangs, and also accomplished many of his proudest achievements. If the night watches heard at times his sorrowful plaint, and the air of the place trembled for a moment with his latest sigh, it long burned and breathed with the immortal products of his lyre; and when the striking figure we have faintly sketched lay paralyzed by death, its dust was borne to old St. Michael's, and the tomb of the national bard became a priceless heritage to the town for ever.

Dr. Burnside says of his parishioners, at the time when Burns became one of them:—"In their private manners they are social and polite; and the town, together with the neighbourhood a few miles around it, furnishes a society amongst whom a person with a moderate income may spend his days with as much enjoyment, perhaps, as in any part of the kingdom whatever." Other evidence tends to show that the society of the burgh was more intellectual than that of most other towns of the same size in Scotland. Soon after Burns came to reside in it, various circumstances combined to make it more than at any former period perhaps, a gay and fashionable place of resort. A new theatre was opened, which received liberal patronage from the upper classes of the neighbourhood, several regiments were at intervals stationed in the burgh, the officers of which helped to give an aristocratic tone to its society; and the annual races in October always drew a concourse of nobles, squires, and ladies fair to the county town. . . .

A gay, refined, intellectual town enough, truly; and quite suitable, therefore, as a place of sojourn for Burns, the sentimental bard. But inasmuch as it was fashionable, aristocratic, courtly, given up in no small measure to the idolatry of rank, and fanatically afraid of anything that could be called ungenteel or democratic, it was no congenial home for the man who dared to say—

"Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that:
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that."

[1] Robert Chambers thus describes the accommodation of the poet's Bank Street premises:—"The small central room, about the size of a bed closet, is the only place he has in which to seclude himself for study. On the ground floor immediately underneath, his friend, John Syme, has his office for the distribution of stamps. Overhead is an honest blacksmith, called George Haugh, whom Burns treats on a familiar footing as a neighbour. On the opposite side of the street is the poet's landlord, Captain Hamilton, a gentleman of fortune and worth, who admires Burns, and often asks him to a family Sunday dinner" (vol. iii. p. 266).—Nearly all the contemporaries of Burns in Dumfries have passed away. Of the two or three who still remember him, one is John Brodie, now a veteran of ninety-six years. John, when a "callant," was often about the house in Bank Street, and used to run messages for "Jean." He distinctly recollects seeing the poet burning a "barrowful" of written papers soon after coming from Ellisland.

In another respect the town was but too congenial to the poet's tastes and habits. "John Barleycorn," to use his own metaphor, bore potential sway within it. "The curse of country towns," says Robert Chambers, writing in 1852, "is the partial and entire idleness of large classes of the inhabitants. There is always a cluster of men living on competencies, and a greater number of tradesmen whose shop duties do not occupy half their time. Till a very recent period, dissipation in greater or less intensity was the rule, and not the exception, amongst these men; and in Dumfries, sixty years ago, this rule held good." Thrown into company of this kind, sought after and lionized by all casual visitors, is it at all wonderful that a man of Burns's temperament should have often indulged too deeply? It was no disgrace then for either lords or commoners to fall drunk below the Bacchanalian board. More's the pity that poor Burns, so supreme in many things, was not superior to the jovial drinking customs of his day. Had he lived in a discreeter age, he would have been a better and a happier man. Whilst the burgh had its full share of jovial fellows, who habitually caroused and sang, in a doubtful attempt "to drive dull care away," and called the marvellous gauger, nothing loath, to their assistance, he had frequent opportunities, which he willingly embraced, of breathing a purer atmosphere, and enjoying a higher communion than theirs. Burns was a man of many moods; he was mirthful and gloomy by turns: the pride and paragon of a refined circle at Woodley Park,[1] Friar's Carse, or Mavis Grove, one day; and on some not distant night, the hero of a merry group, fuddling madly in the Globe Tavern, singing in all tipsy sincerity the challenge of his own rollicking song:—

"Wha last frae aff his chair shall fa',
He is the king amang us three."

At Ellisland he had never lost the reputation of being a sober man, though he was fond of company and sometimes drank to excess. He indulged more frequently, however, when he ceased altogether to be a tiller of the soil, "turning down no more daisies," "binding" no more "after his reapers," tied to town life and an uncongenial occupation. More exposed to temptations, and less able to resist their influence, he too often sank deeply in the mire; but he did not wallow in it. In spite of all that has been said to the contrary, we feel justified in stating that he never became habitually intemperate, or a lover of the bottle for its own sake. His extreme sociality often led him into excess: none can tell how often he drained the intoxicating cup in order to purchase a momentary forgetfulness of his disappointments and his cares. And when Burns sinned in these respects, how he did suffer! the very poetry of his nature giving a keener edge to his remorse.

"See Social Life and Glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till quite transmogrified they've grown
Debauchery and Drinking."

One summer morning, while Burns, after an experience of this sad kind in the King's Arms, was proceeding homewards, he met with his neighbour, Mr. Haugh, who had risen to his work somewhat earlier than usual: "O, George!" said the poet, more penitent than elated, "you are a happy man; you have risen from a refreshing sleep, and left a kind wife and children; while I am returning like a condemned wretch to mine." . . .

Burns, unlike most of his fellow-townsmen, did not deplore the French Revolution; on the contrary, he heartily sympathized with it, and was not the man to conceal his sentiments on any question at the dictate of prudence. "He was (says Lockhart) the standing marvel of the place; his toasts, his jokes, his epigrams, his songs, were the daily food of conversation and scandal; and he, open and careless, and thinking he did no great harm in saying and singing what many of his superiors had not the least objection to hear and applaud, soon began to be considered, among the local admirers of the good old King and his minister, as the most dangerous of all the apostles of sedition, and to be shunned accordingly." A curious and characteristic illustration of the way in which the poet gave vent to his political views may here be recorded. A public library was opened in the burgh towards the close of 1792: and Burns, who had assisted in establishing it, was admitted a member on the 5th of March, 1793; the minute of the proceedings stating that the committee had, "by a great majority, resolved to offer him a share of the library free of the usual admission money (10s. 6d.) out of respect and esteem for his merits as a literary man." Reciprocating this kindness, Burns, on the 30th of the same month, presented four books to the library—*Humphrey Clinker, Julia de Roubigné, Knox's*

[1] A fine old mansion, beautifully situated, four miles south-west of Dumfries, and originally called Hoim. Mr. Walter Riddel having become possessed of the house, named it Woodley Park in honour of his spouse, with whom Burns was on intimate terms.

History of the Reformation, and *De Lolme on the British Constitution.*

The last-named volume contained a frontispiece portrait of the author, the back of which displayed these words, written in the poet's bold, upright hand:—"Mr. Burns presents this book to the library, and begs they will take it as a creed of British liberty till they find a better.—R. B." Very simple, innocent words in themselves; but awfully daring at that time, and excessively imprudent when proceeding from a government officer. Burns, on reflection, quailed before the danger he had thus rashly incurred; and, hurrying next morning to the house of Mr. Thomson (afterwards provost of the town), with whom the books had been left, he expressed an anxious desire to see De Lolme, as he was afraid he had written something upon it "which might bring him into trouble." On the volume being produced, he, before leaving, pasted the fly-leaf to the back of the engraving, in order to seal up his seditious secret; but any one holding the double leaf up to the light may easily find it out, the volume being still in the library, and its value immeasurably enhanced by this inscription.

In the same library, now the property of the Dumfries and Maxwelltown Mechanics' Institution, there is another book, the thirteenth volume of Sir John Sinclair's *Statistical Account of Scotland,* which reveals another glimpse of the poet in Dumfries. Under the head "Balmaghie," a notice is given of several martyred Covenanters belonging to that parish, and the rude yet expressive lines engraved on their tombstones are quoted at length. The pathos of the simple prose statement, and the rugged force of the versification, seem to have aroused the fervid soul of Burns; for there appears, in his bold handwriting, the following verse pencilled on the margin by way of foot-note:—

"The Solemn League and Covenant
Now brings a smile, now brings a tear;
But sacred Freedom, too, was their's:
If thou'rt a slave indulge thy sneer."

We had occasion, in December, 1859, to consult this volume; and, on discovering the lines, which had never before been brought to light, we recognized the poet's caligraphy at once, and had no difficulty in concluding that they constituted the first rough draft of his well-known epigram in praise of the League and the Covenant. The matured lines are usually represented as an impromptu rebuke by Burns to some scoffer at the Covenant: but this precious holograph demonstrates the real circumstances under which they were originated.

Burns identified himself by more than rash words with the democrats across the Channel. A vessel engaged in the contraband traffic from the Isle of Man having entered the Solway, was watched by a party of excise officers, including the poet. She became fixed in the shallows, but her crêw were so numerous and well-armed that the party durst not attempt her capture unaided; and Mr. Lewars, the poet's friend and brother-exciseman, was sent to Dumfries for a guard of dragoons. Burns, with a few men under his orders, was meanwhile left on the look-out in a wet salt marsh; and as the time thus passed wearily away, Lewars was blamed by the impatient watchers for his seeming tardiness, one of them going as far as to wish that the devil had him in his keeping. Burns saw a humorous ingredient in the irreverent desire, and in a few minutes expanded it into the well-known ditty, "The Deil's awa wi' the Exciseman," with which he diverted his colleagues till Lewars arrived with the soldiers. Our poet could, when occasion required, play the part of Captain Sword as well as Captain Pen. Putting himself at the head of the force, he waded sword in hand to the vessel's side, and was the first to board her and call upon her lawless crew to surrender in the King's name. Though outnumbering the assailing party, the smugglers quietly submitted. The vessel was condemned, and, with all her arms and stores, sold at Dumfries.

Had the matter ended here, the poet's services might have secured his promotion; but unfortunately he sinned them all away, by purchasing four of the captured carronades, and sending them, with a eulogistic epistle, as a present to the French Convention. The carronades and letter were intercepted at Dover; and forthwith the commissioners of excise ordered an inquiry to be made into the conduct of their officer. Burns, in a letter to his patron, Mr. Graham of Fintry, stated that he was "surprised, confounded, and distracted" on hearing of the threatened investigation. He warmly repudiated the interpretation put upon his behaviour, declared his devout attachment "to the British constitution on Revolution principles;" and closed with the touching appeal: "I adjure you to save me from that misery which threatens to overwhelm me, and which, with my latest breath, I will say I have not deserved."

It was long believed that the poet's official prospects were utterly blighted by the inquiry; and that, as a consequence, he became more

dissipated and reckless. Some of his biographers have gone further, and attributed his early death to the same cause; but what says Burns's superior in the Dumfries excise district, Mr. Findlater? In a letter on the subject that gentleman says:—"I may venture to assert that when Burns was accused of a leaning to democracy, and an inquiry into his conduct took place, he was subjected in consequence thereof to no more than perhaps a verbal or private caution to be more circumspect in future. Neither do I believe his promotion was thereby affected, as has been stated. That, had he lived, would, I have every reason to think, have gone on in the usual routine. His good and steady friend, Mr. Graham, would have attended to this. What cause, therefore, was there for depression of spirits on this account? or how should he have been hurried thereby to a premature grave? I never saw his spirit fail till he was borne down by the pressure of disease and bodily weakness; and even then it would occasionally revive, and, like an expiring lamp, emit bright flashes to the last."

Besides, Burns, the very year before he died, actually officiated as a supervisor; and there is every reason to conclude that he would soon have been permanently promoted to that rank had not death intervened. Whilst we think that the charge against the excise board, of neglecting or ill-using Burns, is undeserved, we are decidedly of opinion that the treatment he received from the superiors of the board and the government of the day was infamous. It was a disgrace to them, and must ever be a source of the deepest regret to all admirers of the poet, that they allowed a few random sparks of disaffection to rise up between them and the lustre of his genius; and that, too, when it was pervaded and intensified by the purest patriotism. When the war between Britain and France broke out, in 1793, Burns joined a volunteer company that was formed in Dumfries; and, according to the testimony of his commanding officer, Colonel de Peyster, he faithfully discharged his soldierly duties, and was the pride of the corps, whom he made immortal by his verse, especially by the vigorous address beginning—

"Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?
Then let the loons beware, sir;
There's wooden walls upon our seas,
And volunteers on shore, sir.
The Nith shall run to Corsincon,
And Criffel sink in Solway,
Ere we permit a foreign foe
On British ground to rally!"

Burns was the laureate of the company, "and in that capacity," says Lockhart, "did more good service to the government of the country, at a crisis of the darkest alarm and danger, than perhaps any one person of his rank and station, with the exception of Dibdin, had the power or the inclination to render."

His "Poor and Honest Soger," says Allan Cunningham, "laid hold at once on the public feeling; and it was everywhere sung with an enthusiasm which only began to abate when Campbell's 'Exile of Erin' and 'Wounded Hussar,' were published. Dumfries, which sent so many of her sons to the wars, rung with it from port to port; and the poet, wherever he went, heard it echoing from house and hall. I wish this exquisite and useful song, with 'Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled,' the 'Song of Death,' and 'Does Haughty Gaul Invasion Threat?'—all lyrics which enforce a love of country, and a martial enthusiasm into men's breasts—had obtained some reward for the poet. His perishable conversation was remembered by the rich to his prejudice: his imperishable lyrics were rewarded only by the admiration and tears of his fellow peasants."

In the spring of 1793 Burns addressed the following letter "To the Hon. the Provost, Bailies, and Town Council of Dumfries."

"Gentlemen,—The literary taste and liberal spirit of your good town has so ably filled the various departments of your schools, as to make it a very great object for a parent to have his children educated in them. Still to me, a stranger, to give my young ones that education I wish, at the High School, fees which a stranger pays will bear hard upon me. Some years ago your good town did me the honour of making me an honorary burgess. Will you allow me to request that this mark of distinction may extend so far as to put me on the footing of a real freeman of the town in the schools? If you are so very kind as to grant my request, it will certainly be a constant incentive to me to strain every nerve where I can officially serve; and will, if possible, increase that grateful respect with which I have the honour to be, gentlemen, &c.,—ROBERT BURNS."

The request was at once complied with, to the great gratification of the poet, who was devotedly attached to his children, and desirous above all things to give them a liberal education. "In the bosom of his family," says Mr. Gray, one of the teachers in the Academy, "he spent many a delightful hour in directing the studies of his eldest son, a boy of uncommon talents. I have frequently found him explaining to this youth, then not more than nine years of age, the English poets from Shakspeare to Gray, or storing his mind with examples of heroic virtue, as they live in the pages of our most celebrated English historians. I would

ask any person of common candour if employments like these are consistent with habitual drunkenness."

But though not systematically intemperate, his habits were too lax and irregular for the community in which he lived, convivial though it was; and many who disliked him on other grounds magnified his excesses, and made these a pretext for "sending him to Coventry." On one well-known occasion our errant poet received the cut direct from some of the patrician citizens. During an autumnal evening in 1794, High Street was gay with fashionable groups of ladies and gentlemen, all passing down to a county ball in the Assembly Rooms. One man, well fitted to be the cynosure of the party, passed up on the shady side of the thoroughfare, and soon found himself to be doubly in the shade. It was Burns. Nearly all knew him, but none seemed willing to recognize him; till Mr. David M'Culloch of Ardwell, noticing the circumstance, dismounted from the horse on which he rode, politely accosted the poet, and proposed that he should cross the street. "Nay, nay, my young friend," said the bard pathetically; "that's all over now!" and after a slight pause he quoted two verses of Lady Grizel Bailie's touching ballad:—

"His bonnet stood aince fu' fair on his brow,
His auld ane looked better than mony ane's new;
But now he lets't wear ony way it will hing,
And casts himsel' dowie upon the corn-bing.

"O! were we young, as we aince hae been,
We sud hae been galloping doun on yon green;
And linking it over the lily-white lea;
And werena my heart light I would dee."

This incident has been adduced as a proof that Burns at this period (admittedly the darkest in his career) had become an object of "universal rejection." Never was there a greater mistake; and it would be even wrong to suppose that the dejection that he felt, and expressed in Lady Grizel's verse, was more than momentary, or otherwise than semi-dramatic. One who is overcome by real heart distress does not seek to give it vent by measured poetical quotations. Half an hour after the rencontre, Burns and Mr. M'Culloch had some cheerful chit-chat over a glass of punch in the bard's own house, the latter having thoroughly recovered his spirits; and so charming was his discourse, and so sweetly did Bonnie Jean sing some of his recent effusions, that the Laird of Ardwell left the couple with reluctance to join his fashionable friends in Irish Street.

Mr. Gray, referring to the poet about this time, states that though malicious stories were circulated freely against him, his early friends gave them no credit, and clung to him through good and bad report. "To the last day of his life," he says, "his judgment, his memory, his imagination, were fresh and vigorous as when he composed the "Cottar's Saturday Night." The truth is, that Burns was seldom intoxicated. The drunkard soon becomes besotted, and is shunned even by the convivial. Had he been so, he would not long have continued the idol of every party." We have the testimony of the poet's widow that her husband "never drank by himself at home," and that he still continued to attend church—two facts which, apart from other more decided evidence, tell against the stigma that he had become recklessly dissipated in his latest years.

Burns' circumstances whilst in Dumfries were humble, but not poverty-stricken. His official income was £50, extra allowances usually bringing it up to £70; and his share in fines averaged an additional £10. "Add to all this," says Chambers, "the solid perquisites which he derived from seizures of contraband spirits, tea, and other articles, which it was then the custom to divide among the officers, and we shall see that Burns could scarcely be considered as enjoying less than £90 a year."

If the poet would have accepted money payment for the glorious coinage of his fancy, he might easily have doubled this income or more; but, with a magnanimity which, however mistaken, illustrates the unselfishness of his nature, he steadily refused all offers of pecuniary reward for his lyrical productions. Of George Thomson's *Musical Miscellany*, Burns was the chief minstrel, but he scorned to barter his melodious contributions for worldly gear, even when "one pound one he sairly wanted." Thomson having ventured to send some cash to the bard on one occasion, drew down upon himself this rebuke, dated July, 1793:—"I assure you, my dear sir, that you truly hurt me with your pecuniary parcel. It degrades me in my own eyes. However, to return it would savour of affectation; but as to any more traffic of that debtor and creditor kind, I swear by that Honour which crowns the upright statue of Robert Burns's Integrity, on the least motion of it, I will indignantly spurn the bypast transactions, and from that moment commence entire stranger to you."

According to the testimony of the bard's eldest son, given to Mr. Chambers, and amply corroborated by others, the house in Mill Street was of a good order, such as was occupied at that time by the better class of burgesses; and

his father and mother led a life that was comparatively genteel. "They always had a maid-servant, and sat in their parlour. That apartment, together with two bedrooms, was well furnished and carpeted; and when good company assembled, which was often the case, the hospitable board which they surrounded was of a patrician mahogany. There was much rough comfort in the house, not to have been found in those of ordinary citizens; for, besides the spoils of smugglers, as above mentioned, the poet received many presents of game and country produce from the rural gentlefolk, besides occasional barrels of oysters from Hill, Cunningham, and other friends in town; so that he possibly was as much envied by some of his neighbours, as he has since been pitied by the general body of his countrymen."

MAJESTY IN MISERY;

OR, AN IMPLORATION TO THE KING OF KINGS.

BY CHARLES I., DURING HIS CAPTIVITY AT CARISBROOK CASTLE, 1648.

Great Monarch of the world, from whose power springs
The potency and power of kings,
Record the royal woe my suffering sings;

And teach my tongue, that ever did confine
Its faculties in truth's seraphic line,
To track the treasons of Thy foes and mine.

Nature and law, by Thy divine decree,—
The only root of righteous royalty,—
With this dim diadem invested me;

With it the sacred sceptre, purple robe,
The holy unction and the royal globe;
Yet am I levelled with the life of Job.

The fiercest furies, that do daily tread
Upon my grief, my gray discrowned head,
Are those that owe my bounty for their bread.

They raise a war, and christen it The Cause;
Whilst sacrilegious hands have best applause,
Plunder and murder are the kingdom's laws.

Tyranny bears the title of taxation;
Revenge and robbery are reformation;
Oppression gains the name of sequestration.

My loyal subjects who, in this bad season,
Attend me by the law of God and reason,
They dare impeach, and punish for high treason.

Next at the clergy do their furies frown;
Pious episcopacy must go down;
They will destroy the crosier and the crown.

Churchmen are chained, and schismatics are freed;
Mechanics preach, and holy fathers bleed;
The crown is crucified with the creed.

The Church of England doth all faction foster;
The pulpit is usurped by each impostor;
Extempore excludes the *Paternoster*.

The Presbyter and Independent seed
Springs with broad blades; to make religion bleed,
Herod and Pontius Pilate are agreed.

The corner stone's misplaced by every pavior:
With such a bloody method and behaviour
Their ancestors did crucify our Saviour.

My royal consort, from whose fruitful womb
So many princes legally have come,
Is forced in pilgrimage to seek a tomb.

Great Britain's heir is forced into France,
Whilst on his father's head his foes advance:
Poor child! he weeps out his inheritance.

With my own power my majesty they wound;
In the king's name the king himself's uncrowned;
So doth the dust destroy the diamond.

With propositions daily they enchant
My people's ears, such as do reason daunt,
And the Almighty will not let me grant.

They promise to erect my royal stem,
To make me great, to advance my diadem,
If I will first fall down and worship them;

But for refusal they devour my thrones,
Distress my children and destroy my bones:
I fear they'll force me to make bread of stones.

My life they prize at such a slender rate,
That in my absence they draw bills of hate,
To prove the king a traitor to the state.

Felons obtain more privilege than I:
They are allowed to answer ere they die;
'Tis death for me to ask the reason, Why.

But, sacred Saviour! with Thy words I woo
Thee to forgive, and not be bitter to
Such as, Thou knowest, do not know what they do.

For since they from their Lord are so disjointed
As to condemn those edicts He appointed,
How can they prize the power of His anointed?

Augment my patience; nullify my hate;
Preserve my issue, and inspire my mate;
Yet, though we perish, bless this Church and State!

Vota dabunt quæ bella negarunt.

LAST DAYS OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

[Lucy Aikin, a daughter of John Aikin, M.D., the editor of the *General Biographical Dictionary*, and numerous other works. Miss Aikin wrote *Memoirs of the Court of James I.; The Court of Charles I.; The Life of Addison; Memoirs of the Court of Queen Elizabeth* (from which we quote); &c. Scott said of the latter book it is "as entertaining as a novel, and far more instructive than most histories."]

The closing scene of the long and eventful life of Queen Elizabeth is all that now remains to be described; but that marked peculiarity of character and of destiny which has attended her from the cradle pursues her to the grave, and forbids us to hurry over as trivial and uninteresting the melancholy detail.

Notwithstanding the state of bodily and mental indisposition in which she was beheld by Harrington at the close of the year 1602, the queen had persisted in taking her usual exercises of riding and hunting, regardless of the inclemencies of the season. One day in January she visited the lord-admiral, probably at Chelsea; and about the same time she removed to her palace of Richmond.

In the beginning of March her illness suddenly increased; and it was about this time that her kinsman Robert Carey arrived from Berwick to visit her. In his own memoirs he has thus related the circumstances which he witnessed on this occasion:—

"When I came to court I found the queen ill disposed; and she kept her inner lodging; yet she, hearing of my arrival, sent for me. I found her in one of her withdrawing chambers, sitting low upon her cushions. She called me to her; I kissed her hand, and told her it was my chiefest happiness to see her in safety and in health, which I wished might long continue. She took me by the hand and wrung it hard, and said, 'No, Robin, I am not well;' and then discoursed with me of her indisposition, and that her heart had been sad and heavy for ten or twelve days, and in her discourse she fetched not so few as forty or fifty great sighs. I was grieved at the first to see her in this plight; for in all my lifetime I never knew her fetch a sigh, but when the Queen of Scots was beheaded. Then, upon my knowledge, she shed many tears and sighs, manifesting her innocence, that she never gave consent to the death of that queen.

"I used the best words I could to persuade her from this melancholy humour, but I found by her it was too deep-rooted in her heart and hardly to be removed. This was upon a Saturday night, and she gave command that the great closet should be prepared for her to go to chapel the next morning. The next day, all things being in a readiness, we long expected her coming. After eleven o'clock, one of the grooms came out and bade make ready for the private closet, she would not go to the great. There we stayed long for her coming, but at last she had cushions laid for her in her privy chamber hard by the closet door, and there she heard service.

"From that day forward she grew worse and worse. She remained upon her cushions four days and nights at the least. All about her could not persuade her either to take any sustenance or go to bed. . . . The queen grew worse and worse because she would be so, none about her being able to go to bed. My lord-admiral was sent for (who by reason of my sister's death, that was his wife, had absented himself some fortnight from court); what by fair means, what by force, he gat her to bed. There was no hope of her recovery, because she refused all remedies.

"On Wednesday the 23d of March she grew speechless. That afternoon by signs she called for her council; and by putting her hand to her head when the King of Scots was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reign after her.

"About six at night she made signs for the archbishop and her chaplains to come to her; at which time I went in with them, and sat upon my knees full of tears to see that heavy sight. Her majesty lay upon her back, with one hand in bed and the other without. The bishop kneeled down by her, and examined her first of her faith; and she so punctually answered all his several questions, by lifting up her eyes and holding up her hand, it was a comfort to all beholders . . . After he had continued long in prayer, till the old man's knees were weary, he blessed her; and meant to rise and leave her. The queen made a sign with her hand. My sister Scrope, knowing her meaning, told the bishop the queen desired he would pray still. He did so for a long half hour after, and then thought to leave her. The second time she made sign to have him continue in prayer. He did so for half an hour more, with earnest cries to God for her soul's health, which he uttered with that fervency of spirit, as the queen to all our sight much rejoiced thereat, and gave testimony to us all of her Christian and comfortable end. By this time it grew late, and every one departed, all but her women that attended her . . . Between one and two o'clock of the

Thursday morning, he that I left in the cofferer's chamber brought me word that the queen was dead."

A Latin letter written the day after her death to Edmund Lambert, whether by one of her physicians or not is uncertain, gives an account of her sickness in no respect contradictory to Robert Carey's, which may be thus rendered:—

"It was after labouring for nearly three weeks under a morbid melancholy, which brought on stupor not unmixed with some indications of a disordered fancy, that the queen expired. During all this time she could neither by reasoning, entreaties, or artifices be brought to make trial of any medical aid; and with difficulty was persuaded to receive sufficient nourishment to sustain nature; taking also very little sleep; and that not in bed, but on cushions, where she would sit whole days motionless and sleepless; retaining however the vigour of her intellect to her last breath, though deprived for three days before her death of the power of speech."

Another contemporary writes to his friend thus: . . . "No doubt you shall hear her majesty's sickness and manner of her death diversely reported; for even here the Papists do tell strange stories, as utterly void of truth as of all civil honesty or humanity . . . Here was some whispering that her brain was somewhat distempered, but there was no such matter; only she held an obstinate silence for the most part; and, because she had a persuasion that if she once lay down she should never rise, could not be got to bed in a whole week, till three days before her death . . . . She made no will, neither gave anything away; so that they which come after shall find a well-furnished jewel-house and a rich wardrobe of more than two thousand gowns, with all things else answerable."

That a profound melancholy was either the cause, or at least a leading symptom, of the last illness of the queen, so many concurring testimonies render indisputable; but the origin of this affection has been variously explained. Some, as we have seen, ascribed it to her chagrin on being in a manner compelled to grant the pardon of Tyrone;—a cause disproportioned apparently to the effect. Others have imagined it to arise from grief and indignation at the neglect which she began to experience from the venal throng of courtiers, who were hastening to pay timely homage to her successor. By others, again, her dejection has been regarded as nothing more than a natural concomitant of bodily decay; a physical rather than a mental malady. But the prevalent opinion, even at the time, appears to have been, that the grief, or compunction, for the death of Essex, with which she had long maintained a secret struggle, broke forth in the end superior to control; and rapidly completed the overthrow of powers which the advances of old age and accumulation of cares and anxieties had already undermined. "Our queen," writes an English correspondent to a Scotch nobleman in the service of James, "is troubled with a rheum in her arm, which vexeth her very much, besides the grief she hath conceived for my Lord of Essex's death. She sleepeth not so much by day as she used, neither taketh she rest by night. Her delight is to sit in the dark, and sometimes, with shedding tears, to bewail Essex."

A remarkable anecdote, first published in Osborn's *Traditional Memoirs of Queen Elizabeth*, and confirmed by M. Maurier's *Memoirs*—where it is given on the authority of Sir Dudley Carleton, the English ambassador in Holland, who related it to Prince Maurice—offers the solution of these doubts. According to this story, the Countess of Nottingham, who was a relation, but no friend, of the Earl of Essex, being on her death-bed, entreated to see the queen; declaring that she had something to confess to her before she could die in peace. On her majesty's arrival, the countess produced a ring, which she said the Earl of Essex had sent to her after his condemnation, with an earnest request that she would deliver it to the queen, as the token by which he implored her mercy; but that in obedience to her husband, to whom she had communicated the circumstance, she had hitherto withheld it; for which she entreated the queen's forgiveness. On sight of the ring, Elizabeth instantly recognized it as one which she had herself presented to her unhappy favourite on his departure for Cadiz, with the tender promise, that of whatsoever crimes his enemies might have accused him, or whatsoever offences he might actually have committed against her, on his returning to her that pledge she would either pardon him, or admit him at least to justify himself in her presence. Transported at once with grief and rage, on learning the barbarous treachery of which the earl had been the victim and herself the dupe, the queen shook the dying countess in her bed; and—vehemently exclaiming, that God might forgive her, but she never could—flung out of the chamber.

Returning to her palace, she surrendered herself without resistance to the despair which

had seized her heart on this fatal and too late disclosure.—Hence her refusal of medicine and almost of food;—hence her obstinate silence interrupted only by sighs, groans, and broken hints of a deep sorrow which she cared not to reveal;—hence the days and nights passed by her seated on the floor, sleepless, her eyes fixed and her finger pressed upon her mouth;—hence, in short, all those heart-rending symptoms of incurable and mortal anguish which conducted her, in the space of twenty days, to the lamentable termination of a long life of power, prosperity, and glory.

The queen expired 24th March, 1603. . . .

The ceremonial of her court rivalled the servility of the East: no person of whatever rank ventured to address her otherwise than kneeling; and this attitude was preserved by all her ministers during their audiences of business, with the exception of Burleigh, in whose favour, when aged and infirm, she dispensed with its observance. Hentzner, a German traveller who visited England near the conclusion of her reign, relates, that, as she passed through several apartments from the chapel to dinner, wherever she turned her eyes he observed the spectators throw themselves on their knees. The same traveller further relates, that the officers and ladies whose business it was to arrange the dishes and give tastes of them to the yeomen of the guard by whom they were brought in, did not presume to approach the royal table without repeated prostrations and genuflections, and every mark of reverence due to her majesty in person.

The appropriation of her time and the arrangements of her domestic life present several favourable and pleasing traits.

"First in the morning she spent some time at her devotions; then she betook herself to the despatch of her civil affairs, reading letters, ordering answers, considering what should be brought before the council, and consulting with her ministers. When she had thus wearied herself, she would walk in a shady garden or pleasant gallery, without any other attendance than that of a few learned men. Then she took her coach, and passed in the sight of her people to the neighbouring groves and fields; and sometimes would hunt or hawk. There was scarce a day but she employed some part of it in reading and study; sometimes before she entered upon her state-affairs, sometimes after them."[1]

She slept little, seldom drank wine, was sparing in her diet, and a religious observer of the fasts. She sometimes dined alone, but more commonly had with her some of her friends. "At supper she would divert herself with her friends and attendants; and if they made her no answer would put them upon mirth and pleasant discourse with great civility. She would then also admit Tarleton, a famous comedian and pleasant talker; and other such men, to divert her with stories of the town and the common jests and accidents.

"She would recreate herself with a game of chess, dancing, or singing . . . She would often play at cards and tables; and if at any time she happened to win, she would be sure to demand the money. . . . She was waited on in her bedchamber by married ladies of the nobility; the Marchioness of Winchester widow, Lady Warwick, and Lady Scrope; and here she would seldom suffer any to wait upon her but Leicester, Hatton, Essex, Nottingham, and Raleigh. . . . Some lady always slept in her chamber; and besides her guards, there was always a gentleman of good quality and some others up in the next chamber, to wake her if anything extraordinary happened.

"She loved a prudent and moderate habit in her private apartment and conversation with her own servants; but when she appeared in public she was ever richly adorned with the most valuable clothes, set off again with much gold and jewels of inestimable value; and on such occasions she ever wore high shoes, that she might seem taller than indeed she was. The first day of the parliament she would appear in a robe embroidered with pearls; the royal crown on her head, the golden ball in her left hand, and the sceptre in her right; and as she never failed then of the loud acclamations of her people, so she was ever pleased with it, and went along in a kind of triumph with all the ensigns of majesty. The royal name was ever venerable to the English people; but this queen's name was more sacred than any of her ancestors. . . . In the furniture of her palaces she ever affected magnificence and an extraordinary splendour. She adorned the galleries with pictures by the best artists; the walls she covered with rich tapestries. She was a true lover of jewels, pearls, all sorts of precious stones, gold and silver plate, rich beds, fine couches and chariots, Persian and Indian carpets, statues, medals, &c., which she would purchase at great prices. Hampton Court was the most richly furnished of all her palaces; and here she had caused her naval victories against the Spaniards to be worked in fine tapestries and laid up among the richest pieces of her wardrobe. . . . When she made any public feasts, her tables were magnificently

[1] Bohun's *Character of Queen Elizabeth.*

served, and many side-tables adorned with rich plate. At these times many of the nobility waited on her at table. She made the greatest displays of her regal magnificence when foreign ambassadors were present. At these times she would also have vocal and instrumental music during dinner; and after dinner, dancing."

The queen was for the most part laudably watchful over the morals of her court; and not content with dismissing from her service, or banishing her presence, such of her female attendants as were found offending against the laws of chastity, she was equitable enough to visit with marks of her displeasure the libertinism of the other sex; and in several instances she deferred the promotion of otherwise deserving young men till she saw them reform their manners in this respect. Europe had assuredly never beheld a court so decent, so learned, or so accomplished as hers: and it will not be foreign from the purpose of illustrating the character of the sovereign, to borrow from a contemporary writer a few particulars on this head.

It was rare to find a courtier acquainted with no language but his own. The ladies studied Latin, Greek, Spanish, Italian, and French. The "more ancient" among them exercised themselves, some with the needle, some with "*caul-work*" (probably netting); "divers in spinning silk; some in continual reading either of the Scriptures or of histories either of their own or foreign countries; divers in writing volumes of their own, or translating the works of others into Latin or English;" while the younger ones applied to their "lutes, citharnes, pricksong, and all kinds of music." Many of the elder sort were also "skilful in surgery and distillation of waters; beside sundry artificial practices pertaining to the ornature and commendations of their bodies." —"This," adds our author, "I will generally say of them all; that as each of them are cunning in something whereby they keep themselves occupied in the court, there is in manner none of them but when they be at home can help to supply the ordinary want of the kitchen with a number of delicate dishes of their own devising, wherein the *portingal*[1] is their chief counsellor; some of them are most commonly with the clerk of the kitchen."

Every office at court had "either a Bible or the book of the Acts and Monuments of the Church of England, or both, besides some histories and chronicles, lying therein, for the exercise of such as come into the same."

[1] The *Portuguese;* long skilful in the art of confectionary.

DAY BY DAY.

[Mrs. Newton Crosland (Camilla Toulmin), born in London, 9th June, 1812. Poet and novelist. Her chief works are: *Lays and Legends of English Life; Partners for Life; Stratagems*, a tale for the young; *Toil and Trial; Lydia, a Woman's Book; Stray Leaves from Shady Places; Memorable Women; Hildred; Light in the Valley, my Experiences of Spiritualism; Mrs. Blake; The Island of the Rainbow*, a fairy tale; *Hubert Freeth's Prosperity;* &c. Earnest sympathy with the sufferings of the poor, and an elevated tone of thought, distinguish her writings.]

Look at the oak from an acorn sprung,
The oak whose bole is of Titan girth,
The song-birds nestle its boughs among,
And there have the future singers birth!
But a knell is rung, with its sure decree—
When the hour-glass shivers the sands are spilt—
Of the wood of the hewn and sapless tree
A rider of crested waves is built:
And there seems to be sung as the ship glides on,
"This is what Day by Day has done!"

The glacier, loosed from the Ice King's hand,
Moves on with a solemn march and slow,
To a tune that the beating stars command,
Shall murmur for ages across the snow:
But the wind finds a harp at last to play,
And sounds a march that has greater speed,
Till the glacier weeping itself away
Is ready a Rhine or a Rhone to feed.
But this is the tune, as the wind soughs on,
"See you what Day by Day has done!"

A babe at the font; then a gleesome child;
And a bride half-veiled by her amber hair;
A matron wise, and a mother mild;
A grandam bent by many a care;
And the shining hair, grown gray and scant,
Is folded away from touch and sight—
On the form of age do the sunbeams slant,
But the inner heaven brings "evening light!"
And ever the while a lesson runs on,
"This is what Day by Day has done!"

Two hearts that are joined in Love's Eden here,
Thinking leaves ne'er fall, nor chill can come,
And see not the serpent of change is near,
To sting by turns—and by turns to numb:
But at last the hiss is heard, and now
The dreadful crest of the snake appears,
And they fall apart with a broken vow
Whose chasm cannot be filled by tears.
This picture affrights—we its legend shun—
"See you what Day by Day has done!"

TO DOCTOR MARCHESSAUX.

[Jean Baptiste Alphonse Karr, born at Paris in 1808. In 1839 he became editor of *Le Figaro*, and the same year founded *Les Guêpes* a monthly journal which met with great success. He is the author of many popular novels, including *An Hour Too Late*, and *Friday Evening*. One of his best works is *A Voyage Around my Garden*. He died in 1890.]

I know a little old man who is always neatly dressed in a black coat, with very white ruffles, and a shirt frill plaited in the most perfect way. Never have I heard him complain; never have I caught him desiring anything.

There is only one thing in the world which seems to me to demand respect more than misfortune: it is happiness, on account of its rarity, and, above all, its perishableness.

I do not think I have ever thoughtlessly meddled with the happiness of another, however small it may be, however strange it may appear to me. Sometimes it happens that I do not understand it, and even think that, if I should try it, it would not suit me; but that has never been a reason why I should treat it lightly or with disdain. It is so often a brilliant bubble, that in the presence of happiness of whatever description, I hold my breath respectfully.

I liked very much to meet my little old man, because he seemed perfectly happy; but I never thought of asking him about it: when one day I found on his face the first cloud I had seen there since chance had brought us in contact.

I was more curious this time, and I wanted to know what thorn he had found among the roses of his life. He seemed only waiting for an opportunity of speaking of what had so sadly engaged his thoughts, and said to me:

"I have just been visiting an old friend, and I have seen some things which grieve me."

"Is he ill?" I inquired.

"Not at all," he replied.

"Has he then lost a lawsuit, or a large sum of money?"

"Still less: he has come in for a fortune, and this fortune has thrown him into the deepest misery. It is the sight of this misery which has gnawed into my heart."

Having once entered on the subject, he told me the whole story. Here it is:

"I have known him for a long time," he said; "I had often noticed him at 'la Petite Provence,' in the Tuileries. From having looked at each other, we proceeded to bow. One day, I had asked him what time it was, because my watch had stopped, the next day, in return for the courtesy with which he had answered me, I offered him a pinch of snuff. Some time after that we concluded by having a little chat, and finally we told each other everything.

"Since then, we have talked together for ten years. Our mode of life was so similar, that we could vegetate admirably in the same soil and the same atmosphere. He was a widower, and I a bachelor. I have upwards of eleven hundred francs income: he had then twelve hundred; but as he lived near the Tuileries, where the apartments are dear, this expense absorbed the surplus, and made our fortunes equal.

"You have never met with two men so rich and happy as we were. When it was fine, he received me at the Tuileries. The Tuileries was his garden Never was there a property more complete and more free from care. What is having a garden, if the Tuileries did not belong to my friend?

"Every morning he found his paths well rolled, and even watered, if the heat occasioned too much dust. He walked up and down under the thick shade of chestnut trees, or rested on a white marble seat. Numerous gardeners kept in good order immense beds of flowers, and constantly replaced those which were faded and had cast their seed to the wind when their season of bloom and perfume was over, by others belonging to the following season. He breathed the spring perfume of the lilacs, and the airy and mysterious odor of the lime-trees. He had, at last, made acquaintance with the gardeners, and he was not without influence in the arrangement of the flower beds. For myself, I had the Luxembourg; our position was the same in the two gardens. I often gave him the seeds of the flower which he liked in my garden, in exchange for those which I admired in his. The gardener who gave me them for him always willingly accepted those which I received from my friend.

"At the Luxembourg, the swans in the water knew me. I thought less of the familiarity which existed between my friend and the swans of the Tuileries, because their affection is commoner, and one can, without injustice, accuse them of treating

everybody with equal distinction. I repeat it, our gardens were altogether ours. The only difference that can be discovered between us and the people who pretend to have gardens, and to be more truly proprietors of them, is, that we had each one of the richest and most beautiful gardens of Europe, and we had nothing to pay for gardeners, improvements, or repairs.

"'My friend!' said he, on leaving me in the evening, after a walk in my garden, '*your* crocuses are beautiful and varied; but I invite you to come and see *my* double peach blossoms, and in a fortnight *my* lilacs. You will find me at the foot of *my* statue of the "Carrying away of Orithyia."' Another time it was I who invited him to come and walk on *my* terrace at the Luxembourg, where there are such fine service trees, and such old hawthorns with pink blossoms.

"Sometimes, however, we had disputes. He was, I must say, rather proud of the beautiful ladies who came to drive in his garden; he even took it into his head one day to be proud, because, from time to time, he saw the king on the balcony of the castle. I proved to him, as clear as day, that my plants were the most carefully cultivated, that his flower-beds were full of the most vulgar flowers. I mentioned, to prove the superiority of my garden, the collection of roses, which is unquestionably the finest in Europe. It is true that he had at the Tuileries more statues and more precious bronzes; but in a garden, I think much more of the trees and the flowers than of bronze and marble. When it rained, we went to see his museum of antiquities on the Place du Louvre; or, in the time of the Exhibition, to the galleries, where the modern painters submitted the products of their labor to his inspection.

"Sometimes it was I who invited him to come and visit *my* galleries at the Luxembourg, and this, again, occasioned some little disputes on the respective value of *our* museums, or only because he regulated his watch by *his* dial at *his* palace of the Tuileries, which he pretended was infallible; while I often wished to set it right by *my* sun-dial at my Palace of the Luxembourg.

"But it was seldom that these discussions became bitter. Besides, if our little manias of proprietorship sometimes exasperated us against each other, we had also many undivided possessions in common, on account of which we were liable to no such differences of opinion; *our* menagerie, *our* museum, and *our* greenhouses in the Jardin des Plantes, for example.

"I will not talk to you about our friendships with some of the animals in *our* menagerie, of the interest we felt in the precarious health of the giraffe and of the black bear. We were highly delighted when they made us our famous monkey palace, and this was not without some influence in adding to our good opinion of the minister who then presided in the council. . .

"We had lived in this way for ten years, when one day my friend did not come to the rendezvous that I had appointed in my path to the observatory. It was the first time that one of us had missed a meeting, except once, five years before, when I let him wait at *his* Petite Provence, because I had nearly given myself a sprain on my staircase. I could only attribute his absence to an accident of this kind, or, perhaps, worse, and I went to his house. I found him quite well, but strangely affected. He had that morning received a letter which informed him that his cousin had just died, two leagues from Paris, and had left him an income of rather more than 3000 livres.

"He wept as he embraced me, and assured me that his fortune could never make him indifferent to his friends; that I should always find him the same, etc. Nevertheless, it was necessary that he should set out immediately to take possession. It is four months ago, and I had no news of him. I began already to think of him with a bitterness, and the newspaper-seller at the Tuileries having asked news of him, I replied sharply, 'I do not know—he has made his fortune—I see nothing of him now;' when the day before yesterday I received a letter from him. Here it is:

"'My Dear Old Friend: I flatter myself that you have not attributed my silence to indifference or forgetfulness—still less to the increase of my fortune. Many different cares have occupied all my leisure since our last interview. First, I have decided to stay here in *my* house. I must have some repairs and alterations made.

"'As I do not think you have conceived a bad opinion of me, so I like to think of you as I knew you. If it would be foolish on my part to be unmindful of you because I have become rich, it would be but little better if you neglected me in future for

the same reason; it would spoil my happiness, and you would not wish it.

"'I expect you then to-morrow to breakfast with me. YOUR FRIEND.'

"Man is a miserable creature. I felt a little envious, and tried to find some disagreeable phrase in my old friend's letter, some sign of vanity at which I might be angry—I found nothing, and set out this morning.

"My friend lives in a dirty, little, ill-built country town. His house, which they readily pointed out to me, is small, white, with green blinds. You go in by a narrow gate, which was far from making such an impression upon me as the iron bars of his garden at the Tuileries. I had from the first a presentiment that my friend was ruined, while he fancied he was making his fortune.

"No one could have received me better; but everything I saw, added to his kind reception, was not long in changing the envy with which I had started, into a feeling of pity.

"I shall never forget the pride with which he took me round a garden which could easily have been contained in one of the flower-beds at the Tuileries. Some sticks here and there, some broomsticks which he called trees, and which stood in need of shade themselves, instead of giving any. In the middle of the garden a great cask buried in the ground, was called the fountain. It was half full of green and stagnant water, because they only bring it every other day, and the cask leaks a little.

"You can never imagine what joy he felt at having changed the great marble fountains at the Tuileries for this cask, without considering that the said cask gives him all manner of trouble, when the sun dries it and loosens the hoops, while formerly they cleaned and mended his marble fountains without his disturbing himself in the least about it.

"What secret joy is there then in the sense of possession! With my friend *to have* this garden with its broomsticks, was to have the great chestnuts of the Tuileries no longer. *To possess* the square surrounded with walls white enough to blind one, was to be exiled from all the rest of the earth, from all the beautiful country, from all the lovely landscapes.

"In his house he showed me two or three bad pictures, with which he had ornamented his drawing-room. It was necessary for him to inherit and become rich, that he might be condemned to see nothing but these frightful daubs. When he was poor, he looked at the most beautiful paintings of all countries and all masters, accumulated in *our* museums.

"I came back sad, and I wished to see again his old garden, which he is so pleased to have left. A great terror has seized me in consequence; it is that I may, in my turn, by chance become rich,—that I may become proprietor,—may lose *my* beautiful garden of the Luxembourg,—may be forced to live in a square surrounded by walls,—and, what is still worse, may be happy and proud of it.

"I have thought over all my relations, and especially those who are rich, and, among the latter, those whose heir I am. There is only one who makes me anxious; he went to America twenty years ago, and since then nothing has been heard of him. If the bell rings at home, I shall tremble lest I should hear that he has died a millionnaire, and that I am his heir. I have seen a letter that we received two months after his departure, nearly twenty years ago. This letter tells us that several vessels had perished, crew and cargo, in a gale of wind. The vessel which bore my uncle was of the number, but as the long boat has not been seen since, they think that part of the crew at least tried to save themselves.

"If only my uncle be not saved!"

AN EXOTIC.

[HENRY TIMROD, a poet of rare delicacy of imagination and intensity of feeling, was born in South Carolina, and died in 1867, in his thirty-eighth year.]

Not in a climate near the sun
Did the cloud with its trailing fringes float,
Whence, white as the down of an angel's plume,
Fell the snows of her brow and throat.

And the ground had been rich for a thousand years
With the blood of heroes, and sages, and kings,
Where the rose, that blooms in her exquisite cheek,
Unfolded the flush of its wings.

On a land where the faces are fair though pale,
As a moonlit mist, when the winds are still,
She breaks, like a morning in paradise,
Through the palms of an Orient hill.

Her beauty, perhaps, were all too bright,
But about her there broods some delicate spell,
Whence the wondrous charm of the girl grows soft
As the light in an English dell.

There is not a story of faith and truth
On the starry scroll of her country's fame,
But has helped to shape her stately mien,
And to touch her soul with flame!

I sometimes forget, as she sweeps me a bow,
That I gaze on a simple English maid,
And I bend my head as if to a queen,
Who is courting my lance and blade.

Once, as we read in a curtained niche,
A poet who sang of her sea-throned isle,
There was something of Albion's mighty Bess
In the flash of her haughty smile.

She seemed to gather from every age
All the greatness of England about her there,
And my fancy wove a royal crown
Of the dusky gold of her hair.

But it was no queen to whom that day
In the dim green shade of a trellised vine,
I whispered a hope that had somewhat to do
With a small white hand in mine.

The Tudor had vanished, and, as I spoke,
'Twas herself looked out of her frank brown eye,
And an answer was burning upon her face,
Ere I caught the low reply.

What was it? Nothing the world need know—
The stars saw our parting! Enough that then
I walked from the porch with the tread of a king,
And she was a queen again!

DEVONSHIRE COTTAGES AND GARDENS.

[EDWARD JESSE, born Jan. 14, 1780; died March 28, 1868. He was surveyor of the royal parks and palaces, and the author of several popular works, including *Gleanings in Natural History*; *An Angler's Rambles*; and *Scenes and Tales of Country Life*. From the latter we extract as follows:]

Nothing can be prettier than the gardens attached to the thatched cottages in Devonshire. They are frequently to be seen on the side and oftener at the bottom of a hill, down which a narrow road leads to a rude single-arched stone bridge. Here a shallow stream may be seen flowing rapidly, and which now and then stickles, to use a Devonshire phrase, over a pavement of either pebbles or rag-stone. A little rill descends by the side of the lane, and close to the hedge of the cottage, which is approached by a broad stepping-stone over the rill, and beyond it is a gate made of rough sticks, which leads to the cottage. At a short distance, an excavation has been cut out of the bank, and paved round with rough stones, into which the water finds and then again makes its way clear and sparkling. This is the cottager's well. His garden is gay with flowers. His bees are placed on each side of a window surrounded with honeysuckles, jessamine, or a flourishing vine, and the rustic porch is covered with these or other creepers. Here, also, the gorgeous hollyhock may be seen in perfection, for it delights in the rich red soil of Devonshire. Giant-stocks, carnations, and china-asters, flourish from the same cause, and make the garden appear as though it belonged to Flora herself.

Nor must the little orchard be forgotten. The apple trees slope with the hill, and in the spring are covered with a profusion of the most beautiful blossoms, and in the autumn are generally weighed down with their load of red fruit. Under them may be seen a crop of potatoes, and in another part of the garden those fine Paington cabbages, one of the best vegetables of the county. In a sheltered nook is the thatched pig-sty, partly concealed by the round, yellow-faced sunflower, which serves both as a screen and as an ornament. The mud or *cob* walls of the cottage add to its picturesque appearance, when partly covered with creepers and surrounded with flowers.

Such is an accurate description of one of the many cottages I have seen in the beautiful and hospitable county of Devon, so celebrated for its illustrious men and the beauty of its women. Those who, like myself, have wandered amongst its delightful lanes, will not think my picture overcharged.

But I must introduce my reader to the inside of a Devonshire cottage. On entering it, he will see the polished dresser glittering with bright pewter plates; the flitch of bacon on the rack, with paper bags stored with dried pot-herbs, for winter use, deposited near it; the bright dog-bars, instead of a grate, with the cottrell over them, to hang the pot on, and everything bespeaking comfort and cleanliness. The cottager's wife will ask him to sit down, in that hearty Devonshire phrase, which has often been addressed to me, and which I always delighted in —"Do y', Sir, pitch yourself,"

bringing forward a chair at the same time, and wiping it down with her apron. A cup of cider will be offered, or bread and cheese, or whatever the cottage affords.

I have known one of the children stealthily sent to a neighboring farmer's for a little clotted cream, which has been set before me with a loaf of brown bread, and with the most hearty good will. They are so delicious a banquet, that Pope might have thought of it when he said—

> "Beneath the humble cottage let us haste,
> And there, unenvied, rural dainties taste."

I have dwelt longer than I intended on the cottage scenery of Devonshire, because I think it stands preëminent in this country for beauty, and because I regard its peasantry as affording the best examples I have met with of unaffected kindness, civility, industry, and good conduct.

THE DREAM.

["Novalis" (Friedrich von Hardenberg), one of the leaders of the romantic school of German writers, was born May 2, 1772, and died March 25, 1801. Besides numerous poems, hymns, and fragments on philosophy and religion, he composed a romance entitled *Heinrich von Ofterdingen*, which was left incomplete. From this work we quote.]

Heinrich was heated, and it was late, toward morning, when he fell asleep. The thoughts of his soul ran together into wondrous dreams. A deep blue river shimmered from the green plain. On the smooth surface swam a boat. Mathilde sat and rowed. She was decked with garlands, sang a simple song, and looked toward him with a sweet sorrow. His bosom was oppressed, he knew not why. The sky was bright, and peaceful the flood. Her heavenly countenance mirrored itself in the waves. Suddenly the boat began to spin round. He called to her, alarmed. She smiled, and laid the oar in the boat, which continued incessantly to whirl. An overwhelming anxiety seized him. He plunged into the stream, but could make no progress; the water bore him. She beckoned, she appeared desirous to say something. Already the boat shipped water, but she smiled with an ineffable inwardness, and looked cheerfully into the whirlpool. All at once it drew her down. A gentle breath streaked across the waves, which flowed on as calm and as shining as before. The terrific agony deprived him of consciousness. His heart beat no more. He did not come to himself until he found himself on dry ground. He might have swam far, it was a strange country. He knew not what had befallen him; his mind was gone;—thoughtless he wandered farther into the land. He felt himself dreadfully exhausted. A little fountain trickled from a hill, it sounded like clear bells. With his hand he scooped a few drops, and wetted his parched lips. Like an anxious dream the terrible event lay behind him. He walked on and on; flowers and trees spoke to him. He felt himself so well, so at home. Then he heard again that simple song. He pursued the sound. Suddenly some one held him back by his garment. Dear Heinrich! called a well-known voice. He looked round, and Mathilde clasped him in her arms. "Why didst thou run from me, dear heart?" said she, drawing a long breath, "I could scarce overtake thee." Heinrich wept. He pressed her to his bosom.—"Where is the river?" he exclaimed, with tears. "Seest thou not its blue waves above us?" He looked up, and the blue river was flowing gently above their heads. "Where are we, dear Mathilde?" "With our parents." "Shall we remain together?" "Forever," she replied, while she pressed her lips to his, and so clasped him that she could not be separated from him again. She whispered a strange mysterious word into his mouth, which vibrated through his whole being. He wished to repeat it, when his grandfather called and he awoke. He would have given his life to remember that word.

AN ECHO.

"Come back," I sigh'd—
The flower
I dropped upon the tide
Was vanished many an hour.
"Come back," the Echo sigh'd.

"Come back," I cried—
The love,
Flower-like, I cast aside,
An angel bears above,
"Come back," the Echo cried.

John James Piatt.

THE HALL OF EBLIS.

[William Beckford, born 1759; died at Bath, 1844. Famous as the author of the oriental romance, *The History of the Caliph Vathek;* and as the inheritor of an annual income of £110,000, besides a million in ready money. At Fonthill Abbey he attempted, at vast expenditure, to realize some of his own architectural fancies. He wrote *Memoirs of Extraordinary Painters*, a work which satirized some English artists under feigned names; *Italy, with Sketches* of *Spain and Portugal;* and *Recollections of an Excursion to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha.*]

[Vathek, after a selfish and vicious life, sought forbidden power in the Hall of Eblis.[1] He was accompanied by his favourite Nouronihar, whose ambition almost equalled his own. As they approached the place they were deserted by most of their attendants, but] the Caliph, fired with the ambition of prescribing laws to the Intelligences of Darkness, was but little embarrassed at this dereliction; the impetuosity of his blood prevented him from sleeping, nor did he encamp any more as before. Nouronihar, whose impatience if possible exceeded his own, importuned him to hasten his march, and lavished on him a thousand caresses to beguile all reflection; she fancied herself already more potent than Balkis, and pictured to her imagination the Genii falling prostrate at the foot of her throne. In this manner they advanced by moonlight, till they came within view of the two towering rocks that form a kind of portal to the valley, at whose extremity rose the vast ruins of Istakar. Aloft on the mountain glimmered the fronts of various royal mausoleums, the horror of which was deepened by the shadows of night. They passed through two villages almost deserted, the only inhabitants remaining being a few feeble old men, who, at the sight of horses and litters, fell upon their knees and cried out:

"O heaven! is it then by these phantoms that we have been for six months tormented? Alas! it was from the terror of these spectres and the noise beneath the mountains that our people have fled and left us at the mercy of malificent spirits!"

The Caliph, to whom these complaints were but unpromising auguries, drove over the bodies of these wretched old men, and at length arrived at the foot of the terrace of black marble; there he descended from his litter, handing down Nouronihar; both with beating hearts stared wildly around them, and expected with an apprehensive shudder the approach of the Giaour; but nothing as yet announced his appearance.

A deathlike stillness reigned over the mountain and through the air; the moon dilated on a vast platform the shades of the lofty columns, which reached from the terrace almost to the clouds; the gloomy watch-towers, whose numbers could not be counted, were veiled by no roof, and their capitals, of an architecture unknown in the records of the earth, served as an asylum for the birds of darkness, which, alarmed at the approach of such visitants, fled away croaking.

The chief of the eunuchs, trembling with fear, besought Vathek that a fire might be kindled.

"No!" replied he, "there is no time left to think of such trifles; abide where thou art, and expect my commands."

Having thus spoken he presented his hand to Nouronihar, and, ascending the steps of a vast staircase, reached the terrace, which was flagged with squares of marble, and resembled a smooth expanse of water upon whose surface not a leaf ever dared to vegetate; on the right rose the watch-towers, ranged before the ruins of an immense palace whose walls were embossed with various figures; in front stood forth the colossal forms of four creatures, composed of the leopard and the griffin; and though but of stone, inspired emotions of terror; near these were distinguished by the splendour of the moon, which streamed full on the place, characters like those on the sabres of the Giaour, that possessed the same virtue of changing every moment; these, after vacillating for some time, at last fixed in Arabic letters, and prescribed to the Caliph the following words:

"Vathek! thou hast violated the conditions of my parchment, and deservest to be sent back; but, in favour to thy companion, and as the meed for what thou hast done to obtain it, Eblis permitteth that the portal of his palace shall be opened, and the subterranean fire will receive thee into the number of its adorers."

He scarcely had read these words before the mountain against which the terrace was reared trembled, and the watch-towers were ready to topple headlong upon them; the rock yawned, and disclosed within it a staircase of polished marble that seemed to approach the abyss; upon each stair were planted two large torches, like those Nouronihar had seen in her vision, the camphorated vapour ascending from which gathered into a cloud under the hollow of the vault.

[1] "As an eastern tale even Rasselas must bow before it; his happy valley will not bear a comparison with the Hall of Eblis."—*Lord Byron.*

This appearance, instead of terrifying, gave new courage to the daughter of Fakreddin. Scarcely deigning to bid adieu to the moon and the firmament, she abandoned without hesitation the pure atmosphere to plunge into these infernal exhalations. The gait of these impious personages was haughty and determined; as they descended by the effulgence of the torches they gazed on each other with mutual admiration, and both appeared so resplendent, that they already esteemed themselves spiritual Intelligences; the only circumstance that perplexed them was their not arriving at the bottom of the stairs; on hastening their descent with an ardent impetuosity, they felt their steps accelerated to such a degree, that they seemed not walking, but falling from a precipice. Their progress however was at length impeded by a vast portal of ebony, which the Caliph without difficulty recognized; here the Giaour awaited them with the key in his hand.

"Ye are welcome," said he to them with a ghastly smile, "in spite of Mahomet and all his dependants. I will now admit you into that palace where you have so highly merited a place."

Whilst he was uttering these words he touched the enamelled lock with his key, and the doors at once expanded, with a noise still louder than the thunder of mountains, and as suddenly recoiled the moment they had entered.

The Caliph and Nouronihar beheld each other with amazement, at finding themselves in a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that at first they took it for an immeasurable plain. But their eyes at length growing familiar to the grandeur of the objects at hand, they extended their view to those at a distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades, which gradually diminished till they terminated in a point, radiant as the sun when he darts his last beams athwart the ocean; the pavement, strewed over with gold dust and saffron, exhaled so subtle an odour as almost overpowered them; they however went on, and observed an infinity of censers, in which ambergris and the wood of aloes were continually burning; between the several columns were placed tables, each spread with a profusion of viands, and wines of every species sparkling in vases of crystal. A throng of Genii and other fantastic spirits of each sex danced lasciviously in troops, at the sound of music which issued from beneath.

In the midst of this immense hall a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything around them; they had all the livid paleness of death; their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound reverie; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along, more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other, and, though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered at random, unheedful of the rest, as if alone on a desert which no foot had trodden.

Vathek and Nouronihar, frozen with terror at a sight so baleful, demanded of the Giaour what these appearances might mean, and why these ambulating spectres never withdrew their hands from their hearts.

"Perplex not yourselves," replied he bluntly, "with so much at once, you will soon be acquainted with all; let us haste and present you to Eblis."

They continued their way through the multitude; but, notwithstanding their confidence at first, they were not sufficiently composed to examine with attention the various perspectives of halls and of galleries that opened on the right hand and left, which were all illuminated by torches and braziers, whose flames rose in pyramids to the centre of the vault. At length they came to a place where long curtains, brocaded with crimson and gold, fell from all parts in striking confusion; here the choirs and dances were heard no longer, the light which glimmered came from afar.

After some time Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle carpeted with the skins of leopards; an infinity of elders with streaming beards, and Afrits in complete armour, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. His person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapours; in his large eyes appeared both pride and despair; his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light; in his hand, which thunder had blasted, he swayed the iron sceptre that causes the monster Ouranabad, the Afrits, and all the powers of the abyss to tremble; at his presence the heart of the Caliph sunk within him, and for the first time he fell prostrate on his face. Nouronihar, however, though greatly dismayed, could not help admiring the person of Eblis; for she expected to have seen some stupendous

Giant. Eblis, with a voice more mild than might be imagined, but such as transfused through the soul the deepest melancholy, said:

"Creatures of clay, I receive you into mine empire; ye are numbered amongst my adorers; enjoy whatever this palace affords; the treasures of the Preadamite Sultans, their bickering sabres, and those talismans that compel the Dives to open the subterranean expanses of the mountain of Kaf, which communicate with these; there, insatiable as your curiosity may be, shall you find sufficient to gratify it; you shall possess the exclusive privilege of entering the fortress of Aherman and the halls of Argenk, where are portrayed all creatures endowed with intelligence, and the various animals that inhabited the earth prior to the creation of that contemptible being whom ye denominate the Father of Mankind."

Vathek and Nouronihar, feeling themselves revived and encouraged by this harangue, eagerly said to the Giaour:

"Bring us instantly to the place which contains these precious talismans."

"Come!" answered this wicked Dive, with his malignant grin, "come! and possess all that my Sovereign hath promised, and more."

He then conducted them into a long aisle adjoining the tabernacle, preceding them with hasty steps, and followed by his disciples with the utmost alacrity. They reached at length a hall of great extent and covered with a lofty dome, around which appeared fifty portals of bronze, secured with as many fastenings of iron; a funereal gloom prevailed over the whole scene; here, upon two beds of incorruptible cedar, lay recumbent the fleshless forms of the Preadamite Kings, who had been monarchs of the whole earth; they still possessed enough of life to be conscious of their deplorable condition; their eyes retained a melancholy motion; they regarded each other with looks of the deepest dejection; each holding his right hand motionless on his heart; at their feet were inscribed the events of their several reigns, their power, their pride, and their crimes; Soliman Raad, Soliman Daki, and Soliman Di Gian Ben Gian, who, after having chained up the Dives in the dark caverns of Kaf, became so presumptuous as to doubt of the Supreme Power; all these maintained great state, though not to be compared with the eminence of Soliman Ben Daoud.

This king, so renowned for his wisdom, was on the loftiest elevation, and placed immediately under the dome; he appeared to possess more animation than the rest; though from time to time he laboured with profound sighs, and, like his companions, kept his right hand on his heart; yet his countenance was more composed, and he seemed to be listening to the sullen roar of a vast cataract, visible in part through the grated portals; this was the only sound that intruded on the silence of these doleful mansions. A range of brazen vases surrounded the elevation.

"Remove the covers from these cabalistic depositaries," said the Giaour to Vathek, "and avail thyself of the talismans which will break asunder all these gates of bronze; and not only render thee master of the treasures contained within them, but also of the spirits by which they are guarded."

The Caliph, whom this ominous preliminary had entirely disconcerted, approached the vases with faltering footsteps, and was ready to sink with terror when he heard the groans of Soliman. As he proceeded a voice from the livid lips of the Prophet articulated these words:

"In my lifetime I filled a magnificent throne, having on my right hand twelve thousand seats of gold, where the patriarchs and the prophets heard my doctrines; on my left the sages and doctors, upon as many thrones of silver, were present at all my decisions. Whilst I thus administered justice to innumerable multitudes, the birds of the air librating over me served as a canopy from the rays of the sun; my people flourished, and my palace rose to the clouds; I erected a temple to the Most High, which was the wonder of the universe; but I basely suffered myself to be seduced by the love of women, and a curiosity that could not be restrained by sublunary things; I listened to the counsels of Aherman and the daughter of Pharaoh, and adored fire and the hosts of heaven; I forsook the holy city, and commanded the Genii to rear the stupendous palace of Istakar, and the terrace of the watch-towers, each of which was consecrated to a star; there for a while I enjoyed myself in the zenith of glory and pleasure; not only men, but supernatural existences were subject also to my will. I began to think, as these unhappy monarchs around had already thought, that the vengeance of Heaven was asleep; when at once the thunder burst my structures asunder and precipitated me hither; where, however, I do not remain, like the other inhabitants, totally destitute of hope, for an angel of light hath revealed that, in consideration of the piety of my early youth, my woes shall come to an end when this cataract shall for ever cease to flow; till then I am in torments, ineffable torments! an unrelenting fire preys on my heart."

Having uttered this exclamation Soliman raised his hands towards Heaven, in token of

supplication, and the Caliph discerned through his bosom, which was transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames. At a sight so full of horror Nouronihar fell back, like one petrified, into the arms of Vathek, who cried out with a convulsive sob:

"O Giaour! whither hast thou brought us? Allow us to depart and I will relinquish all thou hast promised. O Mahomet! remains there no more mercy?"

"None! none!" replied the malicious Dive. "Know, miserable prince! thou art now in the abode of vengeance and despair; thy heart also will be kindled, like those of the other votaries of Eblis. A few days are allotted thee previous to this fatal period; employ them as thou wilt; recline on these heaps of gold; command the Infernal Potentates; range at thy pleasure through these immense subterranean domains; no barrier shall be shut against thee; as for me, I have fulfilled my mission; I now leave thee to thyself." At these words he vanished.

The Caliph and Nouronihar remained in the most abject affliction; their tears unable to flow, scarcely could they support themselves. At length, taking each other despondingly by the hand, they went faltering from this fatal hall, indifferent which way they turned their steps; every portal opened at their approach; the Dives fell prostrate before them; every reservoir of riches was disclosed to their view; but they no longer felt the incentives of curiosity, pride, or avarice. With like apathy they heard the chorus of Genii, and saw the stately banquets prepared to regale them; they went wandering on from chamber to chamber, hall to hall, and gallery to gallery, all without bounds or limit, all distinguishable by the same lowering gloom, all adorned with the same awful grandeur, all traversed by persons in search of repose and consolation, but who sought them in vain; for every one carried within him a heart tormented in flames: shunned by these various sufferers, who seemed by their looks to be upbraiding the partners of their guilt, they withdrew from them to wait in direful suspense the moment which should render them to each other the like objects of terror.

"What!" exclaimed Nouronihar; "will the time come when I shall snatch my hand from thine?"

"Ah!" said Vathek; "and shall my eyes ever cease to drink from thine long draughts of enjoyment! Shall the moments of our reciprocal ecstasies be reflected on with horror! It was not thou that broughtest me hither; the principles by which Carathis perverted my youth have been the sole cause of my perdition!" Having given vent to these painful expressions he called to an Afrit, who was stirring up one of the braziers, and bade him fetch the Princess Carathis from the palace of Samarah.

After issuing these orders the Caliph and Nouronihar continued walking amidst the silent crowd till they heard voices at the end of the gallery; presuming them to proceed from some unhappy beings, who like themselves were awaiting their final doom, they followed the sound, and found it to come from a small square chamber, where they discovered sitting on sofas five young men of goodly figure, and a lovely female, who were all holding a melancholy conversation by the glimmering of a lonely lamp; each had a gloomy and forlorn air, and two of them were embracing each other with great tenderness. On seeing the Caliph and the daughter of Fakreddin enter they arose, saluted, and gave them place; then he who appeared the most considerable of the group addressed himself thus to Vathek:

"Strangers! who doubtless are in the same state of suspense with ourselves, as you do not yet bear your hand on your heart, if you are come hither to pass the interval allotted previous to the infliction of our common punishment, condescend to relate the adventures that have brought you to this fatal place, and we in return will acquaint you with ours, which deserve but too well to be heard; we will trace back our crimes to their source, though we are not permitted to repent; this is the only employment suited to wretches like us!"

The Caliph and Nouronihar assented to the proposal, and Vathek began, not without tears and lamentations, a sincere recital of every circumstance that had passed. When the afflicting narrative was closed the young man entered on his own. Each person proceeded in order, and when the fourth prince had reached the midst of his adventures, a sudden noise interrupted him, which caused the vault to tremble and to open.

Immediately a cloud descended, which gradually dissipating, discovered Carathis on the back of an Afrit, who grievously complained of his burden. She, instantly springing to the ground, advanced towards her son and said:

"What dost thou here in this little square chamber? As the Dives are become subject to thy beck, I expected to have found thee on the throne of the Preadamite Kings."

"Execrable woman!" answered the Caliph; "cursed be the day thou gavest me birth! go, follow this Afrit, let him conduct thee to the hall of the Prophet Soliman; there thou wilt

learn to what these palaces are destined, and how much I ought to abhor the impious knowledge thou hast taught me."

"The height of power to which thou art arrived has certainly turned thy brain," answered Carathis; "but I ask no more than permission to show my respect for the Prophet. It is, however, proper thou shouldest know that (as the Afrit has informed me neither of us shall return to Samarah), I requested his permission to arrange my affairs, and he politely consented; availing myself therefore of the few moments allowed me, I set fire to the tower, and consumed in it the mutes, negresses, and serpents which have rendered me so much good service; nor should I have been less kind to Morakanabad had he not prevented me by deserting at last to thy brother. As for Bababalouk, who had the folly to return to Samarah, and all the good brotherhood to provide husbands for thy wives, I undoubtedly would have put them to the torture could I but have allowed them the time; being however in a hurry, I only hung him after having caught him in a snare with thy wives, whilst them I buried alive by the help of my negresses, who thus spent their last moments greatly to their satisfaction. With respect to Dilara, who ever stood high in my favour, she hath evinced the greatness of her mind by fixing herself near in the service of one of the Magi, and I think will soon be our own."

Vathek, too much cast down to express the indignation excited by such a discourse, ordered the Afrit to remove Carathis from his presence, and continued immersed in thought, which his companion durst not disturb.

Carathis, however, eagerly entered the dome of Soliman, and, without regarding in the least the groans of the Prophet, undauntedly removed the covers of the vases, and violently seized on the talismans; then, with a voice more loud than had hitherto been heard within these mansions, she compelled the Dives to disclose to her the most secret treasures, the most profound stores, which the Afrit himself had not seen; she passed by rapid descents known only to Eblis and his most favoured potentates, and thus penetrated the very entrails of the earth, where breathes the Sansar or icy wind of death; nothing appalled her dauntless soul; she perceived however in all the inmates who bore their hands on their heart a little singularity not much to her taste. As she was emerging from one of the abysses Eblis stood forth to her view, but, notwithstanding he displayed the full effulgence of his infernal majesty, she preserved her countenance unaltered, and even paid her compliments with considerable firmness.

This superb Monarch thus answered: "Princess, whose knowledge and whose crimes have merited a conspicuous rank in my empire, thou dost well to employ the leisure that remains; for the flames and torments, which are ready to seize on thy heart, will not fail to provide thee with full employment." He said this, and was lost in the curtains of his tabernacle.

Carathis paused for a moment with surprise; but, resolved to follow the advice of Eblis, she assembled all the choirs of Genii, and all the Dives, to pay her homage; thus marched she in triumph through a vapour of perfumes, amidst the acclamations of all the malignant spirits, with most of whom she had formed a previous acquaintance; she even attempted to dethrone one of the Solimans for the purpose of usurping his place, when a voice, proceeding from the abyss of Death, proclaimed, "All is accomplished!" Instantaneously the haughty forehead of the intrepid Princess was corrugated with agony; she uttered a tremendous yell, and fixed, no more to be withdrawn, her right hand upon her heart, which was become a receptacle of eternal fire.

In this delirium, forgetting all ambitious projects and her thirst for that knowledge which should ever be hidden from mortals, she overturned the offerings of the Genii, and having execrated the hour she was begotten and the womb that had borne her, glanced off in a whirl that rendered her invisible, and continued to revolve without intermission.

At almost the same instant the same voice announced to the Caliph, Nouronihar, the five princes, and the princess, the awful and irrevocable decree. Their hearts immediately took fire, and they at once lost the most precious of the gifts of heaven—Hope. These unhappy beings recoiled with looks of the most furious distraction; Vathek beheld in the eyes of Nouronihar nothing but rage and vengeance, nor could she discern aught in his but aversion and despair. The two princes who were friends, and till that moment had preserved their attachment, shrunk back, gnashing their teeth with mutual and unchangeable hatred. Kalilah and his sister made reciprocal gestures of imprecation, whilst the two other princes testified their horror for each other by the most ghastly convulsions, and screams that could not be smothered. All severally plunged themselves into the accursed multitude, there to wander in an eternity of unabating anguish.

Such was, and such should be, the punishment of unrestrained passions and atrocious

actions! Such is, and such should be, the chastisement of blind ambition, that would transgress those bounds which the Creator hath prescribed to human knowledge; and by aiming at discoveries reserved for pure Intelligence, acquire that infatuated pride which perceives not the condition appointed to man is to be ignorant and humble.

HYMN TO THE CREATOR.

[Sir Richard Blackmore, born about 1658; died in London, 8th October, 1729. Author of the *Creation*, a philosophical poem in seven books, from which we quote; *Prince Arthur; King Arthur; Eliza;* and other heroic poems, besides numerous miscellaneous pieces in prose and verse.]

Hail, King Supreme! of Power immense Abyss!
Father of Light! Exhaustless Source of Bliss!
Thou uncreated, Self-existent Cause,
Control'd by no superior being's laws,
Ere infant light essay'd to dart the ray,
Smil'd heav'nly sweet, and try'd to kindle day:
Ere the wide fields of æther were display'd,
Or silver stars cœrulean spheres inlaid;
Ere yet the eldest child of time was born,
Or verdant pride young nature did adorn;
Thou art; and didst eternity employ
In unmolested peace, in plenitude of joy.
In its ideal frame the world, design'd
From ages past, lay finish'd in thy mind.
Conform to this divine imagin'd plan,
With perfect art th' amazing work began.
Thy glance survey'd the solitary plains,
Where shapeless shade inert and silent reigns;
Then in the dark and undistinguish'd space,
Unfruitful, uninclos'd, and wild of face,
Thy compass for the world mark'd out the destin'd place.
Then didst thou through the fields of barren night
Go forth, collected in Creating Might.
Where Thou almighty vigour didst exert,
Which emicant did this and that way dart
Through the black bosom of the empty space:
The gulfs confess th' omnipotent embrace,
And, pregnant grown with elemental seed,
Unfinish'd orbs and worlds in embryo breed.
From the crude mass, Omniscient Architect,
Thou for each part materials did select,
And with a master-hand thy world erect.
Labour'd by Thee, the globes, vast lucid buoys,
By Thee uplifted, float in liquid skies:
By Thy cementing word their parts cohere,
And roll by Thy impulsive nod in air.
Thou in the vacant didst the earth suspend,
Advance the mountains, and the vales extend:
People the plains with flocks, with beasts the wood,
And store with scaly colonies the flood.

Next, man arose at thy Creating Word,
Of Thy terrestrial realms vicegerent lord.
His soul, more artful labour, more refin'd,
And emulous of bright Seraphic Mind,
Ennobled by thy image, spotless shone,
Prais'd Thee her author, and ador'd Thy throne;
Able to know, admire, enjoy her God,
She did her high felicity applaud.
Since Thou didst all the spacious worlds display,
Homage to Thee let all obedient pay.
Let glittering stars, that dance their destin'd ring
Sublime in sky, with vocal planets sing
Confederate praise to Thee, O Great Creator King!
Let the thin districts of the waving air,
Conveyancers of sound, Thy skill declare.
Let winds, the breathing creatures of the skies,
Call in each vigorous gale, that roving flies
By land or sea; then one loud triumph raise,
And all their blasts employ in songs of praise.

VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY CHARLES LAMB.

Hail to thy returning festival, old Bishop Valentine! Great is thy name in the rubric, thou venerable Arch-flamen of Hymen! Immortal Go-between! who and what manner of person art thou? Art thou but a *name*, typifying the restless principle which impels poor humans to seek perfection in union? or wert thou indeed a mortal prelate, with thy tippet and thy rochet, thy apron on, and decent lawn sleeves? Mysterious personage! like unto thee, assuredly there is no other mitred father in the calendar; not Jerome, nor Ambrose, nor Cyril; nor the consigner of undipt infants to eternal torments, Austin, whom all mothers hate; nor he who hated all mothers, Origen; nor Bishop Bull, nor Archbishop Parker, nor Whitgift. Thou comest attended with thousands and ten thousands of little Loves, and the air is "brush'd with the hiss of rustling wings." Singing Cupids are thy choristers and thy precentors; and instead of the crosier, the mystical arrow is borne before thee.

In other words, this is the day on which those charming little missives, ycleped Valentines, cross and intercross each other at every street and turning. The weary and all-for-spent twopenny-postman sinks beneath a load of delicate embarrassments, not his own. It is scarcely credible to what an extent this ephemeral courtship is carried on in this loving town, to the great enrichment of porters, and detriment of knockers and bell-wires. In these little visual interpretations, no emblem is so

common as the *heart*—that little three-cornered exponent of all our hopes and fears—the bestuck and bleeding heart; it is twisted and tortured into more allegories and affectations than an opera-hat. What authority we have in history or mythology for placing the head-quarters and metropolis of god Cupid in this anatomical seat rather than in any other, is not very clear; but we have got it, and it will serve as well as any other. Else we might easily imagine, upon some other system which might have prevailed for anything which our pathology knows to the contrary, a lover addressing his mistress, in perfect simplicity of feeling, "Madame, my *liver* and fortune are entirely at your disposal;" or putting a delicate question, "Amanda, have you a *midriff* to bestow?" But custom has settled these things, and awarded the seat of sentiment to the aforesaid triangle, while its less fortunate neighbours wait at animal and anatomical distance.

Not many sounds in life, and I include all urban and all rural sounds, exceed in interest a *knock at the door*. It "gives a very echo to the throne where Hope is seated." But its issues seldom answer to this oracle within. It is so seldom that just the person we want to see comes. But of all the clamorous visitations the welcomest in expectation is the sound that ushers in, or seems to usher in, a Valentine. As the raven himself was hoarse that announced the fatal entrance of Duncan, so the knock of the postman on this day is light, airy, confident, and befitting one that bringeth good tidings. It is less mechanical than on other days; you will say, "That is not the post, I am sure." Visions of Love, of Cupids, of Hymens!—delightful eternal common-places, which "having been will always be;" which no school-boy nor school-man can write away; having your irreversible throne in the fancy and affections—what are your transports when the happy maiden, opening with careful finger, careful not to break the emblematic seal, bursts upon the sight of some well-designed allegory, some type, some youthful fancy, not without verses—"Lovers All, a madrigal," or some such device, not over-abundant in sense—young Love disclaims it—and not quite silly—something between wind and water, a chorus where the sheep might almost join the shepherd, as they did, or as I apprehend they did, in Arcadia.

All Valentines are not foolish; and I shall not easily forgot thine, my kind friend (if I may have leave to call you so) E. B.—E. B. lived opposite a young maiden, whom he had often seen, unseen, from his parlour window in C—e Street. She was all joyousness and innocence, and just of an age to enjoy receiving a Valentine, and just of a temper to bear the disappointment of missing one with good humour. E. B. is an artist of no common powers; in the fancy parts of designing, perhaps inferior to none; his name is known at the bottom of many a well-executed vignette in the way of his profession, but no further; for E. B. is modest, and the world meets nobody half-way. E. B. meditated how he could repay this young maiden for many a favour which she had done him unknown; for when a kindly face greets us, though but passing by, and never knows us again, nor we it, we should feel it as an obligation; and E. B. did. This good artist set himself at work to please the damsel. It was just before Valentine's day three years since. He wrought, unseen and unsuspected, a wondrous work. We need not say it was on the finest gilt paper with borders—full, not of common hearts and heartless allegory, but all the prettiest stories of love from Ovid, and older poets than Ovid (for E. B. is a scholar). There was Pyramus and Thisbe, and be sure Dido was not forgot, nor Hero and Leander, and swans more than sang in Cayster, with mottoes and fanciful devices, such as beseemed—a work, in short, of magic. Iris dipped the woof. This on Valentine's eve he commended to the all-swallowing indiscriminate orifice—(O ignoble trust)—of the common post; but the humble medium did its duty, and from his watchful stand the next morning, he saw the cheerful messenger knock, and by-and-by the precious charge delivered. He saw, unseen, the happy girl unfold the Valentine, dance about, clap her hands, as one after one the pretty emblems unfolded themselves. She danced about, not with light love, or foolish expectations, for she had no lover; or, if she had, none she knew that could have created those bright images which delighted her. It was more like some fairy present; a God-send, as our familiarly pious ancestors termed a benefit received, where the benefactor was unknown. It would do her no harm. It would do her good for ever after. It is good to love the unknown. I only give this as a specimen of E. B. and his modest way of doing a concealed kindness.

Good-morrow to my Valentine, sings poor Ophelia; and no better wish, but with better auspices, we wish to all faithful lovers, who are not too wise to despise old legends, but are content to rank themselves humble diocesans of old Bishop Valentine and his true church.

LIFE'S CARES.

ADDRESSED TO THE HON. CHARLES MONTAGUE, AFTERWARDS EARL OF HALIFAX.

[Matthew Prior, born at Abbot Street, Dorsetshire, 21st July, 1664; died at Wimpole, Cambridgeshire, 18th September, 1721. He began life in the tap-room of his uncle the landlord of the Rummer Tavern, Charing Cross; and his genius raised him to several important appointments under government. He wrote numerous lyrics and odes; his longest poems are *Alma*, or the Progress of the Mind; *Solomon on the Vanity of the World; Conversation*. "Prior's seem to me among the easiest, the richest, the most charmingly humorous of English lyrical poems."—*Thackeray*.]

Howe'er, 'tis well, that while mankind
Through Fate's perverse meander errs,
He can imagin'd pleasures find,
To combat against real cares.

Fancies and notions he pursues,
Which ne'er had being but in thought:
Each, like the Grecian artist, woos
The image he himself has wrought.

Against experience he believes;
He argues against demonstration;
Pleas'd, when his reason he deceives;
And sets his judgment by his passion.

The hoary fool, who many days
Has struggled with continued sorrow,
Renews his hope, and blindly lays
The desp'rate bet upon to-morrow.

To-morrow comes: 'tis noon, 'tis night;
This day like all the former flies:
Yet on he runs, to seek delight
To-morrow, till to-night he dies.

Our hopes, like tow'ring falcons, aim
At objects in an airy height:
The little pleasure of the game
Is from afar to view the flight.

Our anxious pains we, all the day,
In search of what we like, employ:
Scorning at night the worthless prey,
We find the labour gave the joy.

At distance through an artful glass
To the mind's eye things well appear:
They lose their forms, and make a mass
Confus'd and black, if brought too near.

If we see right, we see our woes:
Then what avails it to have eyes?
From ignorance our comfort flows.
The only wretched are the wise.

PEPYS AT THE PLAY.

[Samuel Pepys, born in London, 23d February, 1632; died at Clapham, May, 1703. He was the son of a London tailor; was educated at Cambridge; became clerk to the admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II., and held other offices, the duties of which he discharged with much ability. He wrote: *Portugal History*, or a Relation of the Troubles in the Court of Portugal in 1667 and 1668; *The State of the Royal Navy of England* for Ten Years, ending December, 1688; and the famous *Pepys' Diary*, of which Sir Walter Scott said: "If, quitting the broad paths of history, we seek for minute information concerning ancient manners and customs, the progress of arts and sciences, and the various branches of antiquity, we have never seen so rich a mine as the volumes before us. The variety of Pepys' tastes and pursuits led him into almost every department of life." The following passages present a picture of the stage in the seventeenth century.]

18*th August*, 1660. Captain Ferrers took me and Creed to the Cockpitt play, the first that I have had time to see since my coming from sea, "The Loyall Subject" (by Beaumont and Fletcher), where one Kinaston, a boy, acted the Duke's sister, but made the loveliest lady that ever I saw in my life.

11*th October*. To walk in St. James's Park, where we observed the several engines at work to draw up water, with which sight I was very much pleased. Above all the rest, I liked that which Mr. Greatorex brought, which do carry up the water with a great deal of ease. Here, in the Park, we met with Mr. Salisbury, who took Mr. Creed and me to the Cockpitt to see "The Moore of Venice," which was well done. Burt acted the Moore; by the same token, a very pretty lady that sat by me called out, to see Desdemona smothered.

20*th November*. Mr. Shepley and I to the new play-house near Lincoln's-Inn-Fields (which was formerly Gibbons' tennis-court), where the play of "Beggar's Bush" (a comedy by Beaumont and Fletcher) was newly begun; and so we went in and saw it well acted: and here I saw the first time one Moone, who is said to be the best actor in the world, lately come over with the King; and indeed it is the finest play-house, I believe, that ever was in England. This morning I found my Lord in bed late, he having been with the King, Queen, and Princesse at the Cockpit all night, where General Monk treated them; and after supper a play, where the King did put a great affront upon Singleton's musique, he bidding them stop and made the French musique play, which, my Lord says, do much outdo all ours.

4*th November*, 1661. With my wife to the Opera, where we saw "The Bondman," which

of old we both did so doate on, and do still; though to both our thinking not so well acted here (having too great expectations), as formerly at Salisbury Court. But for Beterton,[1] he is called by us both the best actor in the world.

March 1, 1662. To the Opera, and there saw "Romeo and Juliet," the first time it was ever acted. I am resolved to go no more to see the first time of acting, for they were all of them out more or less.

29*th September*. To Mr. Coventry's, and so with him and Sir W. Pen up to the Duke, where the King came also and staid till the Duke was ready. It being Collar-day, we had no time to talk with him about any business. To the King's Theatre, where we saw "Midsummer's Night's Dream," which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life.

October 2. At night hearing that there was a play at the Cockpit (and my Lord Sandwich, who come to town last night, at it), I do go thither, and by very great fortune did follow four or five gentlemen who were carried to a little private door in a wall, and so crept through a narrow place and come into one of the boxes next the King's, but so as I could not see the King or Queene, but many of the fine ladies, who yet are not really so handsome generally as I used to take them to be, but that they are finely dressed. Then we saw "The Cardinall" (a tragi-comedy by James Shirley), a tragedy I had never seen before, nor is there any great matter in it. The company that come in with me into the box were all Frenchmen, that could speak no English, but Lord! what sport they made to ask a pretty lady that they got among them that understood both French and English to make her tell them what the actors said.

17*th November*. To the Duke's to-day, but he is gone a-hunting. At White Hall by appointment, Mr. Creed carried my wife and I to the Cockpitt, and we had excellent places, and saw the King, Queene, Duke of Monmouth, his son, and my Lady Castlemaine, and all the fine ladies; and "The Scornfull Lady," well performed. They had done by eleven o'clock, and it being fine moonshine, we took coach and home.

5*th January*, 1663. Elborough (my old schoolfellow at Paul's) do tell me, and so do others, that Dr. Calamy is this day sent to Newgate for preaching, Sunday was se'ennight, without leave, though he did it only to supply the place; otherwise the people must have gone away without ever a sermon, they being disappointed of a minister: but the Bishop of London will not take that as an excuse. Dined at home; and there being the famous new play acted the first time to-day, which is called "The Adventures of Five Hours," at the Duke's house, being, they say, made or translated by Colonel Tuke,[2] I did long to see it; and so we went; and though early, were forced to sit, almost out of sight, at the end of one of the lower formes, so full was the house. And the play, in one word, is the best, for the variety and the most excellent continuance of the plot to the very end, that ever I saw, or think ever shall.

28*th May*. By water to the Royal Theatre; but that was so full they told us we could have no room. And so to the Duke's house; and there saw "Hamlett" done, giving us fresh reason never to think enough of Betterton. Who should we see come upon the stage but Gosnell, my wife's maid? but neither spoke, danced, nor sung; which I was sorry for.

29*th*. This day is kept strictly as a holy-day, being the King's Coronation. Creed and I abroad, and called at several churches; and it is a wonder to see, and by that to guess the ill-temper of the City, at this time, either to religion in general, or to the King, that in some churches there was hardly ten people, and those poor people. To the Duke's house, and there saw "The Slighted Mayde," wherein Gosnell acted Æromena, a great part, and did it very well. Then with Creed to see the German Princesse, at the Gatehouse, at Westminster.

12*th June*. To the Royal Theatre; and there saw "The Committee" (by Sir Robert Howard), a merry but indifferent play, only Lacey's part, an Irish footman, is beyond imagination. Here I saw my Lord Falconbridge, and his Lady, my Lady Mary Cromwell, who looks as well as I have known her, and well clad: but when the House began to fill she put on her vizard, and so kept it on all the

[1] Thomas Betterton, the celebrated actor, born in 1635, was the son of an under cook to Charles I., and first appeared on the stage at the Cockpit in Drury Lane in 1659. After the Restoration two distinct theatres were established by royal authority; one in Drury Lane, called the King's Company, under a patent granted to Killigrew: the other in Lincoln's Inn Fields, styled the Duke's Troop, the patentee of which was Sir W. Davenant, who engaged Mr. Betterton in 1662. Mr. B. died in 1710, and was buried in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

[2] Sir George Tuke of Cressing Temple in Essex. Mr. Evelyn's cousin. The play was taken from the original of the Spanish poet Calderon.

play; which of late is become a great fashion among the ladies, which hides their whole face. So to the Exchange, to buy things with my wife, among others, a vizard for herself.

13*th.* To the Royal Theatre; and in our way saw my Lady Castlemaine, who, I fear, is not so handsome as I have taken her for, and now she begins to decay something. This is my wife's opinion also. Yesterday, upon conference with the King in the Banqueting House, the Parliament did agree with much ado, it being carried but by forty-two voices, that they would supply him with a sum of money; but what and how is not yet known, but expected to be done with great disputes the next week. But if done at all, it is well.

27*th January*, 1664. At the Coffee-house, where I sat with Sir G. Ascue and Sir William Petty, who in discourse is, methinks, one of the most rational men that ever I heard speak with a tongue, having all his notions the most distinct and clear. To Covent Garden, to buy a maske at the French House, Madame Charett's, for my wife; in the way observing the street full of coaches at the new play, at "The Indian Queene" (a tragedy in heroic verse, by Sir Robert Howard and Mr. Dryden), which for show, they say, exceeds Henry the Eighth. Called to see my brother Tom, who was not at home, though they say he is in a deep consumption, and will not live two months.

30*th.* This evening I tore some old papers; among others, a romance which (under the title of "Love a Cheate") I begun ten years ago at Cambridge: and reading it over to-night, I liked it very well, and wondered a little at myself at my vein at that time when I wrote it, doubting that I cannot do so well now if I would try.

February 1. Mr. Pierce tells me how the King, coming the other day to his Theatre to see "The Indian Queene" (which he commends for a very fine thing), my Lady Castlemaine was in the next box before he come; and leaning over other ladies awhile to whisper with the King, she rose out of the box and went into the King's, and set herself on the King's right hand, between the King and the Duke of York: which, he swears, put the King himself, as well as everybody else, out of countenance; and believes that she did it only to show the world that she is not out of favour yet, as was believed. To the King's Theatre, and there saw "The Indian Queen" acted; which indeed is a most pleasant show, and beyond my expectation; the play good, but spoiled with the ryme, which breaks the sense. But above my expectation most, the eldest Marshall did do her part most excellently well as I ever heard woman in my life; but her voice is not so sweet as Ianthe's: but, however, we come home mightily contented. Here we met Mr. Pickering; and he tells me that the business runs high between the Chancellor and my Lord Bristoll against the Parliament; and that my Lord Lauderdale and Cooper open high against the Chancellor; which I am sorry for.

3*d.* In Covent Garden to-night, going to fetch my wife, I stopped at the great Coffee-house there, where I never was before; where Dryden the poet (I knew at Cambridge), and all the wits of the town, and Harris the player, and Mr. Hoole of our college. And had I had time then, or could at other times, it will be good coming thither, for there, I perceive, is very witty and pleasant discourse. But I could not tarry, and as it was late, they were all ready to go away.

June 1. Southwell (Sir W. Pen's friend) tells me the very sad newes of my Lord Teviott's and nineteen more commission officers being killed at Tangier by the Moores, by an ambush of the enemy upon them, while they were surveying their lines: which is very sad, and he says, afflicts the King much. To the King's house, and saw "The Silent Woman;" but methought not so well done or so good a play as I formerly thought it to be. Before the play was done, it fell such a storm of hayle, that we in the middle of the pit were fain to rise; and all the house in a disorder.

2*d August.* To the King's play-house, and there saw "Bartholomew Fayre," which do still please me; and is, as it is acted, the best comedy in the world, I believe. I chanced to sit by Tom Killigrew, who tells me that he is setting up a nursery; that is, is going to build a house in Moorefields, wherein he will have common plays acted. But four operas it shall have in the year, to act six weeks at a time: where we shall have the best scenes and machines, the best musique, and everything as magnificent as is in Christendome; and to that end hath sent for voices and painters and other persons from Italy. Thence homeward called upon my Lord Marlborough.

4*th.* To a play at the King's house, "The Rivall Ladys" (a tragedy by Dryden), a very innocent and most pretty witty play. I was much pleased with it, and it being given me, I look upon it as no breach of my oath. Here we hear that Clun, one of their best actors, was, the last night, going out of towne (after he had acted the Alchymist, wherein was one of his best parts that he acts) to his country

house, set upon and murdered; one of the rogues taken, an Irish fellow. It seems most cruelly butchered and bound. The house will have a great miss of him. Thence visited my Lady Sandwich, who tells me my Lord Fitz-Harding is to be made a Marquis.

4th October. After dinner to a play, to see "The Generall;" which is so dull and so ill-acted, that I think it is the worst I ever saw or heard in all my days. I happened to sit near to Sir Charles Sedley: who I find a very witty man, and he did at every line take notice of the dullness of the poet and badness of the action, that most pertinently; which I was mightily taken with.

19th March, 1665. After dinner we walked to the King's play-house, all in dirt, they being altering of the stage to make it wider. But God knows when they will begin to act again; but my business here was to see the inside of the stage and all the tiring-rooms and machines; and, indeed, it was a sight worthy seeing. But to see their clothes, and the various sorts, and what a mixture of things there was; here a wooden-leg, there a ruff, here a hobby-horse, there a crown, would make a man split himself with laughing; and particularly Lacy's (a comedian) wardrobe, and Shotrell's. But then again, to think how fine they show on the stage by candle-light, and how poor things they are to look at too near hand, is not pleasant at all. The machines are fine, and the paintings very pretty.

7th December, 1666. To the King's play-house, where two acts were almost done when I come in; and there I sat with my cloak about my face, and saw the remainder of "The Mayd's Tragedy" (by Beaumont and Fletcher), a good play, and well acted, especially by the younger Marshall, who is become a pretty good actor; and is the first play I have seen in either of the houses, since before the great plague, they having acted now about fourteen days publickly. But I was in mighty pain, lest I should be seen by anybody to be at a play.

23d January, 1667. To the King's house, and there saw "The Humourous Lieutenant" (by Beaumont and Fletcher), a silly play, I think; only the Spirit in it that grows very tall and then sinks again to nothing, having two heads breeding upon one, and then Knipp's singing, did please us. Here in a box above we spied Mrs. Pierce; and going out they called us, and so we staid for them; and Knipp took us all in, and brought to us Nelly (Nell Gwynne), a most pretty woman, who acted the great part Cœlia to-day very fine, and did it pretty well: I kissed her, and so did my wife; and a mighty pretty soul she is. We also saw Mrs. Ball, which is my little Roman-nose black girl, that is mighty pretty: she is usually called Betty. Knipp made us stay in a box and see the dancing preparatory to to-morrow for "The Goblins," a play of Suckling's, not acted these twenty-five years; which was pretty. In our way home we find the Guards of horse in the street, and hear the occasion to be news that the seamen are in a mutiny; which put me into a great fright.

4th February. Soon as dined, my wife and I out to the Duke's play-house, and there saw "Heraclius" (a tragedy, by Lodowick Carlell, taken from Corneille), an excellent play to my extraordinary content; and the more from the house being very full, and great company; among others Mrs. Stewart, very fine, with her locks done up with puffes, as my wife calls them: and several other great ladies had their hair so, though I do not like it; but my wife do mightily; but it is only because she sees it is the fashion. Here I saw my Lord Rochester and his lady, Mrs. Mallett, who hath after all this ado married him; and, as I hear some say in the pit, it is a great act of charity, for he hath no estate. But it was so pleasant to see how everybody rose up when my Lord John Butler, the Duke of Ormond's son, come into the pit towards the end of the play, who was a servant to Mrs. Mallett, and now smiled upon her, and she on him. Home, and to my chamber, and there finished my Catalogue of my books with my own hand.

18th. To the King's house to "The Mayd's Tragedy;" but vexed all the while with two talking ladies and Sir Charles Sedley; yet pleased to hear their discourse, he being a stranger. And one of the ladies would and did sit with her mask on all the play; and being exceedingly witty as ever I heard woman, did talk most pleasantly with him; but was, I believe, a virtuous woman, and of quality. He would fain know who she was, but she would not tell; yet did give him many pleasant hints of her knowledge of him, by that means setting his brains at work to find out who she was, and did give him leave to use all means to find out who she was, but pulling off her mask. He was mighty witty, and she also making sport with him very inoffensively, that a more pleasant rencontre I never heard. But by that means lost the pleasure of the play wholly, to which now and then Sir Charles Sedley's exceptions against both words and pronouncing were very pretty.

7th March. To Devonshire House, to a burial of a kinsman of Sir R. Viner's; and

there I received a ring. To the Duke's play-house, and saw "The English Princesse, or Richard the Third" (by J. Caryl), a most sad, melancholy play, and pretty good, but nothing eminent in it, as some tragedys are; only little Miss Davis did dance a jigg after the end of the play, and there telling the next day's play, so that it come in by force only to please the company to see her dance in boy's clothes; and the truth is, there is no comparison between Nell's dancing the other day at the King's house in boy's clothes and this, this being infinitely beyond the other. This day was reckoned by all people the coldest day that ever was remembered in England; and, God knows, coals at a very great price.

15*th April.* Called up by Sir H. Cholmly, who tells me that my Lord Middleton is for certain chosen Governor of Tangier; a man of moderate understanding, not covetous, but a soldier of fortune and poor. To the King's house by chance, where a new play: so full as I never saw it; I forced to stand all the while close to the very door till I took cold, and many people went away for want of room. The King and Queene and Duke of York and Duchesse there, and all the Court, and Sir W. Coventry. The play called, "The Change of Crownes:" a play of Ned Howard's,[1] the best that I ever saw at that house, being a great play and serious; only Lacy did act the country-gentleman come up to Court, who do abuse the Court with all the imaginable wit and plainness about selling of places, and doing everything for money. The play took very much. Thence I to my new bookseller's, and there bought "Hooker's Polity," the new edition, and "Dugdale's History of the Inns of Court," of which there was but a few saved out of the fire. Carried my wife to see the new play I saw yesterday: but there, contrary to expectation, I find "The Silent Woman."

16*th.* Knipp tells me the King was so angry at the liberty taken by Lacy's part to abuse him to his face, that he commanded they should act no more, till Moone[2] went and got leave for them to act again, but not this play. The King mighty angry; and it was bitter indeed, but very fine and witty. I never was more taken with a play than I am with this "Silent Woman," as old as it is, and as often as I have seen it. There is more wit in it than goes to ten new plays. Pierce told us the story how in good earnest the King is offended with the Duke of Richmond's marrying, and Mrs. Stewart's sending the King his jewels again. As she tells it, it is the noblest romance and example of a brave lady that ever I read in my life.

16*th August.* My wife and I to the Duke's play-house, where we saw the new play acted yesterday, "The Feign Innocence, or Sir Martin Mar-all;" a play made by my Lord Duke of Newcastle, but, as everybody says, corrected by Dryden. It is the most entire piece of mirth, a complete farce from one end to the other, that certainly was ever writ. I never laughed so in all my life, and at very good wit therein, not fooling. The House full, and in all things of mighty content to me. Everybody wonders that we have no news from Bredah of the ratification of the peace; and do suspect that there is some stop in it.

17*th.* To the King's play-house, where the house extraordinary full; and there the King and Duke of York to see the new play, "Queene Elizabeth's Troubles, and the history of Eighty Eight." I confess I have sucked in so much of the sad story of Queene Elizabeth from my cradle, that I was ready to weep for her sometimes; but the play is the most ridiculous that sure ever came upon stage, and, indeed, is merely a show, only shows the true garbe of the Queene in those days, just as we see Queene Mary and Queene Elizabeth painted: but the play is merely a puppet play, acted by living puppets. Neither the design nor language better; and one stands by and tells us the meaning of things: only I was pleased to see Knipp dance among the milkmaids, and to hear her sing a song to Queene Elizabeth; and to see her come out in her night-gowne with no lockes on, but her bare face and hair only tied up in a knot behind; which is the comeliest dress that ever I saw her in to her advantage.

5*th October.* To the King's house; and there going in met with Knipp, and she took us up into the tireing-rooms; and to the women's shift, where Nell was dressing herself, and was all unready, and is very pretty, prettier than I thought. And into the scene-room, and there sat down, and she gave us fruit: and here I read the questions to Knipp, while she answered me, through all her part of "Flora's Figarys," which was acted to-day. But, Lord! to see how they were both painted, would make a man mad, and did make me loath them; and what base company of men comes among them, and how lewdly they talk. And how

[1] A younger son of the Earl of Berkshire, and brother to Sir Robert Howard.

[2] Michael Mohun, a celebrated actor belonging to the King's Company; he had served as a major in the royal army.

poor the men are in clothes, and yet what a show they make on the stage by candle-light, is very observable. But to see how Nell cursed, for having so few people in the pit, was strange; the other house carrying away all the people at the new play, and is said now-a-days to have generally most company, as being better players. By and by into the pit, and there saw the play, which is pretty good.

19*th*. Full of my desire of seeing my Lord Orrery's new play this afternoon at the King's house, "The Black Prince," the first time it is acted; where, though we came by two o'clock, yet there was no room in the pit, but were forced to go into one of the upper boxes, at 4*s*. a piece, which is the first time I ever sat in a box in my life. And in the same box came by and by, behind me, my Lord Barkeley and his Lady; but I did not turn my face to them to be known, so that I was excused from giving them my seat. And this pleasure I had, that from this place the scenes do appear very fine indeed, and much better than in the pit. The house infinite full, and the King and Duke of York there. The whole house was mightily pleased all along till the reading of a letter, which was so long and so unnecessary that they frequently began to laugh, and to hiss twenty times, that had it not been for the King's being there, they had certainly hissed it off the stage.

28*th December*. To the King's house, and there saw "The Mad Couple;" which is but an ordinary play; but only Nell's and Hart's mad parts are most excellent done, but especially her's: which makes it a miracle to me to think how ill she do any serious part, as the other day, just like a fool or changeling; and, in a mad part, do beyond all imitation almost. It pleased us mightily to see the natural affection of a poor woman, the mother of one of the children brought on the stage: the child crying, she by force got upon the stage, and took up her child and carried it away off of the stage from Hart. Many fine faces here to-day. I am told to-day, which troubles me, that great complaint is made upon the 'Change among our merchants, that the very Ostend little pickaroon men-of-war do offer violence to our merchant-men and search them, beat our masters, and plunder them, upon pretence of carrying Frenchmen's goods.

December 2, 1668. Abroad with my wife, the first time that ever I rode in my own coach, which do make my heart rejoice and praise God, and pray him to bless it to me, and continue it. So she and I to the King's play-house, and there saw "The Usurper" (a tragedy, by Edward Howard), a pretty good play in all but what is designed to resemble Cromwell and Hugh Peters, which is mighty silly.

3*d*. At noon home to dinner, and then abroad again with my wife to the Duke of York's play-house, and saw "The Unfortunate Lovers" (a tragedy, by Sir William Davenant), a mean play, I think, but some parts very good, and excellently acted. We sat under the boxes, and saw the fine ladies; among others, my Lady Kerneguy, who is most devilishly painted. And so home, it being mighty pleasure to go alone with my poor wife in a coach of our own to a play, and makes us appear mighty great, I think, in the world; at least, greater than ever I could, or my friends for me, have once expected; or, I think, than ever any of my family ever yet lived in my memory, but my cosen Pepys in Salisbury Court.

19*th January*, 1669. To the King's house, to see "Horace" (from Corneille); this the third day of its acting: a silly tragedy; but Lacy hath made a farce of several dances—between each act one: but his words are but silly, and invention not extraordinary as to the dances, only some Dutchmen come out of the mouth and tail of a Hamburgh sow.

SINCE TO MY LIPS.

BY VICTOR HUGO.

Since to my lips I pressed thy brimming bowl;
Since on thy hands my pallid brow I laid;
Since I have breathed the sweet breath of thy soul,
A perfume hidden deep in depths of shade;

Since from thy star I caught one brilliant beam,
Now veiled, alas! for ever from my gaze;
Since fell upon my life's full-flowing stream
One rose-leaf torn from thy young joyous days;

Since I have heard thy murmuring accents, while
Thy heart poured out its wealth of love divine;
Since I have seen thee weep, have seen thee smile,
And felt thy loving lips and eyes on mine;

Now I can say, while flit the rapid hours,
Pass - pass for ever; I no more grow old.
Fleet fast away with all your faded flowers;
One flower, no hand can cull, my heart shall hold.

Thy wing, in brushing by, no droplet dashes
From the full vase that to my lips I press.
My soul has more of fire than thine of ashes;
My heart more love than thine forgetfulness!

Translated by C. P. CRANCH.

JONATHAN MOUDIWORT.

[**Alexander Bethune**, born at Upper Rankeillour, Fife, July, 1804; died at Mountpleasant, Newburgh, 13th June, 1843. His name will always be associated with that of his brother, John Bethune, born 1812, died 1839. They were the sons of a farm labourer, and were themselves farm labourers. Self educated, industrious, and independent, they were endowed with literary propensities which inspired the production of various works in prose and verse. Jointly they wrote *Practical Economy*, a series of lectures; John was the author of a number of poems, which were published after his death with a memoir by his brother; Alexander, besides miscellaneous contributions to *Chambers' Journal* and other magazines, wrote *Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry*, and the *Scottish Peasant's Fireside* (from which our extract is taken), two collections of tales valuable for their faithful representation of the habits and thoughts of the Scottish peasantry.]

Jonathan Moudiwort was born of very obscure and very poor parents. If our information is correct, his father was a weaver; and Jonathan himself was initiated, at a very early age, into all the mysteries of threads, reeds, haidles, and treadles. But this is anticipating; for it should first be told that the boy had a great deal of natural talent even in his earliest years; and, when at school, or rather before he was old enough to go there, that he frequently contrived to buy up nearly the whole of the toys of which his playfellows were possessed. He would first give them something in exchange for a top, or a knife, or whatever they might chance to have; and then something else in exchange for that—always taking care to give an article of less value at every successive bargain, until he had fairly bartered them out of their last farthing's worth, in the most fair and honourable way. When he found them particularly stubborn, he sometimes tried another expedient: upon these occasions it was his custom first to try to get "a piece" from his mother, and, if he succeeded, his next step was to engage his refractory companion upon some long excursion a little before dinner-time. When he had brought matters thus far, he scarcely ever failed of success, by pushing onward as briskly as possible with the little commercialist, under pretence of some great sight which they were to see, or some fine things which they were to get, till he had got him to a considerable distance from home; and then, when the afternoon was well advanced, and the poor boy had begun to suffer from the extreme of hunger, with still a mile or two of road between him and the prospect of any supply, he, in general, found him willing to sell whatever he might have, as Esau did his birthright—not, however, for "a mess of pottage," but for a portion of *pease* or *barley bannock*, as the case might be. We cannot afford space to narrate more of Jonathan's boyish proceedings; but the specimens already given, it must at once be acknowledged, afforded sure indications of a wise, bargain-making, prospering man, when time should have matured his intellect; and Jonathan's riper years did not belie the promise of his youth. He had tact and talent—an enterprising disposition, and an abundance of ambition; and, with such qualifications, who ever failed to get forward in the world?

As yet, however, he was surrounded by what the poets have been pleased to call "the thick mists of poverty." By his connection with threads, reeds, haidles, and treadles, he could earn a bare subsistence, and very little more; but then he knew that "money makes money, as poor Richard said;" and if he could only save, or in any other way get hold of a few pounds, or even a few shillings, these, in the course of time, might make a few more; and thus he might get forward on the road to fortune and respectability; for the two are always to be found together. He had, moreover, an uncle, the worthy Mr. Mungo Moudiwort, who, from having wriggled himself into a writer's office as an errand-boy when he was a lad, had actually risen to be factor and law-agent for the estate of Lord Crippledonky. "Blood is thicker than water," even at the thinnest: his lordship lived constantly in London; a farm might fall vacant, in the course of time; and Jonathan thought that he already saw through these same "mists of poverty."

Having saved a trifle by rising early and sitting up late—at least he had by some means or other got his hands upon a few pounds—his next proceeding was to take a *grass park*. It was a very small one, inasmuch as the rent for the season was only £9; but, small as it was, there were people who thought he would never be able to *stock* it with cattle. Jonathan, however, thought more correctly, and saw farther than they did; and thereupon he went to work in the following highly commendable manner.

Duncan Toddleben, an old man, and his wife, an equally old woman, who had made their living for some time past by selling milk, had a cow to dispose of. The thing had become indispensable, from the cow not being *in calf*, as the dealers have it. Now this was the very kind of cow which Jonathan wanted. He accordingly attended two markets to which the

creature was successively taken, and, by some judicious and well-timed, as well as mysterious hints about "the health of animals," and "biting not being the only fault for which a cow was commonly brought to the market," he so influenced the sagacious cow-merchants, alias cow-coupers, that not one of them would offer poor Duncan Toddleben a single penny for his cow.

The last of these unpropitious market-days was drawing to a close, and Duncan had no prospect save that of returning home with the "beast," for whose support he was in great want of fodder, when Jonathan, who appeared to be passing the place where he stood by accident, stopped for a little to condole with him upon his *ill-luck;* and then begged his company to the nearest alehouse, to get a "single bottle of ale," as he phrased it, "for auld acquaintance sake." This invitation was accepted; and the "bottle of ale" was followed by "a gill," which had a wonderful effect upon the old man's spirits. Another gill was called in: who would wish to do otherwise than make an old man happy? It was succeeded by a third, which made Duncan as *cheery* as if he had sold his cow for twice her value; and, in the end, he actually did sell her to his friend Jonathan for *three pounds and half a crown,* though, on the morning of the same day, he had confidently anticipated getting nearly three times that amount. Nor was this all; for it was stipulated that the *half-crown* should be returned as a *luck-penny!*

By such bargains as the foregoing, Jonathan soon succeeded in *stocking* his grass park to great advantage. The season was a favourable one for the graziers, there being a proper modicum of both warmth and moisture; and, when the animals were well fattened, he sold them to the butchers with a goodly "percentage" of profit upon the prices at which he had bought them. With this percentage it was an easy matter for him to "pay the rent like a gentleman," as the factor said, and even deposit some *fifteen* or *twenty pounds* in the Fiddlesticks' Bank.

"Maist things hae a sma' beginning,"

says the poet; here was a beginning to Jonathan, and he did not fail to profit by it. On the following year he took a larger grass park, for which he promised to pay £30; and, by attending regularly and carefully at a number of markets, and making the most fair and honourable bargains with all sorts of simpletons and old men, who had cows or other cattle to sell, he again stocked it in a manner as advantageous as he had done heretofore. When the proper season arrived, the butchers were once more fain to give him good prices for his "fat cattle;" and at the end of the year, besides "paying the rent like a gentleman," as on the former occasion, he had between sixty and seventy pounds to deposit with the money-changers at Fiddlesticks. Thus did Jonathan from year to year increase in riches, even as he was increasing in knowledge.

But, to proceed chronologically with his history: on the year following that last noticed the harvest was rather late; in the course of it a good deal of rain had fallen, while the weather was, at the same time, "warm and smoky," as the country people called it; and much of the grain had begun to grow again before it could be got into the barn-yard. During the earlier part of this period, a considerable rise in the price of corn had been anticipated; but as the weather had at last become dry, and it was supposed that the greater part of the crop had been "secured in excellent order," speculation upon the subject had in a great measure ceased. But Jonathan knew that when grain has once been allowed to *sprout,* however well dried it may afterwards be, it can never again be made to produce anything like the ordinary quantity of meal, and upon this circumstance he founded his hopes. While the wet weather lasted, and even after the dry weather had come, day after day he might have been seen wending his way through the fields which had been lately reaped, thrusting his hands into the stooks, and "rubbing out" small quantities of the grain, which he winnowed with "the breath of his nostrils," or rather his *mouth,* and forthwith proceeded to examine carefully. At last his resolution appeared to be taken. As yet, from the farmers being busy in securing their potato-crop, and sowing their wheat, but little of any kind of grain had been thrashed or brought to the market, the deficiency of the season was not much suspected, nor had any rise of prices taken place; and Jonathan invested the whole of his £60 in the purchase of oats—selecting, as a matter of course, the heaviest and the best which he could find, and always buying them "reasonably cheap."

By-and-by prices began to rise a little, and exactly in proportion as they rose, that degree of anxiety which, for some time past, had been visibly depicted in Jonathan's countenance, gradually disappeared. He now regretted that he had not more money to invest in the pur-

chase of corn, and at last he fairly thought of availing himself of a little credit. Credit, he knew, was a desperately bad thing; but he knew also that the danger lay principally in *giving*, not in taking it, and therefore his scruples were the less. It was known to all that Jonathan was a hard-working, industrious man, who rose early on every morning of the week except Sunday; and, with a little cajoling, Mr. Flapabout, the cloth merchant, in the village of Aberdouf, consented to be his security with the Fiddlesticks' Bank for an additional £50—the whole of which was also invested in the purchase of corn as fast as possible.

This done, Jonathan's next operations were directed to the two meal-mongers of Aberdouf: by dint of argument and logical deduction, of both of which he was a great master, he succeeded in persuading one of them that the beggar-making business was incomparably more profitable than meal-mongering. This individual, accordingly, emptied his sacks with all convenient speed, and, instead of filling them again as had been his wont, took up a beggar-maker's shop, otherwise called a *public-house*. The other meal-monger, from being rather a refractory character, did not come so readily into his measures; but, by buying up a debt of £20, which he had been long owing to a miller, and prosecuting for its recovery in the proper nick of time, he ruined him, and thus got quit of him also. No man could lament more deeply, or more sincerely, or more pathetically, for the unfortunate meal-monger than Jonathan did. "But then the poor miller!" he said; "it was simply to save him from ruin that he had advanced the money and bought up the debt; and one man was all the same as another."

As soon as the field was thus scientifically cleared of all opposition, Jonathan commenced meal-monger himself in the village of Aberdouf; and scarcely had he done so when the farmers, who had now begun to thrash out a part of their crops, discovered that, in winnowing, at least a fourth part of the grain went away with the chaff, while that which remained was scarcely more than half the usual weight. This, though it had remained partly unknown till now, was what Jonathan had foreseen, as the legitimate consequence of its having begun to vegetate before it was brought home; and, as a farther proof of his far-seeing faculty, in a week or two after the real state of the crop was generally understood, prices rose from *eighty* to *one hundred per cent.* Great emergencies require great geniuses: Jonathan Moudiwort was a great genius, and here *he* prospered, while evil times appeared to have fallen upon many.

Having no "competition"—that everlasting pest to all speculators in the matter of money-making—wherewith to contend, Jonathan did not fail to make the most of it. "His meal," he said, "was better than other people's; and therefore he must have some additional profits to remunerate him for the very great risk which he had run in buying up so much good corn, and the very great price which he had paid therefor; and these additional profits he rigorously, or rather religiously, charged. The people of Aberdouf, it is true, grumbled a little thereat; but he pacified them with an assurance that there would have been not only a great scarcity, but an actual dearth, if he had not provided the necessary supply; and then he proceeded to draw a comparison between himself and the patriarch Joseph, who saved the whole land of Egypt, and half the world beside, from the scourge of famine, by the same sort of foresight. These, it must be allowed, were conclusive arguments, though the people to whom they were addressed did not seem fully to comprehend their force, nor to be as ready as they should have been to thank Heaven for having sent a second Joseph among them.

How much he saved by this speculation was never exactly known; but, as Andrew Tetherend, the bellman of Aberdouf, observed, "it must have been a gey penny."

When the whole of the meal was sold, and a plentiful crop next year had brought down the prices to their ordinary level, it was said that Jonathan had serious thoughts of taking unto himself a wife, and *running* her in the meal-selling way, by which he supposed a little might still be made; while he was to attend to the grazing, and other *et ceteras*, as he had done before. But somehow, upon mature consideration, it had appeared to him that there were objections to this important step, which counterbalanced the advantages to be expected therefrom; and, to the great dismay of those who were most deeply interested in the "replenishing of the earth," the thing went no farther. What these objections were was not clearly explained; for Jonathan was a cautious man, and had the good sense, when it was necessary, to conceal his sentiments upon such subjects; but our friend Andrew Tetherend, who, upon these occasions, sometimes served as a sort of guesser-master-general to the community, said that "he believed the great obstacle to their being honoured with the pre-

sence of a Mrs. Moudiwort, was the circumstance of there not being a *weel-tochered lass* in the market at the time."

Shortly after the period at which we have now arrived, the lease of Fodderrigs, one of Lord Crippledonky's largest farms, expired. Does the reader suppose that Jonathan would immediately succeed to it? No such thing. Had he done so, it might have subjected Mr. Mungo Moudiwort, the factor, to the somewhat *scowry* charge of being more ready to consult the interest of his friends than that of his master—a charge which, in the case of such a gentleman, would have certainly been very unfounded. And here, be it remarked, that a great part of the character and respectability of a certain sort of honest gentlemen depends, in a great measure, upon their taking care not to give public grounds for bringing such charges against them.

At the end of the lease which had just expired, the whole of the lands of Fodderrigs had been "laid down in grass," which was forthwith to be let for pasture. The greater, however, and by far the most productive part of the farm was almost perfectly level, having been, at a very considerable expense, reclaimed from a swamp by the previous tenant; and now, to quote from the advertisement, "Contractors" were "wanted to clear out the large drain into which the small ones emptied themselves." This sort of work was entirely out of Jonathan's way, inasmuch as he had never attempted anything of the kind before; yet he too "gave in his estimate," and by offering to perform the work cheaper than any one else, strange to say he got the job. Early in the spring he commenced his labours; and the people of the neighbourhood were much amazed at the conscientious, or rather super-conscientious manner in which he performed his work. He not only cleared out the large open drain according to his agreement, but the mouths of the whole of the small ones, which, as is common in these cases, had been partly filled with stones, and then covered up with earth, so as to allow the plough to pass over them without interruption. The lower extremity of the whole of these, as already said, he opened up for a yard or two, apparently with the disinterested intention of taking out any mud which might have collected in their bottoms; and then, laying in the stones again, he left them, to all appearance, in a most efficient state for keeping the land perfectly dry. The whole of these operations he performed without any assistance; and so great was his modesty, it was remarked, that he never interfered with any of the small drains if any one chanced to be beside him.

The "large drain" was cleared out, and the whole of the work done before the season for "letting the grass parks" came on; but notwithstanding this care on the part of the factor and Jonathan to improve the pasture by keeping it dry, the land appeared to be a thousand times wetter than it had been before. The moisture kept up to the very surface of the ground, in the furrows long pools of clear water were seen standing, and nothing like vegetation had made its appearance after the spring was far advanced. The day of auction, however, arrived, the graziers had been called together by advertisement, and the auctioneer bawled himself hoarse in calling out, "Gentlemen, don't deceive yourselves—once, twice—just agoing—who bids more? once, twice;" but in consequence of there being no appearance of grass, none of the "gentlemen" would "bid" anything worth mentioning for any of the lower fields of Fodderrigs; and Jonathan might have had the whole of them for a mere trifle had he been so minded. But he, like a prudent and cautious man, satisfied himself with one of the largest of them. Here, however, his far-sighted genius again manifested itself in a manner which might have well arrested the attention of the most unthinking; for in a very few days after it became his, it was as dry as it had been for several years before, and shortly thereafter it was clothed with the most luxuriant herbage; while the others remained wet, sour, and stunted throughout the season.

The plan of letting Fodderrigs annually, in separate lots, for pasture, was soon discovered to be untenable, it having been found that, in this way, it would scarcely yield as much as would satisfy the respective claims of the dominie, the minister, and his majesty! and Lord Crippledonky accordingly instructed his factor to advertise the farm to be let again, as it had been before. The thing was done as his lordship desired; and a number of agriculturists from different parts of the country "looked over the grounds" with the intent of making up their minds as to what rent they could afford to give for Fodderrigs. One and all of them saw, however, that the whole of the lower fields, except that which had been tenanted by Jonathan, were "deluged with water!" and that they would require to be drained anew before anything could be expected from them. Formerly they had constituted the best part of the farm. The last occupant was known to have been very particular in the

matter of drains, and had expended a very considerable sum of money in this species of improvement, to very little purpose, as it now appeared. Such being the case, some of the intended "offerers" seemed to think that the land was "undrainable;" while they all agreed in the opinion that "it could not be effectually drained without an enormous additional outlay of capital." At the period to which we now allude, capitalists, whether agricultural or commercial, could not afford to throw away their money for nothing any more than they can do now; and thus it came to pass that the rents which the whole of them proposed to give were of a most conveniently trifling description. This was a most favourable state of things for Jonathan, who, accordingly stepped forward, and by offering *five pounds* more than the "highest bidder," was promoted to be farmer of Fodderrigs. Should any reader be inclined to ask how the landlord deported himself anent these matters? we must confess that we cannot exactly tell; but perhaps the best answer to the question would be to say at once that he was *Lord Crippledonky*, and that he lived *constantly* in London.

Here we must digress a little to remark that but for "the superfluous moisture," Jonathan would have commenced his career under the most favourable auspices. When a tenant comes to a farm which has been previously cropped in the ordinary manner, he must either purchase a great deal of manure or a great deal of unthrashed corn, and likewise cattle wherewith to convert the straw into manure for the succeeding crop; but Jonathan had only to "till and sow," while there was every reason to expect that the ground, from having been previously "rested," would produce an abundant return.

The "superfluous moisture," however, and the draining of the lower fields, still rode like a nightmare, if we may be allowed the metaphor, upon the neck of his prosperity; and many doubted if the new tenant would ever be able to get over these enormous stumbling-blocks which lay in the way of his making a fortune. The blind goddess, however, it has been said, "favours the brave." Jonathan had already shown his bravery by the boldness of his speculations; and here the good lady stepped in to favour him in a way which, to say the least of it, was altogether miraculous! Shortly after the bargain was concluded, the whole of those fields which, for the last two years, had been little better than a bog, became as dry as they had ever been before, without a single yard of new drain having been put into them! How was the thing to be accounted for? It was a perfect mystery and a wonder to everybody except our old friend Andrew Tetherend, who said that "doubtless it had been the work either of the brownies or the fairies!" In support of this theory he told a story about his dog hunting a *rabbit* into the mouth of one of the drains, as he was returning home one evening with his spade on his shoulder; and thinking "that the creature might mak a patfu' o' gude kail," he set about digging it out, when, to his utter surprise, he found only a few stones on the outside, and behind them a bank of earth, which kept the water as high as if no drain had ever been dug. To satisfy his own curiosity as to whether the whole of the drain had been filled up in the same manner, he bored a hole at the bottom of the bank with his staff, and presently the water issued from it in a jet, which he had much difficulty in stopping. He said farther, that "he would cared little about stappin' up the hole, had it no been that the fairies were kenned to be queer bodies! and if he had destroyed ony o' their handiwarks, the least he could expect was that they wad stap his lum, if they didna rive up his early tatties, and his pickle cabbage-kail; and sae he thought it best aye to leave things as he fand them."

From this it would appear that Andrew did not consider himself a great favourite of fortune, and that the "fairies," like everybody else, are under her direction; for had it been otherwise, that is to say, had he been on good terms with the blind lady, and had she instructed them so to do, these perverse creatures might have certainly done him a better turn than "riving up his early tatties and his cabbage-kail." In short, they might have "delved his yard" for him, or stolen seeds and manure for him from those who had these things to spare, or they might have made his crops grow without seed, or manure, or "delving," had they been so inclined; but it was evident that their tricky mistress, Fortune, had not commanded them to do any of these things, and as evident that Andrew did not expect to be benefited by their labours.

In descanting upon these matters we had nearly forgotten to state the conclusion to which he came respecting the drains, which was simply this—"That the fairies had stappit them up to be avenged on the laird for some ill he had done them; and then *redd them out* again for some gude they expected to get from Jonathan Moudiwort."

A CHARACTER.[1]

BY CHARLES CHURCHILL.

With that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise;
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in his view—
What's basely done should be done safely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence,
Which, dead to shame and ev'ry nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares;
With all these blessings, which we seldom find,
Lavish'd by nature on one happy mind,
A motley Figure, of the Fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came simpering on: to ascertain whose sex
Twelve sage, impannell'd matrons would perplex.
Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both;
Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth;
A six-foot suckling, mincing in It's gait;
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful It seem'd, tho' of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
It's tender form, and savage motion spread
O'er It's pale cheeks, the horrid manly red.
Much did It talk, in It's own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of players and plays;
Much too of writings, which Itself had wrote,
Of special merit, though of little note;
For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
That what It wrote, none but Itself should read:
Much too It chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause,
Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, It smirk'd, It wriggled to the Chair;
And, with an awkward briskness not It's own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd: when that strange savage Dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common Sense appear'd, by Nature there
Appointed with plain Truth to guard the Chair,
The pageant saw, and, blasted with her frown,
To It's first state of nothing melted down.
Nor shall the Muse (for even there the pride
Of this vain Nothing shall be mortified)
Nor shall the Muse (should fate ordain her rhymes,
Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after-times)
With such a trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the Character, the Thing forgot!
Let It, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a name!

[1] One remarkable piece of writing in it (*The Rosciad*) might well startle the town by the power it displayed. It was the full-length picture of a noted frequenter of the theatres in those days, who had originated some shameful riots against Garrick's management of Drury Lane, the very vileness of whose character had been hitherto his protection, but who now saw himself gibbeted to universal scorn, where no man could mistake him, and none administer relief. It is one of the masterpieces of English satire; and being dependent for its interest on something higher than the individual likeness, it may still be presented as Churchill desired it should be left, *without a name*.—*John Forster's Biography.*

GRANDMA'S TEAM.

[**Louisa May Alcott**, an American authoress who has won distinction by her numerous short tales and novels. Her principal works are: *Fireside and Camp Stories; Little Women; The Oldfashioned Girl; Emily Chester;* and *Chow Chow*, and other tales, from which we quote. He was born in 1832, and died in 1888.]

"It's no use, I can't find a horse anywhere, for love or money. All are either sick or kept quiet to-day for fear of being sick. I declare I'd almost rather lose Major than disappoint mother," said Farmer Jenks, coming in on Sunday morning from a fruitless visit to his neighbours.

It was in the height of the horse distemper, and his own valuable beast stood in the stall, looking very interesting, with his legs in red flannel bandages, an old shawl round his neck, his body well covered by blankets, and a pensive expression in his fine eyes as he coughed and groaned distressfully.

You see it was particularly unfortunate to have Major give out on Sunday, for grandma had been to church, rain or shine, every Sunday for twenty years, and it was the pride of her life to be able to say this. She was quite superstitious about it, and really felt as if her wonderful health and strength were given her as a reward for her unfailing devotion.

A sincerely pious and good old lady was Grandma Jenks, and her entry into the church always made a little sensation, for she was eighty-five years old, yet hale and hearty, with no affliction but lame feet. So every Sunday, all the year round, her son or grandsons drove

her down to service in the wide, low chaise, got expressly for her benefit, and all the week seemed brighter and better for the quiet hour spent in the big pew.

"If the steeple should fall, folks wouldn't miss it any more than they would old Mrs. Jenks from her corner," was a saying among the people, and grandma felt as if she was not only a public character, but a public example for all to follow, for another saying in the town was,—

"Well, if old Mrs. Jenks can go to meeting, there's no excuse for our staying at home."

That pleased her, and so when the farmer came in with his bad news, she looked deeply disappointed, sat still a minute tapping her hymn-book, then took her two canes and got up, saying resolutely,—

"A merciful man is merciful to his beast, so I won't have poor Major risk his life for me, but I shall walk."

A general outcry followed, for grandma was very lame, church a mile away, and the roads muddy after the rain.

"You can't do it, mother, and you'll be sick for the winter if you try," cried Mrs. Jenks, in great trouble.

"No, dear; I guess the Lord will give me strength, since I'm going to His house," answered the old lady, walking slowly to the door.

"Blest if I wouldn't carry you myself if I only could, mother," exclaimed the farmer, helping her down the steps with filial gentleness.

Here Ned and Charley, the boys, laughed, for grandma was very stout, and the idea of their father carrying her tickled them immensely.

"Boys, I'm ashamed of you!" said their mother, frowning at them. But grandma laughed too, and said pleasantly,—

"I won't be a burden, Moses; give me your arm and I'll step out as well as I can, and mebby some one may come along and give me a lift."

So the door was locked and the family set off. But it was hard work for the old lady, and soon she said she must sit down and rest a spell. As they stood waiting for her, all looking anxious, the boys suddenly had a bright idea, and, merely saying they had forgotten something, raced up the hill again.

"I'm afraid you won't be able to do it, mother," the farmer was just saying, when the sound of an approaching carriage made them all turn to look, hoping for a lift.

Nearer and nearer drew the rattle, and round the corner came, not a horse's head, but two felt hats on two boys' heads, and Charley and Ned appeared, trotting briskly, with the chaise behind them.

"Here's your team, grandma! Jump in, and we'll get you to meeting in good time yet," cried the lads, smiling and panting as they drew up close to the stone where the old lady sat.

"Boys, boys, it's Sunday, and we can't have any jokes or nonsense now," began Mrs. Jenks, looking much scandalized.

"Well, I don't know, wife. It's a new thing, I allow, but considering the fix we are in, I'm not sure it isn't a good plan. What do *you* think, mother?" asked the farmer, laughing, yet well pleased at the energy and good-will of his lads.

"If the boys behave themselves, and do it as a duty, not a frolic, and don't upset me, I reckon I'll let 'em try, for I don't believe I can get there any other way," said grandma.

"You hoped the Lord would give you strength, and so He has, in this form. Use it, mother, and thank Him for it, since the children love you so well they would run their legs off to serve you," said the farmer, soberly, as he helped the old lady in and folded the robes round her feet.

"Steady, boys, no pranks, and stop behind the sheds. I can lend mother an arm there, and she can walk across the green. This turnout is all very well, but we won't make a show of it."

Away went the chaise rolling gently down the hill, and the new span trotted well together, while the old lady sat calmly inside, frequently saying,—

"Don't pull too hard, Ned. I'm afraid I'm very heavy for you to draw, Charley. Take it easy, dears; there's time enough, time enough."

"You'll never hear the last of this, Moses; it will be a town joke for months to come," said Mrs. Jenks, as she and her husband walked briskly after the triumphal car.

"Don't care if I do hear on't for a considerable spell. It's nothing to be ashamed of, and I guess you'll find that folks will agree with me, even if they do laugh," answered the farmer, stoutly; and he was right.

Pausing behind the sheds, grandma was handed out, and the family went into church, a little late but quite decorously, and as if nothing funny had occurred. To be sure, Ned and Charley were very red and hot, and now and then stole looks at one another with a roguish twinkle of the eye; but a nudge from mother or a shake of the head from father kept them in good order, while dear old grandma couldn't do enough to show her gratitude. She passed a fan, she handed peppermints in her hymn-

book, and when Ned sneezed begged him to put her shawl over his shoulders.

After church the lads slipped away and harnessed themselves already for the homeward trip. But they had to wait, for grandma met some friends and stopped to "reminiss," as she called it, and her son did not hurry her, thinking it as well to have the coast clear before his new team appeared.

It was dull and cold behind the sheds, and the boys soon got impatient. Their harness was rather intricate, and they did not want to take it off, so they stood chafing and grumbling at the delay.

"You are nearest, so just hand out that blanket and put it over me; I'm as cold as a stone," said Ned, who was leader.

"I want it myself, if I've got to wait here much longer," grumbled Charley, sitting on the whiffletree, with his legs curled up.

"You're a selfish pig! I'm sure I shall have the horse-cough to morrow if you don't cover me up."

"Now you know why father is so particular about making us cover Major when we leave him standing. You never do it if you can help it, so how do you like it yourself?"

"Whether I like it or not, I'll warm *you* when we get home, see if I don't, old fellow."

Up came the elders and away went the ponies, but they had a hard tug of it this time. Grandma was not a light weight, the road pretty steep in places, and the mud made heavy going. Such a puffing and panting, heaving and hauling, was never heard or seen there before. The farmer put his shoulder to the wheel, and even Mrs. Jenks tucked up her black silk skirts, and gave an occasional tug at one shaft.

Grandma bemoaned her cruelty, and begged to get out, but the lads wouldn't give up, so with frequent stoppages, some irrepressible laughter, and much persistent effort, the old lady was safely landed at the front door.

No sooner was she fairly down than she did what I fancy might have a good effect on four-legged steeds, if occasionally tried. She hugged both boys, patted and praised them, helped pull off their harness, and wiped their hot foreheads with her own best Sunday handkerchief, then led them in and fed them well.

The lads were in high feather at the success of their exploit, and each showed it in a different way. Charley laughed and talked about it, offered to trot grandma out any day, and rejoiced in the strength of his muscles, and his soundness in wind and limb.

But Ned sat silently eating his dinner, and when some one asked him if he remembered the text of the sermon, he answered in grandma's words, "A merciful man is merciful to his beast."

"Well, I don't care, that's the only text I remember, and I got a sermon out of it, any way," he said, when the rest laughed at him, and asked what he was thinking about.

"I seem to know now how Major feels when we keep him waiting, when I don't blanket him, and when I expect him to pull his heart out, with no time to get his breath. I'm going to beg his pardon after dinner and tell him all about it."

Charley stopped laughing when sober Ned said that, and he saw his father and mother nod to one another as if well pleased.

"I'll go too, and tell the old fellow that I mean to uncheck him going up hill, to scotch the wheels so he can rest, and be ever so good to him if he'll only get well."

"You might add that you mean to treat him like a horse and a brother, for you have turned pony yourself," said his father, when Charley finished his virtuous remarks.

"And don't forget to pet him a good deal, my dears, for horses like to be loved, and praised, and thanked, as well as boys, and we can't do too much for the noble creatures who are so faithful and useful to us," said Mrs. Jenks, quite touched by the new state of feeling.

"It's my opinion that this sickness among the horses will do a deal of good, by showing folks the great value of the beasts they abuse and neglect. Neighbour Stone is fussing over his old Whitey as if he was a child, and yet I've seen that poor brute unmercifully beaten, and kept half starved. I told Stone that if he lost him it would be because kind treatment came too late: and Stone never got mad, but went and poured vinegar over a hot brick under Whitey's nose till he 'most sneezed his head off. Stone has got a lesson this time, and so have some other folks."

As the farmer spoke, he glanced at the boys, remorsefully recalled the wrongs poor Major had suffered at their hands, not from cruelty, but thoughtlessness, and both resolved to treat him like a friend for evermore.

"Well," said grandma, looking with tender pride at the ruddy faces on either side of her, "I'm thankful to say that I've never missed a Sunday for twenty year, and I've been in all sorts of weather and in all sorts of ways, even on an ox sled one time when the drifts were deep, but I never went better than to-day; so in this dish of tea I'm going to drink this toast: 'Easy roads, light loads, and kind drivers to grandma's team.'"

E. JACOBUS DU CHATTEL, PINX.

GEBBIE'S ETC

AMONG THE TREES

AMONG THE TREES.

[William Cullen Bryant, born at Cummington, Massachusetts, 3d November, 1794; died 12th June, 1878. One of the most eminent of American poets. At ten he published several translations from the Latin poets. Educated for the law, he practised some years at the bar, and then devoted himself entirely to literature. He became editor of several literary journals; in 1826 he joined the editorial staff of the *New York Evening Post*, and maintained his connection with that journal till his death. His chief works are: *Thanatopsis; The Ages; Forest Hymn; The Fountain*, and other poems; *The Whitefooted Deer*, &c. A collected edition of his poetical works was published in England by H. S. King & Co. His prose works are: *Medfield*, and the *Skeleton Cave*, contributed to *Tales of the Glauber Spa; Letters of a Traveller; Letters from Spain and other Countries*, &c. Christopher North said, "It is indeed in the beautiful that the genius of Bryant finds its delight. He ensouls all dead insensate things in that deep and delicate sense of their seeming life, in which they breathe and smile before the eyes 'that love all they look upon,' and thus there is animation and enjoyment in the heart of the solitude."]

Oh ye who love to overhang the springs,
And stand by running waters, ye whose boughs
Make beautiful the rocks o'er which they play,
Who pile with foliage the great hills, and rear
A paradise upon the lonely plain,
Trees of the forest, and the open field!
Have ye no sense of being? Does the air,
The pure air, which I breathe with gladness, pass
In gushes o'er your delicate lungs, your leaves,
All unenjoyed? When on your winter sleep
The sun shines warm, have ye no dreams of spring?
And when the glorious spring-time comes at last,
Have ye no joy of all your bursting buds,
And fragrant blooms, and melody of birds
To which your young leaves shiver? Do ye strive
And wrestle with the wind, yet know it not?
Feel ye no glory in your strength when he,
The exhausted Blusterer, flies beyond the hills,
And leaves you stronger yet? Or have ye not
A sense of loss when he has stripped your leaves,
Yet tender, and has splintered your fair boughs?
Does the loud bolt that smites you from the cloud
And rends you, fall unfelt? Do there not run
Strange shudderings through your fibres when the axe
Is raised against you, and the shining blade
Deals blow on blow, until, with all their boughs,
Your summits waver and ye fall to earth?
Know ye no sadness when the hurricane
Has swept the wood and snapped its sturdy stems
Asunder, or has wrenched, from out the soil,
The mightiest with their circles of strong roots,
And piled the ruin all along his path?

Nay, doubt we not that under the rough rind,
In the green veins of these fair growths of earth,
There dwells a nature that receives delight
From all the gentle processes of life,
And shrinks from loss of being. Dim and faint
May be the sense of pleasure and of pain,
As in our dreams; but, haply, real still.

Our sorrows touch you not. We watch beside
The beds of those who languish or who die,
And minister in sadness, while our hearts
Offer perpetual prayer for life and ease
And health to the beloved sufferers.
But ye, while anxious fear and fainting hope
Are in our chambers, ye rejoice without.
The funeral goes forth; a silent train
Moves slowly from the desolate home; our hearts
Are breaking as we lay away the loved,
Whom we shall see no more, in their last rest,
Their little cells within the burial place.
Ye have no part in this distress; for still
The February sunshine steeps your boughs
And tints the buds and swells the leaves within;
While the song-sparrow, warbling from her perch,
Tells you that spring is near. The wind of May
Is sweet with breath of orchards, in whose boughs,
The bees and every insect of the air
Make a perpetual murmur of delight,
And by whose flowers the humming-bird hangs poised
In air, and draws their sweets and darts away.
The linden, in the fervors of July,
Hums with a louder concert. When the wind
Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime,
As when some master-hand exulting sweeps
The keys of some great organ, ye give forth
The music of the woodland depths, a hymn
Of gladness and of thanks. The hermit-thrush
Pipes his sweet note to make your arches ring.
The faithful robin, from the wayside elm,
Carols all day to cheer his sitting mate,
And when the autumn comes, the kings of earth,
In all their majesty, are not arrayed
As ye are, clothing the broad mountain-side
And spotting the smooth vales with red and gold.
While, swaying to the sudden breeze, ye fling
Your nuts to earth, and the brisk squirrel comes
To gather them, and barks with childish glee,
And scampers with them to his hollow oak.

Thus, as the seasons pass, ye keep alive
The cheerfulness of nature, till in time
The constant misery which wrings the heart
Relents, and we rejoice with you again,
And glory in your beauty; till once more
We look with pleasure on your varnished leaves,
That gaily glance in sunshine, and can hear,
Delighted, the soft answer which your boughs
Utter in whispers to the babbling brook.

Ye have no history. I cannot know
Who, when the hill-side trees were hewn away,
Haply two centuries since, bade spare this oak,
Leaning to shade, with his irregular arms,
Low-bent and long, the fount that from his roots
Slips through a bed of cresses toward the bay,

I know not who, but thank him that he left
The tree to flourish where the acorn fell.
And join these later days to that far time
While yet the Indian hunter drew the bow
In the dim woods, and the white woodman first
Opened these fields to sunshine, turned the soil
And strewed the wheat. An unremembered Past
Broods, like a presence, 'mid the long gray boughs
Of this old tree, which has outlived so long
The flitting generations of mankind.

Ye have no history. I ask in vain
Who planted on the slope this lofty group
Of ancient pear-trees that with spring-time burst
Into such breadth of bloom. One bears a scar
Where the quick lightning scored its trunk, yet still
It feels the breath of Spring, and every May
Is white with blossoms. Who it was that laid
Their infant roots in earth, and tenderly
Cherished the delicate sprays, I ask in vain,
Yet bless the unknown hand to which I owe
This annual festival of bees, these songs
Of birds within their leafy screen, these shouts
Of joy from children gathering up the fruit
Shaken in August from the willing boughs.

Ye that my hands have planted, or have spared,
Beside the way, or in the orchard-ground,
Or in the open meadow, ye whose boughs
With every summer spread a wider shade,
Whose herd in coming years shall lie at rest
Beneath your noontide shelter? who shall pluck
Your ripened fruit? who grave, as was the wont
Of simple pastoral ages, on the rind
Of my smooth beeches some beloved name?
Idly I ask; yet may the eyes that look
Upon you, in your later, nobler growth,
Look also on a nobler age than ours;
An age when, in the eternal strife between
Evil and Good, the Power of Good shall win
A grander mastery; when kings no more
Shall summon millions from the plough to learn
The trade of slaughter, and of populous realms
Make camps of war; when in our younger land
The hand of ruffian Violence, that now
Is insolently raised to smite, shall fall
Unnerved before the calm rebuke of Law,
And Fraud, his sly confederate, shrink, in shame,
Back to his covert, and forego his prey.

FORTUNE.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
The well that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are cross'd;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmeddled joys here to no man befall,
Who least hath some, who most hath never all.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

AN EASTERN SCENE.

[William Fullarton Cumming, M.D., born at Logie, on the banks of the Findhorn, Morayshire, 1804. He is a son of Burns' "Bonnie Leslie." He graduated at the Edinburgh University, and served some time on the Bengal medical staff. Having been invalided in 1834, he made extensive tours through Europe with Mr. John Campbell, Islay (author of *Frost and Fire*, &c.), and the present Duke of Argyll (then Marquis of Lorne). He spent the winter of 1836 on the Nile, and was the first traveller who recommended the climate of Egypt for pulmonary ailments. During a long residence in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh he has been an active, although unobtrusive, originator and supporter of various philanthropic movements. His chief work is *The Notes of a Wanderer* in Search of Health, through Italy, Egypt, Greece, Turkey, &c., from which we quote. One critic says: "These *Notes* will be found to contain good thoughts and excellent materials for thinking; and many of the doctor's descriptions, carelessly hit off on the spot, convey better notions of scenes and objects than the more elaborate descriptions of other travellers."]

June 14.—I am now seated under a group of the largest plane-trees in the world:—they are four in number—nearly all united at the trunks, and forming the large segment of a small circle. The external circumference of the whole is thirty-eight paces, and the trunk of the largest is thirty-five feet. Almost all are hollowed out into capacious caverns, where many persons may shelter themselves, secure from sun, and rain, and elemental war. It is a most delicious retreat; but I do not enjoy the shady repose alone: eight or ten cows are my companions—some standing close to my seat, scratching themselves against the aged trunks:—others stretched on the ground, chewing *not* the "cud of sweet or bitter fancy," and two of the number are standing before me in solemn vacuity, whisking their tails, and shaking their ears, with not a thought in their heads save how to rid themselves of the flies that torment them. Stretching up the valley is a large plain of green grass, gemmed with flowers, and fringed at its upper extremity by a row of olives; beyond which is a range of richly wooded hill. At a little distance on the right is an encampment of gipsies. Three small dingy tents are pitched on the green lawn, at the doors of which men are plying their handicraft. A number of broken pots and pans are ranged about:—clank, clank, goes the hammer on the anvil. It is the only sound I hear, and it teaches me, that the vocation of the gipsies of the east differeth not from that of their brethren of the west of Europe. The females of the party are squatted in sunny idleness, at some distance from the tents, and five

or six shaggy and half-naked children, swarthy as the Æthiop, are frolicking in the neighbourhood, in happy ignorance of the world and its cares. One of them has just come and asked for charity in the Arab tongue. He is a wanderer like myself, and I give him a piastre, with which he is now scampering off with delight. Behind me is the noble Bosphorus—translucent, beautiful, and blue—rolling his never-ebbing tide from the bosom of the capacious Euxine—

> "Whose icy current and compulsive course
> Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but holds
> Due on to the Propontick and the Hellespont."

Unlike all other arms of the sea, his course is ever the same, "yesterday, to-day, and for ever,"—type of Him who traced out his channel and bade him to flow. Several vessels, and caïques without number, are floating on his cerulean wave:—there, the "meteor flag of England" on a merchantman—here the star and crescent of the Moslem from the mizzen-peak of a line-of-battle ship. The day is heavenly. How unspeakable is the luxury of such a retreat after the filthy streets of Constantinople! Escaping from that detestable town, I feel like the long-fettered prisoner who is admitted once more to taste the sweets of liberty. In all my experience, I have never been in a city possessing fewer attractions for a prolonged residence than Constantinople; and yet for external beauty and splendour it may challenge and defy the world. But let the stranger, after surveying its congregated and wondrous beauties from the towers of the Seraskier or of Galata, descend from his pride of place, to seek for the details of the gorgeous panorama, and he finds them not—he is hemmed in on every side—the horizon bounded by walls of ricketty houses, having no elegance without, and no comfort within,—and then what streets he must walk upon! what hills to toil up, and what odours to inhale! Constantinople with all its boasted beauties is a mere delusion;—from the tower of Galata it is all that the eye of man can desire. The beholder looks with eager and delighted gaze—at length he is fairly bewildered—presently, sated with beauty, he descends into the heart of the town, and finds himself tricked—fairly hoaxed:—he now feels that his admiration was lavished not on a real picture; but that on the top of the tower he had indulged merely in an "amabilis insania"—a mirage in the desert—a "mentis gratissimus error."

The view of Constantinople is like the apples said to grow on the shores of the Dead Sea—all fair, and blooming, and inviting without—within containing only black and bitter ashes. Even the mosques and minarets, so striking from a distance, will not bear close inspection or analysis. The former fix the eye solely from their immense mass, forming landmarks amid the wilderness of houses, like islands in a stretch of ocean; but they have no architectural grace. The same may be said of the minarets—huge long white-washed poles of masonry, terminating in gray or gilded cones. I have narrowly examined the handsomest, but I looked in vain for the fanciful Arabesque decorations that adorn those of the Egyptian capital. I still hold to the opinion, that the view from the citadel of Cairo is the finest I have ever seen—that is to say, it exhibits a picture, less dazzling I admit than the Turkish capital, but infinitely more satisfactory to the mind, and pleasing to the eye. Three ascents of the Towers of Constantinople satisfied me; whereas I have been ten times at least on the citadel of Cairo. The chief peculiarity which distinguishes Constantinople is the quantity of trees growing in the very heart of the town—the contrast of whose green leaves with the brown-red colour of the roofs is at once remarkable and beautiful. But in winter, when the trees are shorn of their foliage, half the beauty of the city will have disappeared. There is certainly one most majestic and enduring feature in the Bosphorus, not only from its own natural and unadorned beauties, but from the thousands of vessels on its bosom—from the tiny and swift canoe to the thundering line-of-battle ship. Take away the Bosphorus—let the season be winter, and the huge mosques and glittering minarets may rear their heads in vain. The only buildings worthy of a moment's admiration are the sibeels, kiosks, and palaces of the sultan. These are indeed beautiful—generally skirting the shores of the Bosphorus—of no particular order of architecture, but so light, and fanciful, and aërial, that one might imagine them to have been erected by a band of fairies in a single night. As for the seven hills on which the city is said to be built, I have endeavoured in vain to define them by the eye. The silence that pervades this vast city is a circumstance that must strike every one. A carriage or cart, or even a horse, is hardly ever to be seen; neither are camels used here as beasts of burden: the climate first, and, secondly, the pavement of the streets, would destroy them. It has often been matter of surprise to me how the immense population is supplied with the necessaries of life. Venice with her canals and gondolas is not more free

from the ordinary din of a large city than the capital of Turkey. But although there are few permanent attractions here, there is much to amuse and interest the traveller for twelve or fourteen days. He has hourly before him a population, more motley, perhaps, than that of any other city in the world:—the solemn Turk —the lively Greek—the smooth and Jesuit-like Armenian—the sharp-eyed Jew—the sturdy Tartar—the teapot-faced and woolly African —the tall and graceful Circassian, with his loose gray robe and shaggy cap—the slight, but active Arab—the European traveller—and, lastly, the indigenous Franks. These are a miserable race. Pera swarms with them:—fellows without country, without character—the very scum of the earth—despising the Turks, and despised by them in return—men who have escaped the gallows or the jail in their own country, and have rendezvoused here, because they are free from all moral restraint. Such is, I believe, the general character of this race. Exceptions, of course, many exceptions there are; but these only strengthen the rule.

The Circassians come here as panders to the sensuality of the Turks, bringing their daughters to dispose of as slaves and mistresses to the great. Anxious to see a woman of their country, I called at the café where they congregate, but was told that the market was for the present empty.

As for English society, it is, I believe, confined solely to a few British merchants; but having no introductions, I cannot speak as to its extent or attractions. The English traveller has only to present himself to Mr. Cartwright, the consul-general, even without recommendation, to be sure of a hospitable reception; so at least I found it, and others have found the same. But if the city itself possess few lasting attractions, it is not so with the lovely and romantic solitudes of Therapia and Buykdereh. I know no transition more delightful than to pass from the crowded and confined streets of Constantinople, to the free, and fragrant, and bracing airs of the valleys of the Bosphorus. It is to me a positive luxury to rise in the morning, and feel that the day is my own, to smoke my long pipe after breakfast, without the fear before my eyes of Mustapha entering the room, with his rubicund face and gray beard, announcing that it is time to be off—to wander during the whole forenoon whithersoever the spirit prompteth—losing myself in a labyrinth of sweets, and seeking my home with the declining sun. I know no greater hardship than that of rushing through a large city, having the eyes and senses dazzled and confused by a multiplicity of new objects, and the ears dinned by the tedious loquacity of a Cicerone. To do Mustapha justice, he is sparing of words, although rather tyrannical as to time. But the traveller must necessarily go through this ordeal:—then comes the pleasure, the sober pleasure of reflection—to linger in the place—to inhale its moral atmosphere —to saunter about without other object than that of looking about—to enter the thoroughfares and bâzaars, not intending to buy, but merely to catch the hundred peculiarities, however trifling, which distinguish a new people from one's own, or from other nations—then to stray into the country, to examine its productions, and to watch the peasant at his labours. This is what constitutes the real pleasure of travelling, and not the boast of how many lions one may have slain in a single day.

TOASTS

FOR THE GLASSES OF THE KIT-CAT CLUB, 1703.

DUCHESS OF ST. ALBAN'S.

The line of Vere, so long renowned in arms,
Concludes with lustre in St. Alban's charms.
Her conquering eyes have made their race complete:
They rose in valour, and in beauty set.

DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

Offspring of a tuneful sire,
Blest with more than mortal fire;
Likeness of a mother's face,
Blest with more than mortal grace;
You with double charms surprise,
With his wit, and with her eyes.

LADY MARY CHURCHILL.

Fairest and latest of the beauteous race,
Blest with your parent's wit, and her first blooming face;
Born with our liberties in William's reign,
Your eyes alone that liberty restrain.

DUCHESS OF RICHMOND.

Of two fair Richmonds different ages boast,
Theirs was the first, and ours the brightest toast;
Th' adorers' offerings prove who's most divine,
They sacrific'd in water, we in wine.

LADY SUNDERLAND.

All nature's charms in Sunderland appear,
Bright as her eyes, and as her reason clear;
Yet still their force, to men not safely known,
Seems undiscover'd to herself alone.

CHARLES MONTAGUE, EARL OF HALIFAX.

PRAY EMPLOY MAJOR NAMBY.

[William Wilkie Collins, born in London, January, 1824. Novelist. He was educated for the bar. His first work was a memoir of his father, William Collins, R.A., the celebrated painter, and it was followed by *Antonina*, or *The Fall of Rome; Rambles beyond Railways; Basil; Mr. Wray's Cash-box; Hide and Seek; After Dark; Dead Secret; The Queen of Hearts; The Woman in White; No Name; My Miscellanies; Armadale; The Moonstone; Man and Wife; Poor Miss Finch; The New Magdalen*, &c. He has written a number of plays chiefly founded upon his novels. He died in 1889.]

I am a single lady—single, you will please to understand, entirely because I have refused many excellent offers. Pray don't imagine from this that I am old. Some women's offers come at long intervals, and other women's offers come close together. Mine came remarkably close together—so, of course, I cannot possibly be old. Not that I presume to describe myself as absolutely young, either; so much depends on people's points of view. I have heard female children of the ages of eighteen or nineteen called young ladies. This seems to me to be ridiculous—and I have held that opinion, without once wavering from it, for more than ten years past. It is, after all, a question of feeling; and, shall I confess it? I feel so young!

I live in the suburbs, and I have bought my house. The major lives in the suburbs, next door to me, and *he* has bought his house. I don't object to this of course. I merely mention it to make things straight.

Major Namby has been twice married. His first wife—dear, dear! how can I express it? Shall I say, with vulgar abruptness, that his first wife had a family? And must I descend into particulars, and add that they are four in number, and that two of them are twins? Well, the words are written; and if they will do over again for the same purpose, I beg to repeat them in reference to the second Mrs. Namby (still alive), who has also had a family, and is—no, I really cannot say, is likely to go on having one. There are certain limits in a case of this kind, and I think I have reached them. Permit me simply to state that the second Mrs. Namby has three children at present. These, with the first Mrs. Namby's four, make a total of seven. The seven are composed of five girls and two boys. And the first Mrs. Namby's family all have one particular kind of constitution, and the second Mrs. Namby's family all have another particular kind of constitution. Let me explain once more that I merely mention these little matters, and I that don't object to them.

My complaint against Major Namby is, in plain terms, that he transacts the whole of his domestic business in his front garden. Whether it arises from natural weakness of memory, from total want of a sense of propriety, or from a condition of mind which is closely allied to madness of the eccentric sort, I cannot say, but the major certainly does sometimes partially, and sometimes entirely, forget his private family matters, and the necessary directions connected with them, while he is inside the house, and does habitually remember them, and repair all omissions, by bawling through his windows, at the top of his voice, as soon as he gets outside the house. It never seems to occur to him that he might advantageously return in-doors, and there mention what he has forgotten in a private and proper way. The instant the lost idea strikes him—which it invariably does, either in his front garden, or in the roadway outside his house—he roars for his wife, either from the gravel walk, or over the low wall—and (if I may use so strong an expression) empties his mind to her in public, without appearing to care whose ears he wearies, whose delicacy he shocks, or whose ridicule he invites. If the man is not mad, his own small family fusses have taken such complete possession of all his senses, that he is quite incapable of noticing anything else, and perfectly impenetrable to the opinions of his neighbours. Let me show that the grievance of which I complain is no slight one, by giving a few examples of the general persecution that I suffer, and the occasional shocks that are administered to my delicacy, at the coarse hands of Major Namby.

We will say it is a fine warm morning. I am sitting in my front room, with the window open, absorbed over a deeply interesting book. I hear the door of the next house bang; I look up, and see the major descending the steps into his front garden.

He walks—no, he marches—half way down the front garden path, with his head high in the air, and his chest stuck out, and his military cane fiercely flourished in his right hand. Suddenly he stops, stamps with one foot, knocks up the hinder part of the brim of his extremely curly hat with his left hand, and begins to scratch at that singularly disagreeable-looking roll of fat red flesh in the back of his neck (which scratching, I may observe, in parenthesis, is always a sure sign, in the case of this horrid man, that a lost domestic idea has suddenly come back to him). He waits a moment

in the ridiculous position just described, then wheels round on his heel, looks up at the first-floor window, and, instead of going back into the house to mention what he has forgotten, bawls out fiercely from the middle of the walk:—

"Matilda!"

I hear his wife's voice—a shockingly shrill one; but what can you expect of a woman who has been seen, over and over again, in a slatternly striped wrapper, as late as two o'clock in the afternoon—I hear his wife's voice answer from inside the house:

"Yes, dear."

"I said it was a south wind."

"Yes, dear."

"It isn't a south wind."

"Lor', dear."

"It's a sou'-east. I won't have Georgina taken out to-day. (Georgina is one of the first Mrs. Namby's family, and they are all weak in the chest.) Where's nurse?"

"Here, sir."

"Nurse, I won't have Jack allowed to run. Whenever that boy perspires he catches cold. Hang up his hoop. If he cries, take him into my dressing-room, and show him the birch rod. Matilda!"

"Yes, dear."

"What the devil do they mean by daubing all that grease over Mary's hair! It's beastly to see it—do you hear?—beastly! Where's Pamby?" (Pamby is the unfortunate workwoman who makes and mends the family linen.)

"Here, sir."

"Pamby, what are you about now?"

No answer. Pamby, or somebody else, giggles faintly. The major flourishes his cane in a fury.

"Why the devil don't you answer me? I give you three seconds to answer me, or leave the house. One—two—three. Pamby! what are you about now?"

"If you please, sir, I'm doing something—"

"What?"

"Something particular for baby, sir."

"Drop it directly, whatever it is. Nurse!"

"Yes, sir."

"Mind the crossings. Don't let the children sit down if they're hot. Don't let them speak to other children. Don't let them get playing with strange dogs. Don't let them mess their things. And above all, don't bring Master Jack back in a perspiration. Is there anything more before I go out?"

"No, sir."

"Matilda! Is there anything more?"

"No, dear."

"Pamby! Is there anything more?

"No, sir."

Here the domestic colloquy ends, for the time being. Will any sensitive person—especially a person of my own sex—please to imagine what I must suffer as a delicate single lady, at having all these family details obtruded on my attention, whether I like it or not, in the major's rasping martial voice, and in the shrill answering screams of the women inside? It is bad enough to be submitted to this sort of persecution when one is alone; but it is far worse to be also exposed to it—as I am constantly—in the presence of visitors, whose conversation is necessarily interrupted, whose ears are necessarily shocked, whose very stay in my house is necessarily shortened, by Major Namby's unendurably public way of managing his private concerns.

Only the other day, my old, dear, and most valued friend, Lady Malkinshaw, was sitting with me, and was entering at great length into the interesting story of her second daughter's unhappy marriage engagement, and of the dignified manner in which the family ultimately broke it off. For a quarter of an hour or so our interview continued to be delightfully uninterrupted. At the end of that time, however, just as Lady Malkinshaw, with the tears in her eyes, was beginning to describe the effect of her daughter's dreadful disappointment on the poor dear girl's mind and looks, I heard the door of the major's house bang as usual; and looking out of the window in despair, saw the major himself strut half way down the walk, stop, scratch violently at his roll of red flesh, wheel round so as to face the house, consider a little, pull his tablets out of his waistcoat-pocket, shake his head over them, and then look up at the front windows, preparatory to bawling as usual at the degraded female members of his household. Lady Malkinshaw, quite ignorant of what was coming, happened, at the same moment, to be proceeding with her pathetic story, in these terms:—

"I do assure you, my poor dear girl behaved throughout with the heroism of a martyr. When I had told her of the vile wretch's behaviour, breaking it to her as gently as I possibly could; and when she had a little recovered I said to her——"

("Matilda!")

The major's rasping voice sounded louder than ever, as he bawled out that dreadful name, just at the wrong moment. Lady Malkinshaw started as if she had been shot. I put down the window in despair; but the glass

was no protection to our ears—Major Namby can roar through a brick wall. I apologized—I declared solemnly that my next door neighbour was mad—I entreated Lady Malkinshaw to take no notice, and to go on. That sweet woman immediately complied. I burn with indignation when I think of what followed. Every word from the Namby's garden (which I distinguish below by parentheses) came, very slightly muffled by the window, straight into my room, and mixed itself up with her ladyship's story in this inexpressibly ridiculous and impertinent manner:—

"Well," my kind and valued friend proceeded, "as I was telling you, when the first natural burst of sorrow was over, I said to her——"

"Yes, dear Lady Malkinshaw," I murmured, encouragingly.

"I said to her——"

("By jingo, I've forgotten something! Matilda! when I made my memorandum of errands, how many had I to do?")

"'My dearest, darling child,' I said——"

("Pamby! how many errands did your mistress give me to do?")

"I said, 'my dearest, darling child——'"

("Nurse! how many errands did your mistress give me to do?")

"'My own love,' I said——"

("Pooh! Pooh! I tell you, I had four errands to do, and I've only got three of 'em written down. Check me off, all of you—I'm going to read my errands.")

"'Your own proper pride, love,' I said, 'will suggest to you——'"

("Gray powder for baby.")

—"'the necessity of making up your mind, my angel, to——'"

("Row the plumber for infamous condition of back kitchen sink.")

—"'to return all the wretch's letters, and ——'"

("Speak to the haberdasher about patching Jack's shirts.")

—"'all his letters and presents, darling. You need only make them up into a parcel, and write inside——'"

("Matilda! is that all?")

—"'and write inside——'

("Pamby! is that all?")

—"'and write inside——'"

("Nurse! is that all?")

"'I have my mother's sanction for making one last request to you. It is this——'"

("What have the children got for dinner to-day?")

—"'it is this: Return me my letters, as I have returned yours. You will find inside ——'"

("A shoulder of mutton and onion sauce? And a devilish good dinner too.")

The coarse wretch roared out those last shocking words cheerfully, at the top of his voice. Hitherto, Lady Malkinshaw had preserved her temper with the patience of an angel; but she began—and who can wonder?—to lose it at last.

"It is really impossible, my dear," she said, rising from her chair, "to continue any conversation while that very intolerable person persists in talking to his family from his front garden. No! I really cannot go on—I cannot, indeed."

Just as I was apologizing to my sweet friend for the second time, I observed, to my great relief (having my eye still on the window), that the odious major had apparently come to the end of his domestic business for that morning, and had made up his mind at last to relieve us of his presence. I distinctly saw him put his tablets back in his pocket, wheel round again on his heel, and march straight to the garden gate. I waited until he had his hand on the lock to open it; and then, when I felt that we were quite safe, I informed dear Lady Malkinshaw that my detestable neighbour had at last taken himself off, and, throwing open the window again to get a little air, begged and entreated her to oblige me by resuming the charming conversation.

"Where was I!" inquired my distinguished friend.

"You were telling me what you recommended your poor darling to write inside her inclosure," I answered.

"Ah, yes—so I was. Well, my dear, she controlled herself by an admirable effort, and wrote exactly what I told her. You will excuse a mother's partiality, I am sure—but I think I never saw her look so lovely—so mournfully lovely, I should say—as when she was writing those last lines to the man who had so basely trifled with her. The tears came into my eyes as I looked at her sweet pale cheeks; and I thought to myself——"

("Nurse! which of the children was sick, last time, after eating onion sauce?")

He had come back again!—the monster had come back again, from the very threshold of the garden gate, to shout that unwarrantable, atrocious question in at his nursery window!

Lady Malkinshaw bounced off her chair at the first note of his horrible voice, and changed towards me instantly—as if it had been my fault—in the most alarming and

most unexpected manner. Her ladyship's face became awfully red; her ladyship's head trembled excessively; her ladyship's eyes looked straight into mine with an indescribable fierceness.

"Why am I thus insulted?" inquired Lady Malkinshaw, with a slow and dignified sternness which froze the blood in my veins. "What do you mean by it?" continued her ladyship, with a sudden rapidity of utterance that quite took my breath away.

Before I could remonstrate with my friend for visiting her natural irritation on poor innocent me: before I could declare that I had seen the major actually open his garden gate to go away, the provoking brute's voice burst in on us again.

"Ha, yes?" we heard him growl to himself, in a kind of shameless domestic soliloquy. "Yes, yes, yes—Sophy was sick, to be sure. Curious. All Mrs. Namby's step-children have weak chests and strong stomachs. All Mrs. Namby's own children have weak stomachs and strong chests. *I* have a strong stomach *and* a strong chest. Pamby!"

"I consider this," continued Lady Malkinshaw, literally glaring at me, in the fulness of her indiscriminate exasperation—"I consider this to be unwarrantable and unladylike. I beg to know——"

"Where's Bill?" burst in the major from below, before she could add another word. "Matilda! Nurse! Pamby! where's Bill? I didn't bid Bill good-bye—hold him up at the window, one of you?"

"My dear Lady Malkinshaw," I remonstrated, "Why blame *me?* What have I done?"

"Done?" repeated her ladyship. "Done?—all that is most unfriendly, most unwarrantable, most unladylike, most——"

"Ha! ha! ha-a-a-a!" roared the major, shouting her ladyship down, and stamping about the garden in fits of fond paternal laughter. "Bill, my boy, how are you? There's a young Turk for you! Pull up his frock—I want to see his jolly legs——"

Lady Malkinshaw screamed and rushed to the door. I sank into a chair, and clasped my hands in despair.

"Ha! ha! ha-a-a-a! What calves the dog's got! Pamby! look at his calves. Aha! bless his heart, his legs are the model of his father's! The Namby build, Matilda: the Namby build, every inch of him. Kick again, Bill—kick out, like mad. I say, ma'am! I beg your pardon, ma'am!——"

Ma'am? I ran to the window. Was the major actually daring to address Lady Malkinshaw, as she passed indignantly, on her way out, down my front garden? He was! The odious monster was pointing out his—his, what shall I say?—his *undraped* offspring to the notice of my outraged visitor.

"Look at him, ma'am. If you're a judge of children, look at him. There's a two-year-older for you! Ha! ha! ha-a-a-a! Show the lady your legs, Bill—kick out for the lady, you dog, kick out!"

COLIN'S COMPLAINT.

[Nicholas Rowe, born at Little Berkford, Bedfordshire, 1673; died in London, 6th December, 1718. Dramatist, and appointed poet-laureate in 1716, on the death of Nahum Tate. *The Fair Penitent*, *The Biter*, *Ulysses*, *Jane Shore*, and *Lady Jane Gray* are the titles of a few of his plays. His poems consist of odes, epistles, prologues and translations.]

Despairing beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was laid;
And while a false nymph was his theme,
A willow supported his head.
The wind that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas, silly swain that I was!
Thus sadly complaining, he cry'd,
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd.
She talk'd, and I bless'd the dear tongue;
When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure too great.
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a clown,
Or that her fond heart would not grieve,
To forsake the fine folk of the town?
To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would prove;
Or go clad like our maidens in gray,
Or live in a cottage on love?

What though I have skill to complain,
Though the muses my temples have crown'd;
What though, when they hear my soft strain,
The virgins sit weeping around.
Ah, Colin, thy hopes are in vain;
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy false one inclines to a swain
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,
Forbear to accuse the false maid.

Though through the wide world I should range,
'Tis in vain from my fortune to fly;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If while my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of the plain,
And see me laid low in the ground.
The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and yew;
And when she looks down on my grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,
Be finest at every fine show,
And frolic it all the long day;
While Colin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be talked of, or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale moon,
His ghost shall glide over the green.

NOVEL-WRITERS.

[Henry Fielding, born at Sharpham Park, Somersetshire, 22d April, 1707; died at Lisbon, 8th October, 1754. "The father of the English novel." Magistrate, dramatist, and novelist. He wrote twenty-five farces and comedies for the stage; but it was in satirizing the novels of Richardson that he discovered his true vocation. *Joseph Andrews*, *Amelia*, and *Tom Jones* (one of the introductory chapters of which we quote), notwithstanding much that is regarded as coarse in the present day, remain classic works of English fiction. "Of all the works of imagination to which English genius has given origin, the writings of Henry Fielding are, perhaps, most decidedly and exclusively her own. . . Like many other men of talent, Fielding was unfortunate—his life was a life of imprudence and uncertainty; but it was while passing from the high society to which he was born to that of the lowest and most miscellaneous kind to which his fortune condemned him, that he acquired the extended familiarity with the English character, in every rank and aspect, which has made his name immortal as a painter of national manners."—*Sir Walter Scott.*]

Among other good uses for which I have thought proper to institute these several introductory chapters, I have considered them as a kind of mark or stamp which may hereafter enable a very indifferent reader to distinguish what is true and genuine in this historic kind of writing, from what is false and counterfeit. Indeed it seems likely that some such mark may shortly become necessary, since the favourable reception which two or three authors have lately procured for their works of this nature from the public, will probably serve as an encouragement to many others to undertake the like. Thus a swarm of foolish novels and monstrous romances will be produced, either to the great impoverishing of booksellers, or to the great loss of time and depravation of morals in the reader; nay, often to the spreading of scandal and calumny, and to the prejudice of the characters of many worthy and honest people.

I question not but the ingenious author of the *Spectator* was principally induced to prefix Greek and Latin mottoes to every paper, from the same consideration of guarding against the pursuit of those scribblers, who, having no talents of a writer but what is taught by the writing-master, and yet nowise afraid nor ashamed to assume the same titles with the greatest genius, than their good brother in the fable was of braying in the lion's skin.

By the device, therefore, of his motto, it became impracticable for any man to presume to imitate the *Spectators*, without understanding at least one sentence in the learned languages. In the same manner I have now secured myself from the imitation of those who are utterly incapable of any degree of reflection, and whose learning is not equal to any essay.

I would not be here understood to insinuate that the greatest merit of such historical productions can ever lie in these introductory chapters; but, in fact, those parts which contain mere narrative only, afford much more encouragement to the pen of an imitator than those which are composed of observation and reflection. Here I mean such imitators as Rowe was of Shakspeare, or as Horace hints some of the Romans were of Cato, by bare feet and four faces.

To invent good stories, and to tell them well, are possibly very rare talents, and yet I have observed few persons who have scrupled to aim at both; and if we examine the romances and novels with which the world abounds, I think we may fairly conclude that most of the authors would not have attempted to show their teeth (if the expression may be allowed me) in any other way of writing; nor could indeed have strung together a dozen sentences on any other subject whatever. *Scribimus indocti doctique passim*,[1] may be more truly said of the historian and biographer than of any other species of writing; for all the arts and sciences (even criticism itself) require some little degree of learning and knowledge. Poetry,

[1] ——Each desperate blockhead dares to write;
Verse is the trade of every living wight.
FRANCIS.

indeed, may perhaps be thought an exception; but then it demands numbers, or something like numbers; whereas, to the composition of novels and romances, nothing is necessary but paper, pens, and ink, with the manual capacity of using them. This, I conceive, their productions show to be the opinion of the authors themselves; and this must be the opinion of their readers, if indeed there be any such.

Hence we are to derive that universal contempt which the world, who always denominate the whole from the majority, have cast on all historical writers who do not draw their materials from records. And it is the apprehension of this contempt that hath made us so cautiously avoid the term Romance; a name with which we might otherwise have been well enough contented. Though, as we have good authority for all our characters, no less indeed than Doomsday-book, or the vast authentic book of nature, as is elsewhere hinted, our labours have sufficient title to the name of history. Certainly they deserve some distinction from those works, which one of the wittiest of men regarded only as proceeding from a pruritus, or indeed rather from a looseness of the brain.

But besides the dishonour which is thus cast on one of the most useful as well as entertaining of all kinds of writing, there is just reason to apprehend that by encouraging such authors we shall propagate much dishonour of another kind; I mean, to the characters of many good and valuable members of society; for the dullest writers, no more than the dullest companions, are always inoffensive. They have both enough of language to be indecent and abusive. And surely, if the opinion just above cited be true, we cannot wonder that works so nastily derived should be nasty themselves, or have a tendency to make others so.

To prevent, therefore, for the future, such intemperate abuses of leisure, of letters, and of the liberty of the press, especially as the world seems at present to be more than usually threatened with them, I shall here venture to mention some qualifications, every one of which are in a pretty high degree necessary to this order of historians.

The first is genius, without a rich vein of which no study, says Horace, can avail us. By genius, I would understand that power, or rather those powers of the mind, which are capable of penetrating into all things within our reach and knowledge, and of distinguishing their essential differences. These are no other than invention and judgment; and they are both called by the collective name of genius, as they are of those gifts of nature which we bring with us into the world. Concerning each of which many seem to have fallen into very great errors, for by invention, I believe, is generally understood a creative faculty; which would indeed prove most romance writers to have the highest pretensions to it; whereas, by invention, is really meant no more (and so the word signifies) than discovery, or finding out; or to explain it at large, a quick and sagacious penetration into the true essence of all the objects of our contemplation. This, I think, can rarely exist without the concomitancy of judgment, for how we can be said to have discovered the true essence of two things, without discerning their difference, seems to me hard to conceive. Now this last is the undisputed province of judgment; and yet some men of wit have agreed with all the dull fellows in the world in representing these two to have been seldom or never the property of one and the same person.

But though they should be so, they are not sufficient for our purpose without a good share of learning; for which I could again cite the authority of Horace, and of many others, if any was necessary to prove that tools are of no service to a workman, when they are not sharpened by art, or when he wants rules to direct him in his work, or hath no matter to work upon. All these uses are supplied by learning, for nature can only furnish us with capacity, or, as I have chose to illustrate it, with the tools of our profession; learning must fit them for use, must direct them in it; and lastly, must contribute, part at least, of the materials. A competent knowledge of history and of the *belles-lettres* is here absolutely necessary; and without this share of knowledge at least, to affect the character of an historian, is as vain as to endeavour at building a house without timber or mortar, or brick or stone. Homer and Milton, who, though they added the ornament of numbers to their works, were both historians of our order, were masters of all the learning of their times.

Again, there is another sort of knowledge beyond the power of learning to bestow, and this is to be had by conversation. So necessary is this to the understanding the characters of men, that none are more ignorant of them than those learned pedants, whose lives have been entirely consumed in colleges and among books, for however exquisitely human nature may have been described by writers, the true practical system can only be learned in the world.

Indeed, the like happens in every other kind of knowledge. Neither physic nor law are to be practically known from books. Nay, the farmer, the planter, the gardener must perfect by experience what he hath acquired the rudiments of by reading. How accurately soever the ingenious Mr. Miller may have described the plant, he himself would advise his disciple to see it in the garden. As we must perceive, that after the nicest strokes of a Shakspeare or a Johnson, of a Wycherley or an Otway, some touches of nature will escape the reader, which the judicious action of a Garrick, of a Cibber, or a Clive,[1] can convey to him; so on the real stage, the character shows himself in a stronger and bolder light than he can be described. And if this be the case in those fine and nervous descriptions which great authors themselves have taken from life, how much more strongly will it hold when the writer himself takes his lines not from nature but from books! Such characters are only the faint copy of a copy, and can have neither the justness nor spirit of an original.

Now this conversation in our historian must be universal, that is, with all ranks and degrees of men; for the knowledge of what is called high life will not instruct him in low, nor, *e converso*, will his being acquainted with the inferior part of mankind teach him the manners of the superior. And though it may be thought that the knowledge of either may sufficiently enable him describe at least that in which he hath been conversant; yet he will even here fall greatly short of perfection, for the follies of either rank do in reality illustrate each other. For instance, the affectation of high life appears more glaring and ridiculous from the simplicity of the low; and again, the rudeness and barbarity of this latter strikes with much stronger ideas of absurdity when contrasted with, and opposed to, the politeness which controls the former. Besides, to say the truth, the manners of our historian will be improved by both these conversations; for in the one he will easily find examples of plainness, honesty, and sincerity; in the other, of refinement, elegance, and a liberality of spirit; which last quality I myself have scarce ever seen in men of low birth and education.

Nor will all the qualities I have hitherto given my historian avail him, unless he have what is generally meant by a good heart, and be capable of feeling. "The author who will make me weep," says Horace, "must first weep himself." In reality, no man can paint a distress well which he doth not feel while he is painting it; nor do I doubt but that the most pathetic and affecting scenes have been writ with tears. In the same manner it is with the ridiculous. I am convinced I never make my reader laugh heartily but where I have laughed before him, unless it should happen at any time, that, instead of laughing with me, he should be inclined to laugh at me. Perhaps this may have been the case at some passages in this chapter, from which apprehension I will here put an end to it.

[1] There is a peculiar propriety in mentioning this great actor and these two most justly celebrated actresses in this place; as they have all formed themselves on the study of nature only, and not on the imitation of their predecessors. Hence they have been able to excel all who have gone before them; a degree of merit which the servile herd of imitators can never possibly arrive at.

HUMAN GREATNESS.

[Thomas Blacklock, D.D., born at Annan, Dumfriesshire, 10th November, 1721; died at Edinburgh, 7th July, 1791. Although when a child he lost his eyesight from the effects of smallpox, he studied at the Edinburgh University, and obtained high degrees in classics and divinity. He spent most of his life as a teacher in the northern capital, where he wrote: *The Graham*, a heroic poem; *A Paneggyric on Great Britain;* and various hymns, songs, and translations.]

One night I dream'd, and dreams may oft prove true,
That to this foolish world I bade adieu.
With solemn rites, and decent grief deplor'd,
My friends to mother earth her gift restor'd.
But O! eternal insult to my shade,
Close by a vile plebeian corse was laid!
Enrag'd, confin'd, I try'd to shift my ground;
But all attempts were unsuccessful found.
"Begone, gross lump," I cry'd in high disdain,
"No slave of abject birth shall here remain.
Be distant far, to nobler names give way,
And mix with vulgar dust thy sordid clay."
"Thou fool, thou wretch!" a hollow voice reply'd,
"Now learn the impotence of wealth and pride;
Hereditary names and honours, here,
With all their farce and tinsel, disappear.
In these dark realms Death's reptile heralds trace
From one sole origin all human race:
On all the line one equal lot attends;
From dust it rises and to dust descends.
Here pale Ambition, quitting pomp and form,
Admits her last—best counsellor, a worm.
Here Nature's charter stands confirm'd alone;
The grave is less precarious than the throne.
Then seek not here pre eminence and state,
But own and bless th' impartial will of Fate;
With life, its errors and its whims resign,
Nor think a beggar's title worse than thine."

THE GYPSY'S STORY.

[George Borrow, born at East Dereham, Norfolk, 1803. Philologist and miscellaneous writer. Under the auspices of the British and Foreign Bible Society he has issued translations of portions of the Scriptures in several languages. He gave much attention to the gypsy language in England and Spain. His best known works are: *The Bible in Spain; Wild Wales*, its people, language, and scenery; *Lavengro* (from which we quote); and *The Romany Kye*. The last two works represent his experiences amongst the gypsies. John Murray, publisher. He died in 1881.]

It happened about six years ago, a few months after she [Mrs. Hearne, a gypsy] had quitted us—she had gone first amongst her own people, as she called them; but there was another small party of Romans, with whom she soon became very intimate. It so happened that this small party got into trouble; whether it was about a horse or an ass, or passing bad money, no matter to you and me, who had no hand in the business; three or four of them were taken and lodged in . . . Castle, and amongst them was a woman; but the sherengro, or principal man of the party, and who it seems had most hand in the affair, was still at large. All of a sudden a rumour was spread abroad that the woman was about to play false, and to peach the rest. Said the principal man, when he heard it, "If she does, I am nashkado." Mrs. Hearne was then on a visit to the party, and when she heard the principal man take on so, she said, "But I suppose you know what to do?" "I do not," said he. "Then hir mi devlis," said she, "you are a fool. But leave the matter to me, I know how to dispose of her in Roman fashion." Why she wanted to interfere in the matter, brother, I don't know, unless it was from pure brimstoneness of disposition—she had no hand in the matter which had brought the party into trouble—she was only on a visit, and it had happened before she came; but she was always ready to give dangerous advice. Well, brother, the principal man listened to what she had to say, and let her do what she would; and she made a pudding, a very nice one, no doubt—for, besides plums, she put in drows and all the Roman condiments that she knew of; and she gave it to the principal man, and the principal put it into a basket and directed it to the woman in . . . Castle, and the woman in the castle took it and . . . ."

"Ate of it," said I; "exactly like my case!"

"Quite different," brother; she took it, it is true, but instead of giving way to her appetite, as you might have done, she put it before the rest whom she was going to impeach; perhaps she wished to see how they liked it before she tasted it herself; and all the rest were poisoned, and one died, and there was a precious outcry, and the woman cried loudest of all; and she said, "It was my death was sought for; I know the man; and I'll be revenged." And then the Pokenees spoke to her and said, "Where can we find him?" and she said, "I am awake to his motions; three weeks from hence, the night before the full moon, at such and such an hour, he will pass down such a lane with such a man."

"Well," said I, "and what did the Pokenees do?"

"Do, brother! sent for a plastramengro from Bow Street, quite secretly, and told him what the woman had said; and the night before the full moon, the plastramengro went to the place which the juwa had pointed out, all alone, brother; and, in order that he might not be too late, he went two hours before his time. I know the place well, brother, where the plastramengro placed himself behind a thick holly tree, at the end of a lane, where a gate leads into various fields, through which there is a path for carts and horses. The lane is called the dark lane by the Georgios, being much shaded by trees. So the plastramengro placed himself in the dark lane behind the holly tree; it was a cold February night, dreary though; the wind blew in gusts, and the moon had not yet risen; and the plastramengro waited behind the tree till he was tired, and thought he might as well sit down; so he sat down; and was not long in falling to sleep, and there he slept for some hours; and when he awoke the moon had risen, and was shining bright, so that there was a kind of moonlight even in the dark lane; and the plastramengro pulled out his watch, and contrived to make out that it was just two hours beyond the time when the men should have passed by. Brother, I do not know what the plastramengro thought of himself, but I know, brother, what I should have thought of myself in his situation. I should have thought, brother, that I was a drowsy scoppelo, and that I had let the fellow pass by whilst I was sleeping behind a bush. As it turned out, however, his going to sleep did no harm, but quite the contrary; just as he was going away, he heard a gate slam in the direction of the fields, and then he heard the low stumping of horses, as if on soft ground, for the path in those fields is generally soft, and at that time it had been lately ploughed up. Well, brother, presently he saw two men on horseback coming towards the lane through

the field behind the gate; the man who rode foremost was a tall big fellow, the very man he was in quest of; the other was a smaller chap, not so small either, but a light wiry fellow, and a proper master of his hands when he sees occasion for using them. Well, brother, the foremost man came to the gate, reached at the hank, undid it, and rode through, holding it open for the other. Before, however, the other could follow into the lane, out bolted the plastramengro from behind the tree, kicked the gate to with his foot, and, seizing the big man on horseback, 'You are my prisoner,' said he. I am of opinion, brother, that the plastramengro, notwithstanding he went to sleep, must have been a regular fine fellow."

"I am entirely of your opinion," said I, "but what happened then?"

"Why, brother, the Rommany chal, after he had somewhat recovered from his surprise, for it is rather uncomfortable to be laid hold of at night-time, and told you are a prisoner; more especially when you happen to have two or three things on your mind which, if proved against you, would carry you to the nashky. The Rommany chal, I say, clubbed his whip, and aimed a blow at the plastramengro, which, if it had hit him on the skull, as was intended, would very likely have cracked it. The plastramengro, however, received it partly on his staff, so that it did him no particular damage. Whereupon, seeing what kind of customer he had to deal with, he dropped his staff, and seized the chal with both his hands, who forthwith spurred his horse, hoping, by doing so, either to break away from him, or fling him down; but it would not do—the plastramengro held on like a bull-dog, so that the Rommany chal, to escape being hauled to the ground, suddenly flung himself off the saddle, and then happened in that lane, close by the gate, such a struggle between those two—the chal and the runner—as I suppose will never happen again. But you must have heard of it; every one has heard of it; every one has heard of the fight between the Bow Street engro and the Rommany chal."

"I never heard of it till now."

"All England rung of it, brother. There never was a better match than between those two. The runner was somewhat the stronger of the two—all these engroes are strong fellows—and a great deal cooler, for all of that sort are wondrous cool people—he had, however, to do with one who knew full well how to take his own part. The chal fought the engro brother in the old Roman fashion. He bit, he kicked, and screamed like a wild cat of Benygant; casting foam from his mouth, and fire from his eyes. Sometimes he was beneath the engro's legs, and sometimes he was upon his shoulders. What the engro found the most difficult, was to get a firm hold of the chal, for no sooner did he seize the chal by any part of his wearing apparel, than the chal either tore himself away, or contrived to slip out of it; so that in a little time the chal was three parts naked; and as for holding him by the body, it was out of the question, for he was as slippery as an eel. At last the engro seized the chal by the Belcher's handkerchief, which he wore in a knot round his neck, and do whatever the chal could, he could not free himself; and when the engro saw that, it gave him fresh heart, no doubt; 'It's of no use,' said he; 'you had better give in; hold out your hands for the darbies, or I will throttle you.'"

"And what did the other fellow do, who came with the chal?" said I.

"I sat still on my horse, brother."

"You!" said I. "Were you the man?"

"I was he, brother."

"And why did you not help your comrade?"

"I have fought in the ring, brother."

"And what had fighting in the ring to do with fighting in the lane?"

"You mean not fighting. A great deal, brother; it taught me to prize fair play. When I fought Staffordshire Dick, t'other side of London, I was alone, brother. Not a Rommany chal to back me, and he had all his brother pals about him; but they gave me fair play, brother; and I beat Staffordshire Dick, which I couldn't have done had they put one finger on his side the scale; for he was as good a man as myself, or nearly so. Now, brother, had I but bent a finger in favour of the Rommany chal, the plastramengro would never have come alive out of the lane; but I did not, for I thought to myself fair play is a precious stone."

TRUE BEAUTY.

The diamond's and the ruby's blaze
  Disputes the palm with Beauty's queen:
Not Beauty's queen commands such praise,
  Devoid of virtue if she's seen.

But the soft tear in Pity's eye
  Outshines the diamond's brightest beams;
But the sweet blush of Modesty
  More beauteous than the ruby seems.

Dr. James Fordyce (1720-1796).

THE BAVIAD.

[William Gifford, born in Ashburton, Devon, April, 1757; died 31st December, 1826. He lost his parents when in his thirteenth year. He then obtained employment in a coasting vessel, and was afterwards apprenticed to a shoemaker. His craving for knowledge obtained for him the substantial regard of Mr. Cookesley, a surgeon, who sent him to school and Exeter College, Oxford. In 1791 he produced *The Baviad*, a powerful satire upon the absurd Della Cruscan poetry then in vogue; and in 1795, *The Mœviad*, a satire chiefly upon the drama of that period. He edited the *Quarterly Review* from its commencement in 1809 till 1824.[1] As the literature of the early part of this century is full of references to the Della Cruscan versifiers, we quote a brief extract from the satire which extinguished them.]

Lo, DELLA CRUSCA! In his closet pent,
He toils to give the crude conception vent.
Abortive thoughts, that right and wrong confound,
Truth sacrificed to letters, sense to sound,
False glare, incongruous images, combine;
And noise and nonsense clatter through the line.
'Tis done. Her house the generous Piozzi lends,
And thither summons her blue-stocking friends;
The summons her blue-stocking friends obey,
Lured by the love of Poetry—and Tea.

The BARD steps forth, in birth-day splendour dressed,
His right hand graceful waving o'er his breast;
His left extending, so that all may see,
A roll inscribed "THE WREATH OF LIBERTY."
So forth he steps, and with complacent air,
Bows round the circle, and assumes the chair;
With lemonade he gargles next his throat,
Then sweetly preludes to the liquid note:
And now 'tis silence all. "GENIUS OR MUSE"[2]—
Thus while the flowery subject he pursues,
A wild delirium round the assembly flies;
Unusual lustre shoots from Emma's eyes,
Luxurious Arno drivels as he stands,
And Anna frisks, and Laura claps her hands.

O wretched man! And dost thou toil to please,
At this late[3] hour, such prurient ears as these?
Is thy poor pride contented to receive
Such transitory fame as fools can give?
Fools, who unconscious of the critics' laws,
Rain in such show'rs their indistinct applause.
That THOU, even THOU, who liv'st upon renown,
And, with eternal puffs, insult'st the town,
Art forced at length to check the idiot roar,
And cry, "For heaven's sweet sake, no more, no more!"
"But why (thou say'st) why am I learn'd, why fraught
With all the priest and all the sage have taught,
If the huge mass within my bosom pent,
Must struggle there, despairing of a vent?"
THOU learn'd! Alas, for learning! She is sped.
And hast thou dimm'd thy eyes, and rack'd thy head,
And broke thy rest for THIS, for THIS alone?
And is thy knowledge nothing if not known?
O lost to sense![4]—But still, thou criest, 'tis sweet,
To hear "That's HE!" from every one we meet;
That's HE whom critic Bell declares divine,
For whom the fair diurnal laurels twine;
Whom magazines, reviews, conspire to praise,
And Greathead calls, the Homer of our days.

F. And is it nothing, then, to hear our name,
Thus blazon'd by the GENERAL VOICE of fame?

P. Nay, it were everything, did THAT dispense
The sober verdict found by taste and sense:
But mark OUR jury. O'er the flowing bowl,
When wine has drown'd all energy of soul,
Ere FARO comes, (a dreary interval!)
For some fond fashionable lay they call.
Here the spruce ensign, tottering on his chair,
With lisping accent, and affected air,
Recounts the wayward fate of that poor poet,
Who born for anguish, and disposed to show it,
Did yet so awkwardly his means employ,
That gaping fiends mistook his grief for joy!

[1] In an amusing letter, Lord Byron says of Gifford: "I always considered him as my literary father, and myself as his 'prodigal' son; and if I have allowed his 'fatted calf' to grow to an ox before he kills it on my return, it is only because I prefer beef to veal."

[2] "GENIUS OR MUSE, whoe'er thou art, whose thrill
Exalts the fancy, and inflames the will,
Bids o'er the heart sublime sensation roll,
And wakes ecstatic fervour in the soul."
See the commencement of the *Wreath of Liberty*, where our great poet, with a dexterity peculiar to himself, has contrived to fill several quarto pages without a single idea.

[3] At this late hour—I learned from Della Crusca's lamentations, that he is declined into the vale of years; that the women say to him, as they formerly said to Anacreon, Γέρων εἶ· and that Love, about two years since,
"—— tore his name from his bright page,
And gave it to approaching age."

THE ENCHANTMENT.

I did but look and love a while,
'Twas but for one half hour;
Then to resist I had no will,
And now I have no power.

To sigh and wish is all my ease;
Sighs, which do heat impart,
Enough to melt the coldest ice,
Yet cannot warm your heart.

O, would your pity give my heart
One corner of your breast,
'Twould learn of yours the winning art,
And quickly steal the rest.

THOMAS OTWAY.

TOO HANDSOME FOR ANYTHING.

[The Right Hon. Sir Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer, Baron Lytton, D.C.L., &c., born May, 1805; died at Torquay, 18th January, 1873. Poet, novelist, dramatist, and politician. Educated at Cambridge, where he took the chancellor's prize medal with his poem *Sculpture*. When only fifteen years of age he published *Ismael*, an oriental tale. Soon after, he issued for private circulation *Weeds and Wild Flowers*, a small collection of poems. In 1827 appeared *O'Neil, or the Rebel*, a tale in verse; and *Falkland*, a love story. At the close of the same year *Pelham* was published, and won for him a high position as a novelist. Of his numerous works the most important are: *The Disowned; Devereux; Paul Clifford; Eugene Aram; Godolphin; The Pilgrims of the Rhine; The Last Days of Pompeii; Rienzi; Ernest Maltravers; Alice*, or the Mysteries; *Night and Morning; Zanoni; The Last of the Barons; Lucretia; Harold*, the last of the Saxon Kings; *My Novel; The Caxtons; What will he do with it? A Strange Story; Caxtoniana*, or Letters on Life, Literature, and Manners; *The Coming Race; The Parisians*; &c. His chief poems are *Milton; King Arthur*, an epic in twelve books; and the *Lost Tales of Miletus*. His plays: *The Lady of Lyons; The Duchesse de la Vallière; Money; Richelieu; The Rightful Heir*; and *Walpole*, or Every Man has his Price. He also wrote several historical works, and, indeed, distinguished himself in almost every department of literature, whilst he rendered good service to the state as a politician.]

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was one of those models of perfection of which a human father and mother can produce but a single example,—Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was therefore an only son. He was such an amazing favourite with both his parents that they resolved to ruin him; accordingly, he was exceedingly spoiled, never annoyed by the sight of a book, and had as much plum-cake as he could eat. Happy would it have been for Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy could he always have eaten plum-cake, and remained a child. "Never," says the Greek tragedian, "reckon a mortal happy till you have witnessed his end." A most beautiful creature was Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy! Such eyes—such hair—such teeth—such a figure—such manners, too,—and such an irresistible way of tying his neckcloth! When he was about sixteen, a crabbed old uncle represented to his parents the propriety of teaching Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy to read and write. Though not without some difficulty, he convinced them,—for he was exceedingly rich, and riches in an uncle are wonderful arguments respecting the nurture of a nephew whose parents have nothing to leave him. So our hero was sent to school. He was naturally (I am not joking now) a very sharp, clever boy; and he came on surprisingly in his learning. The schoolmaster's wife liked handsome children. "What a genius will Master Ferdinand Fitzroy be, if you take pains with him!" said she to her husband.

"Pooh, my dear, it is of no use to take pains with *him*."

"And why, love?"

"Because he is a great deal too handsome ever to be a scholar."

"And that's true enough, my dear!" said the schoolmaster's wife.

So, because he was too handsome to be a scholar, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy remained the lag of the fourth form!

They took our hero from school. "What profession shall he follow?" said his mother.

"My first cousin is the lord-chancellor," said his father, "let him go to the bar."

The lord-chancellor dined there that day: Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was introduced to him; his lordship was a little, rough-faced, beetle-browed, hard-featured man, who thought beauty and idleness the same thing, and a parchment skin the legitimate complexion for a lawyer.

"Send him to the bar!" said he, "no, no, that will never do!—Send him into the army; he is much too handsome to become a lawyer."

"And that's true enough, my lord!" said the mother; so they bought Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy a cornetcy in the —— regiment of dragoons.

Things are not learned by inspiration. Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy had never ridden at school, except when he was hoisted; he was, therefore, a very indifferent horseman; they sent him to the riding-school, and everybody laughed at him.

"He is a damned ass!" said Cornet Horsephiz, who was very ugly; "a horrid puppy!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem, who was still uglier; "if he does not ride better he will disgrace the regiment!" said Captain Rivalhate, who was very good-looking; "if he does not ride better we will cut him!" said Colonel Everdrill, who was a wonderful martinet; "I say, Mr. Bumpemwell (to the riding-master), make that youngster ride less like a miller's sack."

"Pooh, sir, *he* will never ride better."

"And why the devil will he not?"

"Bless you, colonel, he is a great deal too handsome for a cavalry officer."

"True!" said Cornet Horsephiz.

"Very true!" said Lieutenant St. Squintem.

"We must cut him!" said the colonel.

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly cut.

Our hero was a youth of susceptibility—he quitted the —— regiment, and challenged the colonel. The colonel was killed!

"What a terrible blackguard is Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy!" said the colonel's relations.

"Very true!" said the world.

The parents were in despair! They were not rich; but our hero was an only son, and they sponged hard upon the crabbed old uncle.

"He is very clever," said they both, "and may do yet."

So they borrowed some thousands from the uncle, and bought his beautiful nephew a seat in parliament.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was ambitious, and desirous of retrieving his character. He fagged like a dragon—conned pamphlets and reviews—got Ricardo by heart—and made notes on the English Constitution.

He rose to speak.

"What a handsome fellow!" whispered one member.

"Ah, a coxcomb!" said another.

"Never do for a speaker!" said a third, very audibly.

And the gentlemen on the opposite benches sneered and *heared!*—Impudence is only indigenous in Milesia, and an orator is not made in a day. Discouraged by his reception, Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew a little embarrassed.

"Told you so!" said one of his neighbours.

"Fairly broke down!" said another.

"Too fond of his hair to have anything in his head," said a third, who was considered a wit.

"Hear, hear!" cried the gentlemen on the opposite benches.

Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy sat down—he had not shone; but, in justice, he had not failed. Many a first-rate speaker had began worse; and many a country member had been declared a phœnix of promise upon half his merit.

Not so thought the heroes of corn-laws.

"Your Adonises never make orators!" said a crack speaker with a wry nose.

"Nor men of business either," added the chairman of a committee, with a face like a kangaroo's.

"Poor devil!" said the civilest of the set. "He's a deuced deal too handsome for a speaker! By jove, he is going to speak again—this will never do; we must cough him down!"

And Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy was accordingly coughed down.

Our hero was now seven or eight and twenty, handsomer than ever, and the adoration of all the young ladies at Almack's.

"We have nothing to leave you," said the parents, who had long spent their fortune, and now lived on the credit of having once enjoyed it. "You are the handsomest man in London; you must marry an heiress."

"I will," said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was a charming young lady, with a hare-lip and six thousand a year. To Miss Helen Convolvulus then our hero paid his addresses.

Heavens! what an uproar her relations made about the matter. "Easy to see his intentions," said one: "a handsome fortune-hunter, who wants to make the best of his person!"—"handsome is that handsome does," says another; "he was turned out of the army, and murdered his colonel;"—"never marry a beauty," said a third;—"he can admire none but himself;" "will have so many mistresses," said a fourth;—"make you perpetually jealous," said a fifth;—"spend your fortune," said a sixth;—"and break your heart," said a seventh.

Miss Helen Convolvulus was prudent and wary. She saw a great deal of justice in what was said; and was sufficiently contented with liberty and six thousand a year, not to be highly impatient for a husband; but our heroine had no aversion to a lover, especially to so handsome a lover as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy. Accordingly she neither accepted nor discarded him; but kept him on hope, and suffered him to get into debt with his tailor and his coach-maker, on the strength of becoming Mr. Fitzroy Convolvulus. Time went on, and excuses and delays were easily found; however, our hero was sanguine, and so were his parents. A breakfast at Chiswick and a putrid fever carried off the latter within one week of each other; but not till they had blessed Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and rejoiced that they had left him so well provided for.

Now, then, our hero depended solely upon the crabbed old uncle and Miss Helen Convolvulus;—the former, though a baronet and a satirist, was a banker and a man of business,—he looked very distastefully at the Hyperian curls and white teeth of Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy.

"If I make you my heir," said he—"I expect you will continue the bank."

"Certainly, sir!" said the nephew.

"Humph!" grunted the uncle, "a pretty fellow for a banker!"

Debtors grew pressing to Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy grew pressing to Miss Helen Convolvulus. "It is a dangerous thing," said she, timidly, "to

marry a man so admired,—will you always be faithful?"

"By Heaven!" cried the lover—

"Heigho!" sighed Miss Helen Convolvulus, and Lord Rufus Pumilion entering, the conversation was changed.

But the day of the marriage was fixed; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy bought a new curricle. By Apollo, how handsome he looked in it! A month before the wedding-day the uncle died. Miss Helen Convolvulus was quite tender in her condolences,—"Cheer up, my Ferdinand," said she, "for your sake I have discarded Lord Rufus Pumilion!" "Adorable condescension," cried our hero; "but Lord Rufus Pumilion is only four feet two, and has hair like a peony."

"All men are not so handsome as Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy?" was the reply.

Away goes our hero, to be present at the opening of his uncle's will.

"I leave," said the testator (who, I have before said, was a bit of a satirist), "my share of the bank, and the whole of my fortune, legacies excepted, to"—(here Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy wiped his beautiful eyes with a cambric handkerchief, exquisitely *brode*) "my natural son, John Spriggs, an industrious, painstaking youth, who will do credit to the bank. I did once intend to have made my nephew Ferdinand my heir; but so curling a head can have no talent for accounts. I want my successor to be a man of business, not beauty; and Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy is a great deal too handsome for a banker; his good looks will no doubt win him any heiress in town. Meanwhile, I leave him, to buy a dressing-case, a thousand pounds."

"A thousand devils!" said Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, banging out of the room. He flew to his mistress. She was not at home. "Lies," says the Italian proverb, "have short legs;" but truths, if they are unpleasant, have terribly long ones! The next day Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy received a most obliging note of dismissal.

"I wish you every happiness," said Miss Helen Convolvulus, in conclusion—"but my friends are right; you are much too handsome for a husband!"

And the week after, Miss Helen Convolvulus became Lady Rufus Pumilion.

"Alas! sir," said the bailiff, as, a day or two after the dissolution of parliament, he was jogging along with Mr. Ferdinand Fitzroy, in a hackney-coach bound to the King's Bench,—"Alas! sir, what a pity it is to take so handsome a gentleman to prison!"

LOVE'S HOROSCOPE.

[**Richard Crashaw**, died at Rome, 1650. Author of *Steps to the Temple; Delights of the Muses; Sacred Poems and Translations.*]

Love, brave Virtue's youngest brother,
Erst hath made my heart a mother,
She consults the conscious spheres,
To calculate her young son's years.
She asks if sad or saving powers
Gave omen to his infant hours;
She asks each star that then stood by
If poor Love shall live or die.

Ah, my heart, is that the way?
Are these the beams that rule thy day?
Thou know'st a face in whose each look
Beauty lays ope Love's fortune-book;
On whose fair revolutions wait
The obsequious motions of Love's fate;
Ah, my heart, her eyes and she
Have taught thee new astrology.
How e'er love's native hours were set,
Whatever starry synod met.
'Tis in the mercy of her eye,
If poor Love shall live or die.

If those sharp rays putting on
Points of death, bid Love begone,
(Though the Heavens in counsel sate,
To crown an uncontrolled fate,
Though their best aspects twin'd upon
The kindest constellation,
Cast amorous glances on his birth,
And whisper'd the confederate earth
To pave his paths with all the good
That warms the bed of youth and blood;)
Love has no plea against her eye,
Beauty frowns and Love must die.

But if her milder influence move,
And gild the hopes of humble Love;
(Though Heaven's inauspicious eye
Lay black on Love's nativity;
Though every diamond in Jove's crown
Fix'd his forehead to a frown:)
Her eye a strong appeal can give,
Beauty smiles and Love shall live:

O! if Love shall live, O! where?
But in her eye, or in her ear,
In her breast, or in her breath,
Shall I hide poor Love from death?
For in the life aught else can give,
Love shall die, although he live:

Or, if Love shall die, O! where?
But in her eye or in her ear,
In her breath, or in her breast,
Shall I build his funeral nest?
While Love shall thus entombed lie,
Love shall live although he die.

THE MOUNTAIN TORRENT.

BY JOHN CHALMERS, M.D.

One sunny afternoon in the autumn of 1868, while passing a pleasant holiday in Southern Tyrol, I found myself upon the bridge which spans the Lena a short way below the little hill town of Roveredo. In the morning I had left Trent, which combines so remarkably the arcades, colour, and other characteristics of an Italian town, with Alpine situation and surroundings; and although it is but a dozen or so miles from Roveredo, a love for the rarer charms which by-ways afford led me, after clearing the pass of Calliano, to leave the course of the river Adige, and strike into the hills on a route which consumed the best part of the day. The weather had been sultry, and the rocky pathway leading down to the stream so steep and troublesome to traverse, that a halt upon the bridge afforded an agreeable relief to weary limbs. Here, also, burst upon the view the full grandeur of the little valley. On each side of the rapid Lena, which tumbled darkly along its broken channel to join the Adige, rose rocky banks, and pine-covered heights, stretching away upwards to be lost in the distant chain of snow-capped mountains, against whose white summits rose the sombre towers of the castle of Roveredo, which, standing like a sentinel upon the bank of the river above the bridge, filled up the middle distance with its majestic proportions. Leaning upon the parapet of the bridge, it was impossible not to feel that tranquillity of soul which nature never refuses to those who love her. The beauty of the spot, the air balmy with the odour of the autumn flowers, and musical with the song of birds, so numerous in Southern Tyrol, the buzzing of insects, and the murmur of water below, so soothed me into forgetfulness, that it was not until he stood by my side that I became aware of the approach of a gray-haired old peasant.

After bidding him good day, a salutation he courteously returned, I reverted to the subject of my meditations, and asked him how long he had lived in this peaceful and happy valley.

"I have lived in this valley, sir," he replied, "ever since the French were obliged to abandon Roveredo, and that was seventy years ago. It is a pleasant place to live in, but not always so very peaceful or so very happy. More than once in my time has the din of war been thrust upon us by our rapacious neighbours, and you may have read about the struggle of 1809, when the Tyrolese won the admiration of Europe by a contest in defence of their liberty as brave as any that history has to record."

"The river too," he added, after a short pause, and looking earnestly down upon the gurgling stream, "is quiet enough just now, but see it swollen with thunder showers or melting snow. It makes plenty of noise then, and works sad havoc to property and cattle, aye, and many a human life has been lost too when the Lena is flooded."

Observing a sad expression steal over the old man's face as if from some painful recollection, I asked him if he had ever seen any one perish in the flood?"

"Aye, that I have, sir," he said, with a sorrowful shake of his head, "and at this very spot, too. But it is an old tale, and may not interest you."

"On the contrary," I replied, "I shall be only too glad to sit down and listen to your story. See, we may rest ourselves on this log. Pray be seated."

We sat down. The old man lifted his felt hat back from his brow, as if to clear his brain, rested both his hands upon his staff, and began:—

"When the news reached us about the end of October, 1813, that the ruthless bloodhounds of France, with the fiend Napoleon at their head, had been routed at Leipzic, and driven back in confusion towards the Rhine, the count called a gathering of his people to celebrate a victory which released them, for the time at least, from the fear of another French invasion. The tenantry attending readily to the call, assembled early in the day within the castle of Roveredo; all in good spirits and prepared to spend a merry day. One man alone was absent. Bertollo sat in his cabin a gloomy man. Although a native of Piedmont, he had joined the French forces and fought with them at the taking of our little town. During the occupation of Roveredo he somehow won the heart of a peasant's daughter here—one of the comeliest maidens in the place; married her, and occupied a cottage, which you may see standing a short distance up the stream on the bank opposite the castle.

"A passionate disposition, readiness to quarrel, together with a keen sense of the ill-feeling his exploits both in love and in war had engendered, kept him apart from his neighbours; it suited his disposition better to roam about spearing fish and trapping wild beasts

than to attend to the wants of his home or the occupations of a peasant's life. He could be generous on occasion, and had the repute of doing many a brave service in aid of his neighbours, but steadily refused any compliment or recognition of such service. The instinct which prompted him to help those in danger, demanded no praise, and pride would not allow it. Even when he rescued the count's young brother from the tusks of an enraged boar in the wood yonder, he treated the count's gratitude with contempt."

"What an unhappy life his pretty wife must have led," I said, as the old man paused in his narration.

"Not so unhappy, neither," he replied, quickly, "for Bertollo loved his wife, and watched her with a jealous care; and it was love of her and of a little bright-eyed boy, more than the chance of fighting against his old comrades in arms, that led him to evade the small band of mountaineers who left Tyrol to join the Austrians against the French invaders. Whisperings of cowardice touched him to the quick; tidings of the French overthrow added to his discomfiture; while the rejoicings at the castle, in which his part seemed so ignoble, filled his soul with wrath; and this is how, on the morning of the gathering, he sat in his cabin a gloomy man.

"You see, sir," said the old man, moralizing, "how a good intention may cast a gloom upon our lives, as the heat of the sun gathers the storm-cloud around yon mountain tops.

"But," he said, proceeding with his story, "the father's rudeness did not prevent the boy becoming a favourite. The count never met him when abroad but he patted little Pedro on the head, and spoke kindly to him. This morning the little fellow was expected at the castle to join the children, and looked forward to the time with joy. The father sternly forbade his going; what did his child want at the castle? And when Pedro placed his head softly on his father's shoulder, and asked to be allowed to go just for a little to see the dancing, instead of receiving the usual kiss he was rudely repulsed and sent into the garden, whither he proceeded, sobbing bitterly.

"Then the mother spoke,

"'You carry this mood too far, Bert.,' she pleaded; 'the count means nothing but kindness to us. You know he owes you a service on his brother's behalf, and he is too good to believe for a moment the foul report that you'——

"Bertollo sprang to his feet. This allusion to a subject that had pained his heart and tortured his brain for weeks, added to the passion already raging within his breast and maddened him. He seized his wife, and would have hurled her to the ground, but a look at her fair face sent a pang of shame to his heart, and he dropped powerless on his seat, burying his face in his hand. With true womanly instinct she left him undisturbed, and moved towards the door. Here a new trouble awaited her. The boy was nowhere to be seen. Not in the garden, not on the road leading to the bridge, the whole of its extent being visible from the cottage. She saw the stream was swollen, and rushing hard and fast against the piers of the wooden structure. A glance up the river showed her the mountains hid in gloom; and the black clouds rolling down towards the castle in large masses, from which low peals of thunder growled and rattled, and the noise of the rushing water made it plain to her that a storm had been raging on the hills which had already flooded the little river, and would soon burst over the valley.

"For you must know, sir," the old man paused to explain, "that within one short hour on as fair a day as this I have seen a storm gather and break on these hills, and the Lena from a tiny stream rise suddenly and leap its banks, a roaring flood. This, too, had Bertollo's wife seen, and the thought of it made her start as it flashed upon her brain that the boy might have stolen off to the castle unawares, and would attempt to cross the ford higher up. Imagine her terror on running to the hillock above the cottage, to see him arrested in his course across the stream, looking at the whirling water, and hesitating between leaping to the further stone and turning back.

"The current rising rapidly already washed his little feet, and, covering several of the stepping stones, made it almost equally dangerous whichever way he moved. The boy had his father's courage but not his father's skill, for Bertollo took to the water like the otters he hunted. The mother stood in breathless suspense: would he go on or would he leap back? He chose to go on. He leaped and fell. The mother shrieked, for she fancied she could hear above the noise of the stream the splash of her darling boy in the water.

"In haste she sought her husband, crying, 'Pedro! Pedro is in the water!'

"Bertollo, still struggling with his passion, did not offer to stir. But the mother clutched him by the arm, and with almost superhuman strength dragged him down to the river, just in time to see the boy sweep past.

"One glance was enough. Instinctively

Bertollo cleared the rocky bank at a bound, and plunged into the seething torrent. Immediately he rose close to the boy, who stretched his hands towards him. Catching Pedro with one arm, he held him tightly, while with the other he buffeted the angry water. Quick as thought his course was taken. He saw the bridge was but a hundred yards distant; immediately below a fall which would hurl to destruction the strongest swimmer; the right bank was too far away for the time at his disposal, and to attempt the left was simply to be dashed to pieces upon the steep and rugged rocks. In the middle of the stream, between him and the bridge, rose the top of a solitary rock not yet quite covered, and to reach this Bertollo exerted his full strength and skill. Straining every sinew and striking across the current, which seemed eager to sweep him past the object of his hope, he both lessened his speed, and fortunately brought himself near enough to clutch a corner of the rock, to which he clung with all the strength of despair,—the boy, silent with terror, grasping his father's neck.

"Shouts of joy burst from the people, who, hearing the screams of the boy and his distracted mother, had hurried from the castle. Among the first to stir, the count had leaped on his horse, and galloping to the spot, was rushing about, now giving orders to his men it was impossible to obey, now encouraging Bertollo to hold on till help could come.

"'A hundred ducats,' he cried, 'to the man who brings them safe to land. Hold on, brave Bertollo, hold on! Oh! save the boy, lads! save the boy!'

"But Bertollo felt the waves break over him higher and higher, like the arms of a greedy fiend clutching his prey, and he groaned as he found his strength too rapidly failing. Long before ropes or planks could be brought from the castle, a heavy rush of water swept him from his hold, and a terrible cry rent the air as man and boy once more drove down the stream. Nothing could save them now from being engulfed in the torrent below.

A gleam of hope, however, came to the drowning man at that last moment.

"Across the wooden pier of the bridge nearest the left bank, where the greatest body of the water passed, there had gathered a huge mass of such wreck as the swollen stream had carried with it—branches of trees, straw, leaves, and pieces of timber. Towards this Bertollo strove.

"The count breathed freer, and the ashy colour left the cheek of the mother, as they saw the swimmer, impelled by the current, dash with the speed of an arrow right against this barrier. Bertollo felt the frail bridge crack and rock under the weight of the pent-up water, which rose so high as nearly to sweep its planks; and it seemed as if he had added the last straw that the old structure could bear, for as the onlookers reached the bridge, they could see the wooden supports give way beneath their load, the rails snap, and the planks of the span he clung to bend below the water.

"There was not a moment to lose, neither was there any hesitation, for as two foresters advanced courageously from the one side, the mother, heedless of danger, advanced from the other upon the bridge. It cracked and swayed; she cared not. The angry water curled about her feet, she knew it not; the boy filled her whole thought, and stooping down, she drew him to her, and caught him in her arms. Seeing her hesitate, Bertollo urged her away. She cast an imploring glance to the approaching foresters and rushed tottering towards the bank.

"With Pedro clinging mutely to her side, she fell upon her knees, and raising her hands beseechingly to heaven, sunk insensible on the ground. She saw her husband no more, for scarcely had her eyes closed, than the bridge split asunder, and the bold man, hopelessly entangled in the wreck, sank in the boiling chasm."

A tear glistened in the old man's eye, and his voice quivered with emotion as he concluded his story.

"In the churchyard yonder," he said with a sigh, "you may find a stone on which is carved these words, BRAVE BERTOLLO. His wife rests by his side."

He moved sadly away.

"Stay;" said I, holding his arm gently, "one who knows so well the father's fate may tell me something more of the son."

"You guess truly," he replied, "Pedro passed a long and happy life in the service of the folks at the castle, and now only waiting the time when he shall sleep beside his kindred, he finds a sad pleasure in wandering near the place where his father snatched him from the jaws of death, at the loss of his own life. I am Pedro."

ABSENCE.

Oh, absence! skill'd to lend to those we love
A fairy charm which makes us love them more:
Errors to soften and defects remove,
No less is thine—and mellowing light to pour
On those dark shades which most displeased before.

AN ODE.

[Arthur O'Shaughnessy, born at Kensington, London, 1846. His first volume of poems, entitled an *Epic of Women*, obtained for him immediate recognition as a poet of high accomplishment and still higher promise. *The Daughter of Herodius*, *The Fountain of Tears*, and *The Whisper from the Grave* have secured extensive popularity. *Lays of France* and other poems appeared 1872. The following is from the volume entitled *Music and Moonlight* (1874). He died in 1881.]

We are the music makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams;
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams;—
World losers and world forsakers
On whom the pale moon gleams:
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory;
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;
And three, with a new song's measure,
Can trample a kingdom down.

We in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation;
A wondrous thing of our dreaming,
Unearthly, impossible seeming—
The soldier, the king, and the peasant
Are working together in one,
Till our dream shall become their present,
And their work in the world be done.

They had no vision amazing
Of the goodly house they are raising,
They had no divine foreshowing
Of the land to which they are going;
But on one man's soul it hath broken,
A light that doth not depart,
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,
Wrought flame in another man's heart.

And, therefore, to-day is thrilling
With a past day's late fulfilling;
And the multitudes are enlisted
In the faith that their fathers resisted;
And, scorning the dream of to-morrow,
Are bringing to pass as they may
In the world, for its joy or its sorrow,
The dream that was scorned yesterday.

But we, with our dreaming and singing,
Ceaseless and sorrowless we!
The glory about us clinging
Of the glorious futures we see,
Our souls with high music ringing—
O men, it must ever be—
That we dwell in our dreaming and singing
A little apart from ye.

For we are afar with the dawning,
And the suns that are not yet high;
And out of the infinite morning,
Intrepid, you hear us cry,—
How, spite of your human scorning,
Once more God's future draws nigh,
And already goes forth the warning
That ye of the past must die.

Great hail! we cry to the comers
From the dazzling, unknown shore,
Bring us hither your sun and your summers,
And renew our world as of yore;
You shall teach us your song's new numbers,
And things that we dreamed not before;
Yea, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers
And a singer who sings no more.

WHY STIRS MY HEART?

[Jeremiah Holme Wiffen, born near Woburn, 1792; died 2d May, 1856. He was the author of a volume of verse entitled *Aonian Hours;* translated Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*, and the poems of Garcilasso de la Vega. He wrote the *Historical Memorials of the House of Russell*. He began life as a schoolmaster, and in 1819 was appointed private secretary to the Duke of Bedford.

Why stirs my heart? was it thy voice, my love,
That stole into my ear like music dying
In the dim vale, or was it but the dove
Answering the nightingale, or zephyrs sighing
Through the sweet woodbines? whatsoe'er the noise,
It discomposed my joys.

I dream'd that we were sailing to a shore
Happier by far than this; that living breath
Inspired our bark, which, without sail or oar,
Winged the blue wave: passed were the gates of death,
And I, reclining in thy bless'd embrace,
Looked upwards on thy face.

I asked why when on earth thou hadst so oft
Checked my fond passion with an air austere
Resembling wrath; and with a voice more soft
Than lute or zephyr thou mad'st answer—"Fear;
Lest my changed eyes should speak of passion too!"
Oh! tell me, dream'd I true?

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE

MOST SEVERE BETWEEN INDIVIDUALS AND VARIETIES OF THE SAME SPECIES.

[Charles Darwin, M.A., F.R.S., born at Shrewsbury, 12th February, 1809. Naturalist and philosopher. His works are: *Journal of Researches into the Natural History* of the countries visited (by H.M.S. *Beagle*) during a voyage round the world; *Fertilization of Orchids through Insect Agency; Variations of Animals and Plants under Domestication; The Descent of Man; The Origin of Species* by Means of Natural Selection (from which we quote); &c., &c. The works are published by Murray. He died in 1882.]

As the species of the same genus usually have, though by no means invariably, much similarity in habits and constitution, and always in structure, the struggle will generally be more severe between them, if they come into competition with each other, than between the species of distinct genera. We see this in the recent extension over parts of the United States of one species of swallow having caused the decrease of another species. The recent increase of the missel-thrush in parts of Scotland has caused the decrease of the song-thrush. How frequently we hear of one species of rat taking the place of another species under the most different climates! In Russia the small Asiatic cockroach has everywhere driven before it its great congener. In Australia the important hive-bee is rapidly exterminating the small, stingless native bee. One species of charlock has been known to supplant another species; and so in other cases. We can dimly see why the competition should be most severe between allied forms, which fill nearly the same place in the economy of nature; but probably in no one case could we precisely say why one species has been victorious over another in the great battle of life.

A corollary of the highest importance may be deduced from the foregoing remarks, namely, that the structure of every organic being is related, in the most essential yet often hidden manner, to that of all the other organic beings with which it comes into competition for food or residence, or from which it has to escape, or on which it preys. This is obvious in the structure of the teeth and talons of the tiger; and in that of the legs and claws of the parasite which clings to the hair on the tiger's body. But in the beautifully plumed seed of the dandelion, and in the flattened and fringed legs of the water-beetle, the relation seems at first confined to the elements of air and water. Yet the advantage of plumed seeds no doubt stands in the closest relation to the land being already thickly clothed with other plants; so that the seeds may be widely distributed and fall on unoccupied ground. In the water-beetle, the structure of its legs, so well adapted for diving, allows it to compete with other aquatic insects, to hunt for its own prey, and to escape serving as prey to other animals.

The store of nutriment laid up within the seeds of many plants seems at first sight to have no sort of relation to other plants. But from the strong growth of young plants produced from such seeds as peas and beans, when sown in the midst of long grass, it may be suspected that the chief use of the nutriment in the seed is to favour the growth of the seedlings, whilst struggling with other plants growing vigorously all around.

Look at a plant in the midst of its range, why does it not double or quadruple its numbers? We know that it can perfectly well withstand a little more heat or cold, dampness or dryness, for elsewhere it ranges into slightly hotter or colder, damper or drier districts. In this case we can clearly see that if we wish in imagination to give the plant the power of increasing in number, we should have to give it some advantage over its competitors, or over the animals which prey on it. On the confines of its geographical range, a change of constitution with respect to climate would clearly be an advantage to our plant; but we have reason to believe that only a few plants or animals range so far, that they are destroyed exclusively by the rigour of the climate. Not until we reach the extreme confines of life, in the Arctic regions or on the borders of an utter desert, will competition cease. The land may be extremely cold or dry, yet there will be competition between some few species, or between the individuals of the same species, for the warmest or dampest spots.

Hence we can see that when a plant or animal is placed in a new country amongst new competitors, the conditions of its life will generally be changed in an essential manner, although the climate may be exactly the same as in its former home. If its average numbers are to increase in its new home, we should have to modify it in a different way to what we should have had to do in its native country; for we should have to give it some advantage over a different set of competitors or enemies.

It is good thus to try in imagination to give to any one species an advantage over another. Probably in no single instance should we know what to do. This ought to convince us of our

ignorance on the mutual relations of all organic beings; a conviction as necessary as it is difficult to acquire. All that we can do, is to keep steadily in mind that each organic being is striving to increase in a geometrical ratio; that each at some period of its life, during some season of the year, during each generation or at intervals, has to struggle for life and to suffer great destruction. When we reflect on this struggle, we may console ourselves with the full belief, that the war of nature is not incessant, that no fear is felt, that death is generally prompt, and that the vigorous, the healthy, and the happy survive and multiply.

A DESCRIPTION OF AMSTERDAM IN 1631.

[René Descartes, the illustrious French philosopher and mathematician, was born at La Haye, in Touraine, March 31, 1596. He graduated from the college of La Flèche in 1612. Experiencing a disgust for scholasticism, he entered the army in order to obliterate his educational prejudices. He left the army in 1621, and after some years of travel, settled in Holland in 1629 and devoted himself to the study of mathematics, astronomy and metaphysics. His *Discourse on the Method of Reasoning Well and of Investigating Scientific Truth*, appeared in 1637, and announced important discoveries in Algebra and Geometry. His *Meditationes de Prima Philosophia*, published in 1641, gave a powerful impulse to philosophical inquiry. He based all positive knowledge on the relation between consciousness and existence, which he expressed in the formula: "I think, therefore I exist." He died in 1649, at Stockholm.]

LETTER FROM DESCARTES TO BALZAC.

Amsterdam, May 15, 1631.

I rubbed my hand across my eyes to make sure that I was awake, when I read in your letter that you thought of coming here, and even still I dare not enjoy this news as if it were anything more than a dream. At the same time, I do not find it very strange that a just and generous mind like yours cannot suit itself to the servile restrictions imposed on people at the Court; and since you assure me downright that God has inspired you to quit secular life, I should hold it a sin against the Holy Ghost to dissuade you from this holy resolution,—nay, you may pardon my zeal if I advise you to choose Amsterdam for your retreat, and to prefer it, I do not merely say to all the convents of Capucins and Cistercians, to which crowds of good people retire, but also to the fairest dwellings of France and Italy, and even to that celebrated hermitage where you were last year. However well appointed a country house may be, it always wants innumerable conveniences only to be found in towns, and the very solitude which one expects is never to be found there in its real perfection. I will grant that you have a river which can make the greatest talker dreamy, a valley so lonely that it can inspire you with transports of delight; but it can hardly happen that you will not also have a number of insignificant neighbours who come sometimes to intrude upon you, and whose visits are even more disagreeable than those you receive in Paris. Whereas in this great town where I now am, there being not a soul but myself who is not in business, every one is so engrossed with his profits that I could live in it all my life without ever being seen by anyone. I go to walk every day amid the Babel of a great thoroughfare with as much liberty and repose as you could find in your garden-alley; and I consider the men whom I see just as I should the trees which you meet in your forest or the animals which pasture there; the very sound of their bustle does not interrupt my reveries more than the murmuring of a stream. If I reflect upon their actions, I receive from it the same pleasure which you have in watching the peasants who till your fields, for I see that all their travail helps to adorn the place of my dwelling, and makes me to want nothing there. If there be pleasure in seeing the fruit growing in your orchards, and its abundance before your eyes, think you there is not as much in seeing the vessels arrive which bring us in abundance all the produce from the Indies and all that is rare in Europe? What other place could you choose in all the world where all the comforts of life and all the curiosities which can be desired are so easy to find as here? What other country where you can enjoy such perfect liberty, where you can sleep with more security, where there are always armies on foot for the purpose of protecting us, where poisoning, treacheries, calumnies are less known, and where there has survived more of the innocence of our ancestors? I do not know how you can be so fond of the air of Italy, with which you so often inhale pestilence, and where at all times the heat of the day is insupportable, the cool of the night unwholesome, and where the darkness of the night covers theft and murders. But if you fear the winters of the north, tell

me what shades, what fan, what fountains can so well protect you at Rome from the discomforts of heat, as a stove and a good fire can here keep you from feeling cold?

GENIUS LOCI.

Yes, this is the place where my boyhood
Saw its butterfly season depart:
The butterfly fluttered in sunshine,
The chrysalis lies in my heart!

Still green are the hills in the distance,
And breathing of summer the farms,
But the years take the Present forever
To the Past with their shadowy arms.

I wander in pathways familiar:
Old faces forget, or are blind;
The footsteps of strangers have trodden
The footprints I deem'd I would find.

Come back to me beautiful visions!
Steal over me lovelier sky!
With the flower-like soul of my boyhood,
Blossom, sweet days gone by!

My boyhood, come back! In the sunshine
A hoop is the world of his care:
He gazes at me for a moment,
And passes away in the air!

Come back! From the school that is ended
Boy-faces rush joyous and bright:
One, only, among them remembers
And vanishes into the light!

Come back! With a kite in his heaven
His heart's happy wings are agleam:
He hearkens my call for a moment,
And flashes away with my dream!

JOHN JAMES PIATT, b. 1835.

A LETTER.

What is a letter? Let affection tell,—
A tongue that speaks for those who absent dwell;
A silent language uttered to the eye,
Which envious distance would in vain deny;
A link that binds where circumstances part;
A chain of feeling stretched from heart to heart,
Formed to convey like an electric chain
That mystic flash, the lightning of the brain,
And spread at once through each remotest link
The throb of passion, *by a drop of ink.*

ANONYMOUS.

BARTHOLOMEW FAIR.

[John Timbs, F.S.A., born in London, 17th August, 1801; died there 4th March, 1875. Antiquarian and miscellaneous writer. He was sometime editor of the *Mirror*, and subsequently of the *Illustrated London News*. In his numerous books he arranged in the pleasantest form the most interesting facts, incidents, and anecdotes of history, antiquities, and literature. Amongst his most important works are: *The Curiosities of London* (from which we quote); *The Year Book of Facts in Science and Art; Popular Errors Explained; Curiosities of History; Curiosities of Science; Things not Generally Known; Stories of Inventors; Anecdote Biography; School Days of Eminent Men; Club Life in London; Strange Stories of the Animal World; Romance of London; Nooks and Corners of English Life; Anecdote Lives of the later Wits and Humourists*, &c. &c.]

This ancient Fair presents, through its seven centuries' existence, many phases of our social history with such graphic force, that "he may run that readeth it." The Fair originated in two Fairs, or Markets, one begun by a grant of land from Henry I. to his jester, Rayer, or Rahere, who founded a Priory to St. Bartholomew, in West Smithfield, previous to which, however, a market called "the King's Market," had been held near Smithfield. Out of the two elements, the concourse of pilgrims to the Miraculous Shrine of St. Bartholomew, and the concourse of traders to the King's Market, Bartholomew Fair grew up. Rayer's miracles were most ingenious, for he cured a woman who could not keep her tongue in her mouth: if the wind went down, as sailors far at sea were praying to the denuded saint, they called it a miracle, and presented, in procession, a silver ship at the Smithfield shrine. The forged miracles gave way to the imitative jugglers and mystery players; and these three elements—the religious, the dramatic, and the commercial—flowed on till the Reformation.

The Priory Fair, which was proclaimed on the Eve of St. Bartholomew, and continued during the next day, and the next morrow, was granted for the clothiers of England and the drapers of London, who had their booths and standings within the Priory churchyard (the site now Cloth Fair), the gates of which were locked every night, and watched, for the safety of the goods and wares. Within its limits was held a court of justice, named Pie Poudre, from *pieds poudreux*—dusty feet—by which, persons infringing upon the laws of the Fair, its disputes, debts, and legal obligations, &c., were tried the same day, and the punishment of the stocks, or whipping-post,

summarily inflicted; and this court was held, to the last, at the Hand and Shears, Cloth Fair, by the Steward of the Lord of the Manor.

"Thus we have in the most ancient times of the Fair, a church full of worshippers, among whom were the sick and maimed, praying for health about its altar; a graveyard full of traders, and a place of jesting and edification; where women and men caroused in the midst of the throng; where the minstrel and the story-teller and the tumbler gathered knots about them; where the sheriff caused new laws to be published by loud proclamation in the gathering places of the people; where the young men bowled at nine-pins, while the clerks and friars peeped at the young maids; where mounted knights and ladies curvetted and ambled, pedlars loudly magnified their wares, the scholars met for public wrangle, oxen lowed, horses neighed, and sheep bleated among their buyers; where great shouts of laughter answered to the 'Ho! ho!' of the devil on the stage, above which flags were flying, and below which a band of pipers and guitar bearers added music to the din. That stage also, if ever there was presented on it the story of the Creation, was the first Wild Beast Show in the Fair; for one of the dramatic effects connected with this play, as we read in an ancient stage direction, was to represent the creation of beasts by unloosing and sending among the excited crowd as great a variety of strange animals as could be brought together, and to create the birds by sending up a flight of pigeons. Under foot was mud and filth, but the wall that pent the city in shone sunlit among the trees, a fresh breeze came over the surrounding fields and brooks, whispering among the elms that overhung the moor glittering with pools, or from the Fair's neighbour, the gallows. Shaven heads looked down on the scene from the adjacent windows of the buildings bordering the Priory inclosure, and the poor people whom the friars cherished in their hospital, made holiday among the rest. The curfew bell of St. Martin's le-Grand, the religious house to which William the Conqueror had given with its charter the adjacent moorland, and within whose walls there was a sanctuary for loose people, stilled the hum of the crowd at nightfall, and the Fair lay dark under the starlight."—*Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair.* By Henry Morley. 1858.

After the Reformation, Bartholomew Fair flourished with unabated vigour, the clergy having no longer any interest in veiling its debaucheries. The Priory, together with the rights formerly exercised by the monks, had been granted to the founder of the Rich family, who was Solicitor-General to Henry VIII., and afterwards Lord Chancellor; they were enjoyed by his descendants till the year 1830, when they were purchased from Lord Kensington by the Corporation of London. The Fair greatly declined, as a cloth fair, from the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and the mysteries and moralities being succeeded by productions more nearly resembling the regular drama, the Corporation granted licences to mountebanks, conjurors, &c., and allowed the Fair to be extended to fourteen days, the Sword-bearer and other City officers being paid out of the emoluments. Hentzner, in 1578, describes a tent pitched for the proclamation of the Fair, and wrestling after the ceremony, with the crowd hunting wild rabbits, for the sport of the Mayor and Aldermen. Here was also formerly a burlesque proclamation on the night before, by the drapers of Cloth Fair snapping their shears and loudly shouting all through Smithfield.

Ben Jonson, in his play of *Bartholomew Fair*, tell us of its motions, or puppet-shows, of Jerusalem, Nineveh, and Norwich; and the "Gunpowder Plot, presented to an eighteen or twenty pence audience nine times in an afternoon." The showman paid three shillings for his ground; and a penny was charged for every burden of goods and little bundle brought in or carried out. A rare tract, of the year 1641, describes the "variety of Fancies, the Faire of Wares, and the several enormityes and misdemeanours" of the Fair of that period. At these the sober-minded Evelyn was shocked. Pepys (Aug. 30, 1667) found at the Fair "my Lady Castlemaine at a puppet-show," her coach waiting, "and the street full of people expecting her." The sights and shows included wild beasts, dwarfs, and other monstrosities; operas, and tight-rope dancing, and sarabands; dogs dancing the Morrice, and the hare beating the tabor; a tiger pulling the feathers from live fowls; the humours of Punchinello, and drolls of every degree. An ox roasted whole, and piping-hot roast pig, sold in savoury lots, were among the Fair luxuries: the latter, called Bartholomew Pigs, were railed at by the Puritans, and eating them was "a species of idolatry." The pig-market was at Pye Corner, and pig was not out of fashion in Queen Anne's time.

Among the celebrities of the Fair was Tom Dogget, the old comic actor, who "wore a farce in his face," and was famous for dancing the Cheshire Round. One Ben Jonson, the *actor*, was celebrated as the grave-digger in *Hamlet*, in which he introduced a song preserved in Durfey's *Pills*. Tom Walker, the original Macheath, was another Bartholomew hero. William Bullock, from York, is alluded to by Steele, in *The Father*, and is censured for "gagging:" in 1739 he had the largest booth in the Fair. Theophilus Cibber was of the Fair, but there is no evidence that Colley Cibber ever appeared there. Cadman, the famous flyer on the rope, immortalized by Hogarth, was a constant exhibitor at Bartholomew as well as Southwark Fair. William

Phillips was a famous Merry Andrew, and some time fiddler to a puppet-show, in which he held many a dialogue with Punch. Edward Phillips wrote *Britons Strike Home* for the Fair; and Kitty Clive played at the booth of Fawkes, Winchbeck, &c., in that very farce. Harlequin Phillips was in Mrs. Lee's company, and afterwards became the celebrated Harlequin at Drury-lane, under Fleetwood. Penkethman and Dogget, though of very unequal reputation, are noticed in the *Spectator*. The first in that humorous account of the *Projector*, in the 31st number, where it is proposed that "Penkethman should personate King Porus upon an elephant, and be encountered by Powell, representing Alexander the Great, upon a dromedary, which, nevertheless, Mr. Powell is desired to call by the name of Bucephalus." Dogget is commended (No. 502) as an admirable and genuine actor.

The public theatres were invariably closed at Bartholomew Fair time; drolls, like Estcourt and Penkethman, finding Bartholomew Fair a more profitable arena for their talents than the boards of Dorset-garden or old Drury-lane. Here Elkanah Settle, the rival for years of Dryden, was reduced at last to string speeches and contrive machinery; and here, in the droll of St. George for England, he made his last appearance, hissing in a green leather dragon of his own invention.

Here we may mention another class of sights,—"a large and beautiful young camel from Grand Cairo, in Egypt," says the advertisement: "this creature is twenty-three years old; his head and neck are like that of a deer," and he "was to be seen or sold at the first house on the pavement from the end of Hosier-lane, during Bartholomew Fair." And we read that later, Sir Hans Sloane employed a draughtsman to sketch the wonderful foreign animals in the Fair. . . .

Henry Fielding had his booth here, Dr. Rimbault tells us, after his admission into the Middle Temple. That Fielding should have turned "strolling actor," and have the audacity to appear at Bartholomew at the very moment when the whole town was ringing with Pope's savage ridicule of the "Smithfield Muses," would of course be an unpardonable offence. Fielding's last appearance at Bartholomew Fair was in 1736, as usual, in the George Inn Yard, at "Fielding and Hippisley's Booth." *Don Carlos* and the *Cheats of Scapin*, adapted from Molière, were the two plays; and Mrs. Pritchard played the part of *Loveit*, in which she had made her first hit at Bartholomew. Other celebrities, who kept up the character of the Fair for another quarter of a century, were Yates, Lee, Woodward, and Shuter, the two last well known for their connection with Goldsmith's comedies. Shuter played *Croaker* in the *Good-natured Man*, and *Hardcastle* in *She Stoops to Conquer*. Woodward played *Lofty* in the former piece. With Shuter, "the history of the English stage" (says Mr. Morley) "parted entirely from the story of the Fair." Garrick's name is connected only with the Fair by stories which regard him as a visitor: although Edmund Kean is stated to have played here when a boy.

Among the notorieties of the Fair was Lady Holland's Mob (Lord Rich having been ancestor of the Earl of Warwick and Holland),—hundreds of loose fellows, principally journeyman tailors, who used to assemble at the Hand and Shears, in Cloth Fair. They were accustomed to sally forth knocking at the doors and ringing the bells of the peaceable inhabitants, and assaulting and ill-treating passengers. These ruffians frequently united in such strength as to defy the civil power. As late as 1822, a number of them exceeding 5000 rioted in Skinner-street, and were for hours too powerful for the police.

The Fair was annually proclaimed by the Lord Mayor, on the 2d of September, his lordship proceeding thither in his gilt coach, "with City Officers and trumpets;" and the proclamation for the purpose read before the entrance to Cloth Fair. It was the custom for the Lord Mayor, on this occasion, to call upon the keeper of Newgate, and partake, on his way to Smithfield, of "a cool tankard of wine, nutmeg, and sugar." This custom, which ceased in the second mayoralty of Sir Matthew Wood in 1818, was the cause of the death of Sir John Shorter, Lord Mayor in 1688. In holding the tankard, he let the lid slip down with so much force, that his horse started, and he was thrown to the ground with great violence. He died the next day.

The Fair dwindled year by year: the writer remembers it at midnight, before gas had become common: viewed from Richardson's, the shows, booths, and stalls, with their flaring oil-lamps and torches, shed a strange glare over the vast sea of heads which filled the area of Smithfield and the adjacent streets. As lately as 1830, upwards of 200 booths for toys and gingerbread crowded the pavement around the Fair, and overflowed into the adjacent streets. Richardson, Saunders, and Wombwell were late in the ascendant as showmen. Among the latest "larks" was that of young men of *caste* disguising themselves in working

clothes, to enjoy the loose delights of "Bartlemy" Fair, in September.

For 300 years the Lord Mayor and Aldermen had in vain attempted to suppress the Fair; when, in 1840, upon the recommendation of the City Solicitor, Mr. Charles Pearson, having purchased Lord Kensington's interest, they refused to let the ground for the shows and booths but upon exorbitant prices, and limited the Fair to one day; and the State proclamation of the Lord Mayor was given up. In 1849, the Fair was reduced to one or two stalls for gingerbread, gambling-tables for nuts, a few fruit-barrows and toy-stalls, and one puppet-show. In 1852, the number was still less.

THE FLOWERS OF MAY.[1]

(BLEUNIOU MAE.)

[Tom Taylor, born at Sunderland, 1817. Educated at Glasgow University and Cambridge; for two years professor of English literature at the University College, London; called to the bar in 1845; in 1850 appointed assistant-secretary to the board of health, and afterwards secretary to the local government act office. He is most widely known as a dramatist, having written over a hundred plays, of which the most notable are: *The Fool's Revenge; Still Waters Run Deep; Victims; Our American Cousin; An Unequal Match; 'Twixt Axe and Crown; Joan of Arc; Clancarty;* &c. &c. He has also written and edited the biographies of *Benjamin Robert Haydon*, historical painter; *C. R. Leslie, R.A.; Life and Times of Sir Joshua Reynolds*, &c.; and he has given a spirited English version of the most popular *Ballads and Songs of Brittany*, with some of the original melodies harmonized by Mrs. Tom Taylor, who as Miss Laura Barker won much favour by her musical compositions. From the latter book the following is taken. He latterly edited *Punch*. Died 12th July, 1880.]

I.

On the sea-shore who Jeff had seen
With rosy cheeks and eyes of sheen;

Who for the pardon had seen her start,
Had felt the happier in his heart:

But he that had seen her on her bed,
Had tears of pity for her shed,

To see the sweet sick maiden laid,
Pale as a lily in summer-shade.

To her companions she said,
That sat beside her on her bed:

"My friends, if loving friends ye be,
In God's name, do not weep for me.

"You know all living death must dree;
God's own self died—died on the tree."

II.

As I went for water to the spring
I heard the nightingale sweetly sing:

"The month of May is passing e'en now,
And with it the blossom on the bough.

"The happiest lot from life they bring,
The young whom death takes in the spring.

"Ev'n as the rose drops from the spray,
So youth from life doth fall away.

"Those who die ere this week is flown,
All with fresh flowers shall be strown;

"And from those flowers shall soar heaven-high,
As from the rose-cup the butterfly."

III.

"Jeffik! Jeffik! did you not hear
The nightingale's song so sweet and clear?

"'"The month of May is passing e'en now,
And with it the blossom on the bough."'

When this she heard, the gentle maid,
Crosswise her two pale hands she laid:

"I will say an *Ave Marie*,
Our Ladye sweet, in honour of thee:

"That it may please our God, thy Son,
To look with pity me upon;

"That grace to pass quick me be given,
And wait for those I love in Heaven."

The *Ave Marie* was hardly said,
When gently sank her gentle head:

The pale head sank, no more to rise;
The eyelids closed upon the eyes.

Just then beyond the courtyard pale
Was heard to sing the nightingale:

"The happiest lot from life they bring,
The young whom death takes in the spring.

"Happy the young whose biers are strown
With spring-flowers, fair and freshly blown."

[1] "In the districts of Cornouaille and about Vannes they have a pretty funeral fashion, of covering with flowers the biers of young girls who die in the month of May. Such deaths are regarded as ominous of happiness hereafter, and sick girls pray to be spared till the flowers of May come back, if death seem to be darkening over them before the month; or to be taken before the flowers of May are withered, if life and flowers are waning together. The following song on this touching theme is much sung in Cornouaille, and is ascribed to two peasant sisters. The delicacy, tenderness, and piety of this pathetic idyll are characteristic of the Breton; and these qualities are found among the peasantry of Brittany—rude and stern almost to gloom as they are—more than among any other class of the country."—*Tom Taylor.*

THE COUNTRY BOOR.

[John Earle, Bishop of Worcester and Salisbury, born in York about 1601; died 17th November, 1665. He obtained his preferments from Charles II. after the Restoration. He was the author of *Microcosmography, or a Piece of the World Discovered, in Essays and Characters*, 1628.]

A plain country fellow is one that manures the ground well, but lets himself lie fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his talons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not salads. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and landmark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks *gee* and *ree* better than English. His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion; yet if he give him leave, he is a good Christian to his power, that is, comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable of only two prayers, for rain and fair weather. His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day; when, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before bad weather, let it come when it will he cares not.

WISHES OF YOUTH.

Gaily and greenly let my seasons run;
And should the war-winds of the world uproot
The sanctities of life, and its sweet fruit
Cast forth as fuel for the fiery sun;
The dews be turned to ice—fair days begun
In peace wear out in pain, and sounds that suit
Despair and discord keep hope's harp-string mute;
Still let me live as love and life were one:
Still let me turn on earth a childlike gaze,
And trust the whispered charities that bring
Tidings of human truth; with inward praise
Watch the weak motion of each common thing,
And find it glorious—still let me raise
On wintry wrecks an altar to the spring.

S. Laman Blanchard.

A CORSICAN CHIEF.

[James Boswell, born in Edinburgh, 29th October, 1740; died in London, 19th May, 1795. The biographer of Dr. Johnson. Besides the work which has rendered his name famous, he wrote several legal, political, and social essays, and *An Account of Corsica*, the Journal of a Tour in that Island, 1768. This work is now little known, but it contains various indications of the qualities which rendered the life of Johnson so popular. From it the following passages are quoted.]

Pascal Paoli, was second son to the old chief Giacinto Paoli. He had been educated with great care by his father, who formed his taste for letters, and inspired him with every worthy and noble sentiment. He was born in Corsica, where he remained long enough to contract a love and attachment to his country, and to feel the oppression under which it groaned.

When the patriots were totally crushed by the Marquis de Maillebois, his father took young Paoli to Naples, where he had the advantage of attending the academy, got a commission as an officer in that service, and was much about court.

Here he lived twelve or thirteen years, cultivating the great powers with which nature had endowed him, and laying the foundation of those grand designs which he had early formed for the deliverance of his country.

His reputation became so great among the Corsicans, that he received the strongest invitations to come over and take the command. He embarked in the glorious enterprise, stimulated by generous ambition, and undismayed by a consideration of the dangers, the cares, and the uncertainty which he was about to encounter.

There was something particularly affecting, in his parting from his father; the old man, hoary and gray with years, fell on his neck and kissed him, gave him his blessing, and with a broken, feeble voice, encouraged him in the undertaking on which he was entering; "My son," said he, "I may possibly never see you more; but in my mind I shall ever be present with you. Your design is a great and a noble one; and I doubt not, but God will bless you in it. The little which remains to me of life I will allot to your cause, in offering up my prayers and supplications to Heaven for your protection and prosperity." Having again embraced him, they parted.

Pascal Paoli no sooner appeared in the island, than he attracted the attention of everybody. His carriage and deportment prejudiced them in his favour, and his superior judgment, and

patriotic spirit, displayed with all the force of eloquence, charmed their understandings. All this, heightened with condescension, affability, and modesty, entirely won their hearts. A way was opened for him to the supreme command, and he was called to it by the unanimous voice of his countrymen.

Though Paoli had long meditated on the importance of the charge he was to enter upon, its near approach struck him with awe; for his ideas were enlarged, his resolves were magnanimous, and the office appeared more momentous to him than it could appear to one of more confined views and more moderate plans.

His hesitation and diffidence when called to the supreme command was not affected. He balanced the consequences, and he could not but be seriously moved. For he could not divine with certainty the astonishing influence which his government was to have on the happiness of his country. But the representations made to him were so earnest, and, in some measure so peremptory, that he thought himself bound in duty to accept of the arduous task.

When he inquired into the situation of the affairs of Corsica, he found the utmost disorder and confusion. There was no subordination, no discipline, no money, hardly any arms and ammunition; and, what was worse than all, little union among the people. He immediately began to remedy these defects. His persuasion and example had wonderful force; all ranks exerted themselves in providing what was necessary for carrying on the war with spirit; whereby, in a short time, the Genoese were driven to the remotest corners of the island.

Having thus expelled the foe from the bosom of his country, he had leisure to attend to the civil part of the administration, in which he discovered abilities and constancy hardly to be paralleled. He rectified innumerable abuses, which had insinuated themselves during the late times of trouble and confusion. He, in a manner, new-modelled the government upon the soundest principles of democratical rule, which was always his favourite idea.

The Corsicans having been long denied legal justice, had assumed the right of private revenge, and used to assassinate each other upon the most trivial occasions. He found it extremely difficult to break them off this practice, by which it was computed that the state lost 800 subjects every year. The disease was become so violent that it seemed almost incurable. However, by seasonable admonition, by representing to them the ruin of this practice to the cause of liberty, at a time when they had occasion for all the assistance they could lend to each other, joined to a strict exercise of criminal justice; he gradually brought them to be convinced that the power of dispensing punishment belonged to the public; and that, without a proper submission and a regular system of administration, they never could make head against an enemy, or, indeed, be properly speaking a state. So effectual were the measures he took, that a law was passed, making assassination capital, let it be committed on any pretence whatever.

The Corsicans are naturally humane; but, like the Italians, and most southern nations, are extremely violent in their tempers. This is certainly the effect of a warm climate, which forms the human frame to an exquisite degree of sensibility. Whatever advantages this sensibility may produce, by cherishing the finer feelings and more exalted affections, it is at the same time productive of some disadvantages, being equally the occasion of impatience, sudden passion, and a spirit of revenge, tending to the disorder of society.

Paoli, by his masterly knowledge of human nature, guided the Corsicans to glory, and rendered the impetuosity of their dispositions, and their passion for revenge, subservient to the noble objects of liberty, and of vindicating their country. His wise institutions had so good an effect, that, notwithstanding their frequent losses in action, it was found that in a few years the number of inhabitants was increased 16,000.

When a proper system of government was formed, and some of the most glaring abuses rectified, Paoli proceeded to improve and civilize the manners of the Corsicans. This was a very delicate task. They had been brought up in anarchy, and their constant virtue had been resistance. It therefore required the nicest conduct to make them discern the difference between salutary restraint and tyrannic oppression. He was no monarch, born to rule, and who received a nation as a patrimonial inheritance. It was, therefore, in vain to think of acting with force like the Czar Peter towards the Russians. It was not, indeed, consistent with his views of forming a free nation; but, had he been inclined to it, he could not have executed such a plan. He was entirely dependent upon the people, elected by them, and answerable to them for his conduct. It was no easy matter to restrain those of whom he held his power. But this Paoli accomplished.

He gradually prepared the Corsicans for the reception of laws, by cultivating their minds, and leading them, of their own accord, to desire the establishment of several regulations,

of which he showed them the benefit. He founded an university at Corte; and was at great pains to have proper schools, for the instruction of children, in every village of the kingdom.

The last step he took was to induce the Corsicans to apply themselves to agriculture, commerce, and other civil occupations. War had entirely ruined industry in the island. It had given the Corsicans a contempt for the arts of peace, so that they thought nothing worthy of their attention but arms and military achievements. The great and valcrous actions which many of them had performed, gave them a certain pride; which disdained all meaner and more inglorious occupation. Heroes could not submit to sink down into plain peasants. Their virtue was not so perfect as that of the ancient Romans, who could return from the triumphs of victory to follow their ploughs.

From these causes the country was in danger of being entirely uncultivated, and the people of becoming a lawless and ungovernable rabble of banditti.

Paoli therefore set himself seriously to guard against this; and by degrees brought the Corsicans to look upon labour with less aversion, so as at least to provide themselves sufficiently in food and clothing, and to carry on a little commerce.

His administration in every respect was such, that from being rent into factions, the nation became firm and united; and had not France again interposed, the Corsican heroes would long ere now have totally driven the Genoese from the island.

I gave Paoli the character of my revered friend Mr. Samuel Johnson. I have often regretted that illustrious men, such as humanity produces a few times in the revolution of many ages, should not see each other; and when such arise in the same age, though at the distance of half the globe, I have been astonished how they could forbear to meet.

"As steel sharpeneth steel, so doth a man the countenance of his friend," says the wise monarch. What an idea may we not form of an interview between such a scholar and philosopher as Mr. Johnson, and such a legislator and general as Paoli!

I repeated to Paoli several of Mr. Johnson's sayings, so remarkable for strong sense and original humour. I now recollect these two.

When I told Mr. Johnson that a certain author affected in conversation to maintain that there was no distinction between virtue and vice, he said, "Why sir, if the fellow does not think as he speaks, he is lying; and I see not what honour he can propose to himself from having the character of a liar. But if he does really think that there is no distinction between virtue and vice, why sir, when he leaves our houses let us count our spoons."

Of modern infidels and innovators he said, "Sir, these are all vain men, and will gratify themselves at any expense. Truth will not afford sufficient food to their vanity; so they have betaken themselves to error. Truth, sir, is a cow which will yield such people no more milk, and so they are gone to milk the bull."

I felt an elation of mind to see Paoli delighted with the sayings of Mr. Johnson, and to hear him translate them with Italian energy to the Corsican heroes.

I repeated Mr. Johnson's sayings as nearly as I could in his own peculiar forcible language, for which prejudiced or little critics have taken upon them to find fault with him. He is above making any answer to them, but I have found a sufficient answer in a general remark in one of his excellent papers. "Difference of thoughts will produce difference of language. He that thinks with more extent than another will want words of larger meaning."[1]

I hope to be pardoned for this digression, wherein I pay a just tribute of veneration and gratitude to one from whose writings and conversation I have received instructions of which I experience the value in every scene of my life.

During Paoli's administration, there have been few laws made in Corsica. He mentioned one which he has found very efficacious in curbing the vindictive spirit of the Corsicans. There was among the Corsicans a most dreadful species of revenge, called "Vendetta trasversa, Collateral revenge," which Petrus Cyrnæus candidly acknowledges. It was this. If a man had received an injury, and could not find a proper opportunity to be revenged on his enemy personally, he revenged himself on one of his enemy's relations. So barbarous a practice was the source of innumerable assassinations. Paoli, knowing that the point of honour was everything to the Corsicans, opposed it to the progress of the blackest of crimes, fortified by long habits. He made a law by which it was provided, that this collateral revenge should not only be punished with death, as ordinary murder, but the memory of the offender should be disgraced for ever by a pillar of infamy. He also had it enacted that the same statute should extend to the violators of an oath of reconciliation once made.

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[1] *Idler*, No. 70.

By thus combating a vice so destructive, he has, by a kind of shock of opposite passions, reduced the fiery Corsicans to a state of mildness, and he assured me that they were now all fully sensible of the equity of that law.

Paoli, though never familiar, has the most perfect ease of behaviour. This is a mark of a real great character. The distance and reserve which some of our modern nobility affect, is because nobility is now little else than a name in comparison of what it was in ancient times. In ancient times, noblemen lived at their country seats, like princes, in hospitable grandeur. They were men of power, and every one of them could bring hundreds of followers into the field. They were then open and affable. Some of our modern nobility are so anxious to preserve an appearance of dignity which they are sensible cannot bear an examination, that they are afraid to let you come near them. Paoli is not so. Those about him come into his apartments at all hours, wake him, help him on with his clothes, are perfectly free from restraint; yet they know their distance, and awed by his real greatness, never lose their respect for him.

Though thus easy of access, particular care is taken against such attempts upon the life of the illustrious chief as he has good reason to apprehend from the Genoese, who have so often employed assassination merely in a political view, and who would gain so much by assassinating Paoli. A certain number of soldiers are continually on guard upon him; and as still closer guards, he has some faithful Corsican dogs. Of these five or six sleep, some in his chamber, and some at the outside of the chamber-door. He treats them with great kindness, and they are strongly attached to him. They are extremely sagacious, and know all his friends and attendants. Were any person to approach the general during the darkness of the night, they would instantly tear him in pieces.

Having dogs for his attendants, is another circumstance about Paoli similar to the heroes of antiquity. Homer represents Telemachus so attended,

> Two dogs a faithful guard attend behind.

But the description given of the family of Patroclus applies better to Paoli.

> Nine large dogs domestic at his board.

Mr. Pope, in his notes on the second book of the *Odyssey*, is much pleased with dogs being introduced, as it furnishes an agreeable instance of ancient simplicity. He observes that Virgil thought this circumstance worthy of his imitation, in describing old Evander. So we read of Syphax, general of the Numidians, "Syphax inter duos canes stans, Scipionem appellavit. Syphax, standing between two dogs, called to Scipio."

Talking of courage, he made a very just distinction between constitutional courage and courage from reflection. "Sir Thomas More, said he, would not probably have mounted a breach so well as a sergeant who had never thought of death. But a sergeant would not on a scaffold have shown the calm resolution of Sir Thomas More."

On this subject he told me a very remarkable anecdote, which happened during the last war in Italy. At the siege of Tortona, the commander of the army which lay before the town ordered Carew, an Irish officer in the service of Naples, to advance with a detachment to a particular post. Having given his orders, he whispered to Carew. "Sir, I know you to be a gallant man. I have therefore put you upon this duty. I tell you in confidence, it is certain death for you all. I place you there to make the enemy spring a mine below you." Carew made a bow to the general, and led on his men in silence to the dreadful post. He there stood with an undaunted countenance, and having called to one of the soldiers for a draught of wine, "Here, said he, I drink to all those who bravely fall in battle." Fortunately at that instant Tortona capitulated, and Carew escaped. But he had thus a full opportunity of displaying a rare instance of determined intrepidity.

The last day which I spent with Paoli appeared of inestimable value. I thought him more than usually great and amiable, when I was upon the eve of parting from him. The night before my departure, a little incident happened which showed him in a most agreeable light. When the servants were bringing in the dessert after supper, one of them chanced to let fall a plate of walnuts. Instead of flying into a passion at what the man could not help, Paoli said with a smile, "No matter;" and turning to me, "It is a good sign for you, sir, Tempus est spargere nuces, It is time to scatter walnuts. It is a matrimonial omen: You must go home to your own country, and marry some fine woman whom you really like. I shall rejoice to hear of it."

This was a pretty allusion to the Roman ceremony at weddings, of scattering walnuts. So Virgil's Damon says:

> Mopse novas incide faces: tibi ducitur uxor.
> Sparge marite nuces: tibi deserit Hesperus Oetam.
>
> VIRG. Eclog. viii. l. 30.

Thy bride comes forth! begin the festal rites!
The walnuts strew! prepare the nuptial lights!
O envied husband, now thy bliss is nigh!
Behold for thee bright Hesper mounts the sky!

WARTON.

When I again asked Paoli if it was possible for me in any way to show him my great respect and attachment, he replied, "Ricordatevi che Io vi sia amico, e scrivetemi. Remember that I am your friend, and write to me." I said I hoped that when he honoured me with a letter, he would write not only as a commander, but as a philosopher and a man of letters. He took me by the hand, and said, "As a friend." I dare not transcribe from my private notes the feelings which I had at this interview. I should perhaps appear too enthusiastic. I took leave of Paoli with regret and agitation, not without some hopes of seeing him again. From having known intimately so exalted a character, my sentiments of human nature were raised, while, by a sort of contagion, I felt an honest ardour to distinguish myself, and be useful as far as my situation and abilities would allow; and I was, for the rest of my life, set free from a slavish timidity in the presence of great men, for where shall I find a man greater than Paoli?

THE LADY'S LOOKING-GLASS.

IN IMITATION OF A GREEK IDYLLIUM.

BY MATTHEW PRIOR.

Celia and I the other day
Walk'd o'er the sand-hills to the sea:
The setting sun adorn'd the coast,
His beams entire, his fierceness lost:
And on the surface of the deep,
The winds lay only not asleep:
The nymph did like the scene appear,
Serenely pleasant, calmly fair:
Soft fell her words, as flew the air.
With secret joy I heard her say,
That she would never miss one day
A walk so fine, a sight so gay.
But, oh the change! the winds grow high;
Impending tempests charge the sky;
The lightning flies; the thunder roars;
And big waves lash the frighten'd shores.
Struck with the horror of the sight,
She turns her head, and wings her flight;
And trembling vows, she'll ne'er again
Approach the shore, or view the main.
Once more at least look back, said I;
Thyself in that large glass descry:
When thou art in good humour drest;
When gentle reason rules thy breast;
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee:
'Tis then, that with delight I rove
Upon the boundless depth of love;
I bless my chain; I hand my oar;
Nor think on all I left on shore.
But when vain doubt, and groundless fear
Do that dear foolish bosom tear;
When the big lip, and wat'ry eye
Tell me, the rising storm is nigh:
'Tis then, thou art yon angry main,
Deform'd by winds, and dash'd by rain;
And the poor sailor, that must try
Its fury, labours less than I.
Shipwreck'd, in vain to land I make:
While love and fate still drive me back:
Forc'd to dote on thee thy own way,
I chide thee first, and then obey.
Wretched when from thee, vex'd when nigh,
I with thee, or without thee, die.

LORD CHESTERFIELD AND LORD CHATHAM.

[Walter Savage Landor, born at Ipsley Court, Warwickshire, 30th January, 1775; died 17th September, 1864. Poet, soldier, philosopher, essayist, and critic. His principal works are: *Gebirus*, a poem; *Count Julian*, a tragedy; *Idyllica Heroica; Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men, Statesmen, &c.* (from which we quote); *Pericles and Aspasia; Citation and Examination of Shakspeare for Sheep-stealing; The Pentameron and Pentalogue; Andrea of Hungary*, and *Giovanni of Naples*, dramas; *The Hellenics; Letters of an American; Last Fruit off an Old Tree; Dry Sticks Fagoted;* &c. &c. Of the *Imaginary Conversations* the *Edinburgh Review* says: "In these hundred and twenty-five dialogues—making allowance for every shortcoming or excess—the most familiar and the most august shapes of the past are reanimated with vigour, grace, and beauty."]

CHESTERFIELD.

It is true, my lord, we have not always been of the same opinion, or, to use a better, truer, and more significant expression, of the same *side* in politics; yet I never heard a sentence from your lordship which I did not listen to with deep attention. I understand that you have written some pieces of admonition and advice to a young relative: they are mentioned as being truly excellent. I wish I could have profited by them when I was composing mine on a similar occasion.

CHATHAM.

My lord, you certainly would not have done it, even supposing they contained, which I am far from believing, any topics that could have escaped your penetrating view of manners and morals: for your lordship and I set out

diversely from the very threshold. Let us then rather hope that what we have written, with an equally good intention, may produce its due effect; which indeed, I am afraid, may be almost as doubtful, if we consider how ineffectual were the cares and exhortations, and even the daily example and high renown, of the most zealous and prudent men, on the life and conduct of their children and disciples. Let us however hope the best rather than fear the worst, and believe that there never was a right thing done or a wise one spoken in vain, although the fruit of them may not spring up in the place designated or at the time expected.

CHESTERFIELD.

Pray, if I am not taking too great a freedom, give me the outline of your plan.

CHATHAM.

Willingly, my lord: but since a greater man than either of us has laid down a more comprehensive one, containing all I could bring forward, would it not be preferable to consult it? I differ in nothing from Locke, unless it be that I would recommend the lighter as well as the graver part of the ancient classics, and the constant practice of imitating them in early youth. This is no change in the system, and no larger an addition than a woodbine to a sacred grove.

CHESTERFIELD.

I do not admire Mr. Locke.

CHATHAM.

Nor I: he is too simply grand for admiration: I contemplate and revere him. Equally deep and clear, he is both philosophically and grammatically the most elegant of English writers.

CHESTERFIELD.

If I expressed by any motion of limb or feature my surprise at this remark, your lordship I hope will pardon me a slight and involuntary transgression of my own precept. I must entreat you, before we move a step further in our inquiry, to inform me whether I am really to consider him, in style, the most elegant of our prose authors.

CHATHAM.

Your lordship is capable of forming an opinion on this point, certainly no less correct than mine.

CHESTERFIELD.

Pray assist me.

CHATHAM.

Education and grammar are surely the two driest of all subjects on which a conversation can turn: yet, if the ground is not promiscuously sown, if what ought to be clear is not covered, if what ought to be covered is not bare, and, above all, if the plants are choice ones, we may spend a few moments on it not unpleasantly. It appears then to me, that elegance in prose composition is mainly this: a just admission of topics and of words; neither too many nor too few of either; enough of sweetness in the sound to induce us to enter and sit still; enough of illustration and reflection to change the posture of our minds when they would tire; and enough of sound matter in the complex to repay us for our attendance. I could perhaps be more logical in my definition, and more concise; but am I at all erroneous?

CHESTERFIELD.

I see not that you are.

CHATHAM.

My ear is well satisfied with Locke; I find nothing idle or redundant in him.

CHESTERFIELD.

But, in the opinion of you graver men, would not some of his principles lead too far?

CHATHAM.

The danger is that few will be led by them far enough: most who begin with him stop short, and, pretending to find pebbles in their shoes, throw themselves down upon the ground and complain of their guide.

CHESTERFIELD.

What then can be the reason why Plato, so much less intelligible, is so much more quoted and applauded?

CHATHAM.

The difficulties we never try are no difficulties to us. Those who are upon the summit of a mountain know in some measure its altitude, by comparing it with all objects around; but those who stand at the bottom and never mounted it, can compare it with few only, and with those imperfectly. Until a short time ago I could have conversed more fluently about Plato than I can at present: I had read all the titles to his dialogues and several scraps of commentary; these I have now forgotten, and am indebted to long attacks of the gout for what I have acquired instead.

CHESTERFIELD.

A very severe schoolmaster! I hope he allows a long vacation.

CHATHAM.

Severe he is indeed, and although he sets no example of regularity, he exacts few observances and teaches many things. Without him I should have had less patience, less learning, less reflection, less leisure; in short, less of everything but of sleep.

CHESTERFIELD.

Locke, from a deficiency of fancy, is not likely to attract so many listeners as Plato.

CHATHAM.

And yet occasionally his language is both metaphorical and rich in images. In fact, all our great philosophers have also this property in a wonderful degree. Not to speak of the devotional, in whose writings one might expect it, we find it abundantly in Bacon, not sparingly in Hobbes; the next to him in range of inquiry and potency of intellect. And what would you think, my lord, if you discovered in the records of Newton a sentence in the spirit of Shakspeare?

CHESTERFIELD.

I should look upon it as upon a wonder, not to say a miracle: Newton, like Barrow, had no feeling or respect for poetry.

CHATHAM.

His words are these:

"I don't know what I may seem to the world; but as to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of Truth lay all undiscovered before me."

CHESTERFIELD.

Surely Nature, who had given him the volumes of her greater mysteries to unseal; who had bent over him and taken his hand, and taught him to decipher the characters of her sacred language; who had lifted up before him her glorious veil, higher than ever yet for mortal, that she might impress her features and her fondness on his heart, threw it back wholly at these words, and gazed upon him with as much admiration as ever he had gazed upon her.

THE RETURN OF SPRING.

[Allan Cunningham, born at Blackwood, Dumfriesshire, 1785; died in London, 29th October, 1842. Poet, novelist, and miscellaneous writer. His principal works are: *Sir Marmaduke Maxwell*, a dramatic poem; *Traditionary Tales of the Peasantry; Lord Roldan; Sir Michael Scott; Paul Jones; The Maid of Elvar*,—romances; *Songs of Scotland*, ancient and modern; *Lives of British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects; Biographical and Critical History of the Literature of the Last Fifty Years* (1833); *The Works of Robert Burns;* and *The Life of Sir David Wilkie.*]

Cauld winter is awa', my love,
And spring is in her prime;
The breath of Heaven stirs a' to life,
The grasshoppers to chime.
The birds canna contain themsel's
Upon the sprouting tree,
But loudlie, loudlie sing of love:
A theme which pleaseth me.

The blackbird is a pawky loon,
An' kens the gate of love;
Fu' weel the sleekit mavis kens
The melting lilt maun move.
The gowdspink woos in gentle note,
And ever singeth he,
Come here, come here, my spousal dame!—
A theme which pleaseth me.

What says the sangster rose-linnet?
His breast is beating high,
Come here, come here, my ruddie mate,
The way of love to try!
The lavrock calls his freckled mate
Frae near the sun's ee-bree,
Make on the knowe our nest, my love!—
A theme which pleaseth me.

The hares hae brought forth twins, my love,
Sae has the cushat doo;
The raven croaks a softer way,
His sooty love to woo:
And nought but love, love breathes around
Frae hedge, frae field, and tree,
Soft whispering love to Jeanie's heart:
A theme which pleaseth me.

O lassie! is thy heart mair hard
Than mavis on the bough;
Say, maun the hail creation wed,
And Jean remain to woo?
Say, has the holie lowe of love
Ne'er lighten'd in your ee?
O! if thou canstna feel for pain,
Thou art nae theme for me!

THE TRUE GREATNESS OF A NATION.

[CHARLES SUMNER, jurist, statesman and orator, was born in Boston, January 6, 1811. After his graduation from Harvard College in 1830, he studied law and was admitted to the bar in 1834. Before this he had become editor of the *American Jurist*, and subsequently he prepared for publication several important legal works, and was lecturer in the Law School at Harvard. In 1851 he was elected U. S. Senator from Massachusetts, to which office he continued to be elected until his death. He early became distinguished for his bold and able opposition to slavery, and for his advocacy of arbitration as a substitute for war. Wendell Phillips says: "His eloquence belongs to the school of Burke, whom he liked to be thought to resemble, as indeed he did, in features. His speeches had more learning than Burke cared to show, but in wealth of illustration, gorgeous rhetoric, lofty tone, and a gigantic morality which treads all sophistry under foot, the resemblance was close." Eleven volumes of his works have been published. He died March 11, 1874. From his oration in Boston, July 4, 1845, on *The True Grandeur of Nations*, we extract as follows:]

The true greatness of a nation is in those qualities which constitute the greatness of the individual. It is not to be found in extent of territory, nor in vastness of population, nor in wealth; nor in fortifications, or armies, or navies; not in the phosphorescent glare of fields of battle; not in Golgothas, though covered by monuments that kiss the clouds; for all these are the creatures and representatives of those qualities of our nature, which are unlike anything in God's nature.

Nor is the greatness of nations to be found in triumphs of the intellect alone, in literature, learning, science or art. The polished Greeks, the world's masters in the delights of language, and in the range of thought, and the commanding Romans, overawing the earth with their power, were little more than splendid savages; and the age of Louis XIV. of France, spanning so long a period of ordinary worldly magnificence, thronged by Marshals bending under military laurels, enlivened by the unsurpassed comedy of Molière, dignified by the tragic genius of Corneille, illumined by the splendors of Bossuet, is degraded by immoralities that cannot be mentioned without a blush, by a heartlessness in comparison with which the ice of Nova Zembla is warm, and by a succession of deeds of injustice not to be washed out by the tears of all the recording angels of heaven.

The true greatness of a nation cannot be in triumphs of the intellect alone. Literature and art may widen the sphere of its influence; they may adorn it; but they are in their nature but accessories. The true grandeur of humanity is in moral elevation, sustained, enlightened and decorated by the intellect of man. The truest tokens of this grandeur in a state are the diffusion of the greatest happiness among the greatest number, and that passionless God-like justice which controls the relations of the state to other states, and to all the people who are committed to its charge.

But war crushes with bloody heel all justice, all happiness, all that is God-like in man. "It is," says the eloquent Robert Hall, "the temporary repeal of all the principles of virtue." True, it cannot be disguised, that there are passages in its dreary annals cheered by deeds of generosity and sacrifice. But the virtues which shed their charms over its horrors are all borrowed of peace; they are emanations of the spirit of love which is so strong in the heart of man, that it survives the rudest assaults. The flowers of gentleness, of kindliness, of fidelity, of humanity, which flourish in unregarded luxuriance in the rich meadows of peace, receive unwonted admiration when we discern them in war, like violets shedding their perfume on the perilous edges of the precipice, beyond the smiling borders of civilization. God be praised for all the examples of magnanimous virtue which he has vouchsafed to mankind! God be praised that the Roman Emperor, about to start on a distant expedition of war, encompassed by squadrons of cavalry and by golden eagles which moved in the winds, stooped in his saddle to listen to the prayer of the humble widow demanding justice for the death of her son! God be praised that Sydney, on the field of battle, gave with dying hand the cup of cold water to the dying soldier! That single act of self-forgetful sacrifice has consecrated the fenny field of Zutphen, far, oh! far beyond its battle; it has consecrated thy name, gallant Sydney, beyond any feat of thy sword, beyond any triumph of thy pen. . . . Let me not be told then of the virtues of war. Let not the acts of generosity and sacrifice which have triumphed on its fields, be invoked in its defence. In the words of Oriental imagery, the poisonous tree, though watered by nectar, can

produce only the fruit of death! As we cast our eyes over the history of nations we discern with horror the succession of wondrous slaughters by which their progress has been marked. As the hunter traces the wild beast, when pursued to his lair, by the drops of blood on the earth, so we follow man, faint, weary, and staggering with wounds, through the black forest of the past, which he has reddened with his gore. Oh! let it not be in the future ages as in those which we now contemplate. Let the grandeur of man be discerned in the blessings which he has secured; in the good he has accomplished; in the triumphs of benevolence and justice; in the establishment of perpetual peace.

OMENS.

[Sir Humphrey Davy was born at Penzance, Cornwall, England, December 17, 1778. At an early age he displayed a taste for literature, especially fiction and poetry. His attention being directed to scientific pursuits he soon gave evidence of genius in that field of knowledge. In 1801 he went to London and became a lecturer at the Royal Institution, from which time his fame and usefulness steadily augmented. His imagination, literary skill, and practicality, give a popular interest to his writings. He died in the prime of his powers, at the age of 51 years. Our extract is from his little treatise on fly-fishing, entitled *Salmonia*.]

Poict. I hope we shall have another good day to-morrow, for the clouds are red in the West.

Phys. I have no doubt of it, for the red has a tint of purple.

Hal. Do you know why this tint portends fine weather?

Phys. The air when dry, I believe, refracts more red, or heat-making rays; and as dry air is not perfectly transparent, they are again reflected in the horizon. I have observed generally a coppery or yellow sunset to foretell rain; but, as an indication of wet weather approaching, nothing is more certain than a halo round the moon, which is produced by the precipitated water; and the larger the circle, the nearer the clouds, and, consequently, the more ready to fall.

Hal. I have often observed that the old proverb is correct:

A rainbow in the morning is the shepherd's warning.
A rainbow at night is the shepherd's delight.

Can you explain this omen?

Phys. A rainbow can only occur when the clouds containing, or depositing the rain are opposite the sun,—and in the evening the rainbow is in the east, and in the morning in the west; and as our heavy rains in this climate, are usually brought by the westerly winds, a westerly wind indicates that the bad weather is on the road, by the wind, to us; whereas the rainbow in the east proves that the rain in these clouds is passing from us.

Poict. I have often observed that when the swallows fly high, fine weather is to be expected or continued; but when they fly low, and close to the ground, rain is almost surely approaching. Can you account for this?

Hal. Swallows follow the flies and gnats, and flies and gnats usually delight in warm strata of air; and as warm air is lighter, and usually moister than cold air, when the warm strata are higher, there is less chance of moisture being thrown down by them by mixture with cold air; but when the warm and moist air is close to the surface, it is almost certain that as the cold air flows down into it, a deposition of water will take place.

Poict. I have often seen sea-gulls assemble on the land, and have almost always observed that very stormy and rainy weather was approaching. I conclude that these animals, sensible of a current of air approaching from the ocean, retire to the land to shelter themselves from the storm.

Orn. No such thing. The storm is their element; and the little petrel enjoys the heaviest gale, because, living on the smaller sea insects, he is sure to find his food in the spray of a heavy wave, and you may see him flitting above the edge of the highest surge. I believe that the reason of this migration of the sea-gulls, and other sea-birds, to the land, is their security of finding food; and they may be observed at this time, feeding greedily on the earth worms and larvæ, driven out of the ground by severe floods; and the fish on which they prey in fine weather in the sea, leave the sea and go deeper in storms. The search after food is the principal cause why animals change their places. The different tribes of the wading birds, always migrate when rain is about to take place; and I remember once, in Italy, having been long waiting, in the end of March, for the arrival of the double snipe in the Campagna of Rome, a great flight appeared on the third of April,

and the day after a heavy rain set in, which greatly interfered with my sport. The vulture, upon the same principle, follows armies; and I have no doubt that the augury of the ancients was a good deal founded upon the observation of the instincts of birds. There are many superstitions of the vulgar owing to the same source. For anglers, in spring, it is always unlucky to see single magpies, but *two* may be always regarded as a favorable omen; and the reason is, that in cold and stormy weather one magpie alone leaves the nest in search for food, the other remaining sitting on the eggs or the young ones; but when the two go out together, it is only when the weather is warm and mild, and favorable for fishing.

Poict. In the west of England, half a century ago, a particular hollow noise on the sea coast was referred to a spirit or goblin called Bacca, and was supposed to foretell a shipwreck: the philosopher knows that sound travels much faster than currents in the air, and the sound always foretold the approach of a very heavy storm, which seldom takes place on that wild and rocky coast, without a shipwreck on some part of its extensive shores, surrounded by the Atlantic.

Phys. All the instances of omens you have mentioned are founded on reason; but how can you explain such absurdities as Friday being an unlucky day, the terror of spilling salt, or meeting an old woman? I knew a man of very high dignity, who was exceedingly moved by these omens, and who never went out shooting without a bittern's claw fastened to his button-hole by a ribbon, which he thought insured him good luck.

Poict. These, as well as the omens of death-watches, dreams, etc., are for the most part founded upon some accidental coincidence; but the spilling of salt, on an uncommon occasion, may, as I have known it, arise from a disposition to apoplexy, shown by an incipient numbness in the hand, and may be a fatal symptom; and persons dispirited by bad omens, sometimes prepare the way for evil fortune; for confidence in success is a great means of insuring it. The dream of Brutus, before the field of Pharsalia, probably produced a species of irresolution and despondency which was the principal cause of his losing the battle: and I have heard that the illustrious sportsman to whom you referred just now, was always observed to shoot ill, because he shot carelessly, after his dispiriting omens.

Hal. I have in life met with a few things which I found it impossible to explain, either by chance coincidences or by natural connections; and I have known minds of a very superior class affected by them; persons in the habit of reasoning deeply and profoundly.

Phys. In my opinion profound minds are the most likely to think lightly of the resources of human reason; and it is the pert, superficial thinker who is generally strongest in every kind of unbelief. The deep philosopher sees chains of causes and effects so wonderfully and strangely linked together, that he is usually the last person to decide upon the impossibility of any two series of events being independent of each other; and in science, so many natural miracles, as it were, have been brought to light, such as the fall of stones from meteors in the atmosphere, the disarming of a thunder-cloud by a metallic point, the production of fire from ice by a metal as white as silver, and the referring certain laws of motion of the sea to the moon,—that the physical inquirer is seldom disposed to assert, confidently, on any abstruse subjects belonging to the order of natural things, and still less so on those relating to the more mysterious relations of moral events and intellectual natures.

SONNETS BY ALFIERI.

[Count Vittorio Alfieri, one of the most eminent Italian poets, was born at Asti, Piedmont, Jan. 17, 1749. He composed numerous tragedies, comedies, satires and lyric poems. Among the most celebrated of the tragedies, are *Virginia*, *Orestes*, *Abel*, *Mary Stuart*, *Octavia*, and *Saul*. He died Oct. 8, 1803. The following sonnets were translated by W. D. Howells.]

HE IMAGINES THE DEATH OF HIS LADY.

The sad bell that within my bosom aye
  Clamors and bids me still renew my tears,
Doth stun my senses and my soul bewray
  With wandering fantasies and cheating fears;
The gentle form of her that is but ta'en
  A little from my sight I seem to see
At life's bourn lying faint and pale with pain,—
  My love that to these tears abandons me.
"O my own true one, tenderly she cries,
  "I grieve for thee, love, that thou winnest naught

Save hapless life with all thy many sighs"
"Life? Never! Though thy blessed steps have taught
My feet the path in all well-doing, stay!—
At this last pass 'tis mine to lead the way."

HIS PORTRAIT.

Thou mirror of veracious speech sublime,
What I am like in soul and body show:
Red hair,—in front grown somewhat thin with time;
Tall stature, with an earthward head bowed low;
A meagre form, with two straight legs beneath;
An aspect good; white skin with eyes of blue;
A proper nose; fine lips and choicest teeth;
Face paler than a thronèd king's in hue;
Now hard and bitter, yielding now and mild;
Malignant never, passionate alway,
With mind and heart in endless strife embroiled;
Sad mostly, and then gayest of the gay.
Achilles now, Thersites in his turn:
Man, art thou great or vile? Die, and thou'lt learn!

ALFIERI.

PERSONAL MANNERS OF NAPOLEON I.

[PIERRE LANFREY, French historian and diplomatist, was born at Chambéry, Savoy, in 1828. His first work *The Church, and the Philosophers of the Eighteenth Century* (1857), made a marked impression, which was deepened by his subsequent writings. His great work is a *History of Napoleon I.*, which was left incomplete at the close of Vol. V., by the death of the author, Nov. 16, 1877.]

Grave, reserved, and silent as he [Napoleon] was at the time of his début, he, now that he had no longer to impose any restraint upon himself, spoke very loud and used many gestures. He expressed the most decided and absolute opinions with extreme volubility, and with an eloquence which he had created for himself, that was full of imagination, of glow and of fire, but that was also unequal and incoherent. None knew better than he how to be by times flattering and imperious, insinuating and haughty. But he had no moderation; whichever character he assumed, he assumed completely, as a man accustomed to dazzle, to subdue, to be always acting. He consequently easily became pompous when he wanted to be dignified, and vulgar when he wanted to be simple, often introducing a harlequin trick in the midst of a tirade after Talma.

There was no doubt a powerful seduction in his language, but it was a kind of armed speech which made his interlocutor suspicious, and overwhelmed without persuading him. The artifice, the calculation, the intention of laying hold of his opponent and drawing him along by the abundance, the accumulation, and impetuosity of his ideas were all too evident, and the result was that his conversation was most frequently only a long monologue. Men came away from the interview astonished, silenced, but not convinced. His natural violence was betrayed at every instant by vehement gesticulations and hasty expressions. What he wanted most was ease. He had none of the coolness, the simple and calm dignity, of a man who is master of himself, who says plainly what he means, and who knows what is due to others. This sublime player had one great defect in his style of acting—he allowed the immense contempt he felt for humanity to be too clearly seen. The courtesy that gives such a charm to social intercourse does not depend on insinuating manners; it is based upon respect for others; and when this respect is not felt, the great art is to be able to feign it.

Macaulay, in comparing Napoleon to Cæsar, very rightly says that Cæsar was greatly his superior on one point, he was a *perfect gentleman*. Talleyrand wittily expressed nearly the same thing when he said, "What a pity that such a great man should have been so badly brought up!"

If we may judge, not from the reports of his enemies, but from the disclosures of his most faithful and devoted servitors, Napoleon treated those who were admitted into his intimacy with a familiarity that no man who had any self-respect would have tolerated for a minute. Meneval, his former secretary, represents him as pulling the ears of his interlocutors, sometimes hard enough to make the blood flow, giving them a slap on the cheek, at times even sitting down on their knees. These acts of graciousness were marks of special kindness with him, and men of the highest rank were proud of such tokens of his favor. Such habits were calculated to produce stiffness in his manners with strangers. He was too familiar when he wished to please, and too stiffly declamatory when he wished to command respect.

FRIAR THOMAS AND HIS REFORMING CRUSADE.

[ENGUERRAND DE MONSTRELET, the celebrated chronicler, was born at Cambrai about 1390, and died July 20, 1453. He wrote a chronicle of the history of France from the year 1400 (where Froissart stops) to 1444.]

In this year, a friar called Thomas Conecte, a native of Brittany, and of the Carmelite order, was much celebrated through parts of Flanders, the Tournesis, Artois, Cambresis, Ternois, in the countries of Amiens and Ponthieu, for his preachings. In those towns where it was known he intended to preach, the chief burghers and inhabitants had erected for him in the handsomest square, a large scaffold, ornamented with the richest cloths and tapestries, on which was placed an altar, whereon he said mass, attended by some monks of his order, and his disciples. The greater part of these last followed him on foot wherever he went, he himself riding on a small mule.

Having said mass on this platform, he then preached long sermons, blaming the vices and sins of each individual, more especially those of the clergy. In like manner he blamed greatly the noble ladies, and all others who dressed their heads in so ridiculous a manner, and who expended such large sums on the luxuries of apparel. He was so vehement against them that no woman thus dressed dared to appear in his presence; for he was accustomed, when he saw any of them with such dress, to excite the little boys to torment and plague them, giving them certain days of pardon for so doing, and which he said he had the power of granting. He ordered the boys to shout after them, *Au hennin, au hennin!** even when the ladies were departed from him and from hearing his invectives; and the boys, pursuing them, endeavored to pull down these monstrous head-dresses, so that the ladies were forced to seek shelter in places of safety. These cries caused many tumults between those who raised them and the servants of the ladies.

Friar Thomas, nevertheless, continued his abuse and invectives so loudly, that no woman with high head-dresses any longer attended his sermons, but dressed in caps somewhat like those worn by peasants, and people of low degree. The ladies of rank, on their return from these sermons, were so much ashamed, by the abusive expressions of the preacher, that the greater part laid aside their head-dresses, and wore such as those of nuns. But this reform lasted not long, for like as snails, when any one passes by them, draw in their horns, and when all danger seems over put them forth again,—so these ladies, shortly after the preacher had quitted their country, forgetful of his doctrine and abuse, began to resume their former colossal head-dresses, and wore them even higher than before.

Friar Thomas, however, acquired very great renown in the towns wherein he preached, from all ranks of people, for the boldness and justness of his remonstrances, more especially for those addressed to the clergy. He was received wherever he went with as much respect and reverence by the nobles, clergy, and common people, as if he had been an apostle of our Lord Jesus Christ, sent from heaven to earth. He was followed by multitudes of people, and his mule was led by knights, or those of high rank, on foot to the house wherein he was to lodge, which was commonly that of the richest burgher in the town; and his disciples, of whom he had many, were distributed among the best houses; for it was esteemed a great favour when one of them lodged in the house of any individual.

When Friar Thomas arrived at his lodgings, he retired to a private chamber, and would not be visited by any but those of the family, except for a few moments. At the conclusion of his sermons, he earnestly admonished the audience, on the damnation of their souls and on pain of excommunication, to bring to him whatever backgammon-boards, chess-boards, ninepins, or other instruments for games of amusement, they might possess. In like manner did he order the women to bring their hennins,—and having caused a great fire to be lighted in front of his scaffold, he threw all these things into it. . . At his sermons he divided the women from the men by a cord; for he said he had observed some sly doings between them when he was preaching. He would not receive any money himself, nor permit any of the preachers who attended him to do so, but was satisfied if presents were made to him of rich church ornaments, if his disciples were

**Au hennin.* This was the name given by the preacher to those ridiculous colossal head-dresses worn by the ladies in the fifteenth century.

clothed, and his own expenses paid. The people were very happy in thus gratifying him. Many persons of note, in the conviction that to serve him would be a pious act, believing him to be a prudent and holy man, followed him everywhere, deserting their parents, wives, children, homes. In this number was the Lord d'Antoing, and some others of the nobility.

HERMANN AND DOROTHEA.

[George Henry Lewes, born in London, 18th April, 1817. Philosopher, biographer, and critic. His works are: *Life of Robespierre; Comte's Philosophy of the Sciences; The Spanish Drama:* Lope de Vega and Calderon; *Biographical History of Philosophy; Seaside Studies; Physiology of Common Life; Studies in Animal Life; Aristotle,* a chapter from the history of science; *History of Philosophy from Thales to Comte; On the Spinal Cord as a Centre of Sensation and Volition,* a paper read before the British Association for the Advancement of Science; *The Nervous System; Ranthorpe,* and *Rose, Blanche, and Violet,* two novels; *The Noble Heart,* a tragedy; and *The Life and Works of Goethe,* from which we quote. "A more faithful and life-like biography than this we have rarely read. The image of the living man is presented with much skill and much candour. Mr. Lewes speaks often of the "many sidedness of Goethe," and he shows his weak sides and dark sides as well as his great and brilliant ones."—*Literary Gazette.* Mr. Lewes was for several years the literary editor of the *Leader.* In 1865 he founded the *Fortnightly Review.* He died in 1878.]

The pleasure every one finds in making acquaintance with the original stories from which Shakspeare created his marvellous plays, is the pleasure of detecting how genius can improve upon the merest hint, and how with its own vital forces it converts lifeless material into immortal life. This pleasure also carries the conviction that there is no lack of subjects for an artist, if he have but the eye to see them. It shows us that great poets are not accustomed to cast about for subjects worthy of treatment; on the contrary, the merest hint is enough to form the nucleus of a splendid work: a random phrase will kindle a magnificent conception.

Very like the material offered by Bandello to Shakspeare is the material offered to Goethe by the old narrative[1] from which he created one of the most faultless of modern poems. Herein we learn how a rich and important citizen of Altmühl has in vain tried to persuade his son to marry. The Saltzburg emigrants pass through the town, and among them the son finds "a maiden who pleases him right well;" he inquires after her family and bringing up, and as all he hears is satisfactory, away he hies to his father, declaring that unless this Saltzburg maiden be given him, he will remain unmarried all his life. The father, aided by the pastor, tries to persuade him from such a resolution. But their efforts being vain, the pastor advises the father to give his consent, which is done. Away goes the son to the maiden, and asks her if she is willing to enter his father's domestic service. She accepts, and is presented to the father. But he, ignorant of his son's *ruse,* and believing he sees before him the betrothed, asks her whether she is fond of his son. The maiden thinks they are laughing at her, but on learning that they are serious in wishing her to belong to the family, declares herself quite ready, and draws from her bosom a purse containing 200 ducats, which she hands to her bridegroom as her dowry.

This is the story out of which grew *Hermann und Dorothea.* An ordinary story, in which the poet alone could see a poem; *what* he has seen, every reader of German literature well knows; and those to whom the poem is unknown must be content with the following analysis.

The epoch is changed to that of the French Revolution. The emigrants are driven from home by political events. The scene is on the right side of the Rhine. The streets of a quiet little village are noisy with unaccustomed movement; every one is crowding to see the sad procession of emigrants passing through, in the heat and dust of a summer afternoon. Mine Host of the Golden Lion, sitting at his doorway, marvels at such curiosity, but applauds the active benevolence of his wife, who has sent their son with linen, food and drink, to bestow upon the sufferers, "for to give is the duty of those who have."

And now are seen returning some of the curious. See how dusty their shoes! and how their faces are burning! They come back wiping the perspiration from their glowing faces; the old couple rejoice at having sat quiet at home, contenting themselves with what will be told them of the sight. Sure enough, here comes the pastor, and with him the apothecary; seating themselves on the wooden bench, they shake the dust off their shoes, and fan their

[1] *Das Liebthätige Gera gegen die Saltzburgischen Emigranten. Das ist: kurze und wahrhaftige Erzählung wie dieselben in der Gräflich Reuss Plauischen Residenz Stadt angekommen, aufgenommen, und versorget, auch was an und von vielen derselben Gutes gesehen und gehöret worden.* Leipzig: 1732.

hot faces with their handkerchiefs. They narrate what they have seen; and mine host, sighing, hopes his son will overtake the emigrants, and give them what has been sent. But the heat suggests to him that they should retire into the cool back parlour, and, out of the way of the flies, refresh themselves with a bottle of Rhine-wine. There, over the wine, mine host expresses his wish to see his son married. This is the whole of the first canto; and yet, slight as the material is, the wonderful objective treatment gives it substance. The fresh air of the country breathes from the verse.

In the second canto Hermann appears before his father and friends. The pastor's quick eye detects that he is returned an altered man. Hermann relates how he accomplished his mission. Overtaking the emigrants, he fell in with a cart drawn by oxen, wherein lay a poor woman beside the infant to which she had just given birth. Leading the oxen was a maiden, who came towards him with the calm confidence of a generous soul, and begged his aid for the poor woman whom she had just assisted in her travail. Touched with pity, and feeling at once that this maiden was the best person to distribute justly the aid he had brought, Hermann gave it all into her hands. They parted, she gratefully pursuing her sad journey, he thoughtfully returning home. Love has leaped into his heart, and, by the light of his smile, the pastor sees he is an altered man.

On hearing his tale, the apothecary hugs himself with the consolation of not having wife and children to make him anxious in these anxious times; "the single man escapes the easiest." But Hermann reproves him, asking, "Is it well that a man should feel himself alone in joy and sorrow, not understanding how to share these joys and sorrows? I never was so willing to marry as to-day; for many a good maiden needs the protection of a husband, and many a man needs the bright consolation of a wife, in the shadow of misfortune." Hereupon the father, smiling, exclaims, "I hear you with pleasure; such a sensible word you have seldom uttered." And his mother also applauds him, referring to her marriage as an example. Memory travels back complacently to the day of her betrothal. It was in the midst of misfortune—a fire had destroyed all their property—but in that hour of misfortune their union was decided. The father here breaks in, and says the story is true, but evidently wishes to warn his son from any imitation of his own venture. With admirable art and humour his fatherly anxiety is depicted. He married a girl who had nothing when he himself had nothing; but now, when he is old and well to do in the world, this idea of beginning life upon no solid foundation of fortune is alarming to him. He paints the difficulties of keeping house, the advantages of fortune, and concludes with a decisive intimation to Hermann that he expects a rich daughter-in-law to be brought into the house. He indicates the daughters of a rich neighbour, and wishes Hermann to select one. But Hermann has not only a new love in his heart, he has an old repugnance to these rich neighbours, who mocked his simplicity, and ridiculed him because he was not as familiar with the personages of an opera as they were. This enrages his father, who upbraids him for being a mere peasant without culture, and who angrily declares he will have no peasant-girl brought into the house as his daughter-in-law, but a girl who can play the piano, and who can draw around her the finest people of the town. Hermann, in silence, quits the room; and thus closes the second canto.

The third canto carries on the story. Mine host continues his angry eloquence. It is his opinion that the son should always rise higher in the social scale than the father: for what would become of the house, or the nation, without this constant progress? "You are always unjust to your son," replies the mother, "and thus frustrate your own wishes. We must not hope to form children after our notions. As God has given them us, so must we have them and love them, bring them up as best we can, and let them have their own disposition. For some have this and others that gift. One is happy in one way, another in another. I won't have my Hermann abused. He is an excellent creature. But with daily snubbing and blame you crush his spirit." And away she goes to seek her son. "A wonderful race the women," says the host, smiling, as his wife departs, "just like children. They all want to live after their own fashion, and yet be praised and caressed!" The old apothecary, carrying out the host's argument respecting the continual improvement of one's station, happily displays his character by a speech of quiet humour, describing his own anxiety to improve the appearance of his house, and how he has always been hindered by the fear of the expense. The contrast of characters in this poem is of the finest and sharpest: mother and father, pastor and apothecary, all stand before us in distinctive, yet unobtrusive individuality, such as only the perfection of art achieves.

In the fourth canto, the mother seeks her son. The description of this search is a strik-

ing specimen of Goethe's descriptive poetry, being a series of pictures without a metaphor, without an image, without any of the picturesque aids which most poets employ; and yet it is vivid and picturesque in the highest degree. I wish I dared quote it. But the reader of German can seek it in the original; and translation is more than ever unjust to a poet, where style is in question.

In the stable she seeks him, expecting to find him with his favourite stallion; then she goes into the garden (not omitting to set up the tree-props and brush the caterpillars from the cabbages, like a careful housewife as she is!), then through the vineyard until she finds him seated under the pear-tree, in tears. A charming scene takes place between them. Hermann declares his intention of setting off in defence of fatherland; he is eloquent on the duties of citizens to give their blood for their country. But the mother knows very well it is no political enthusiasm thus suddenly moving him to quit his home; she has divined his love for Dorothea, the maiden whom he met among the emigrants; she questions him, and receives his confidence. Yes, it is because he loves Dorothea, and because his father has forbidden him to think of any but a rich bride, that he is about to depart. His father has always been unjust to him. Here interposes the mother; persuades Hermann to make the first advances to his father, certain that the paternal anger is mere hasty words, and that the dearest wish of Hermann's heart will not be disregarded. She brings him back with these hopes.

In the fifth canto the friends are still sipping from green glasses the cool Rhine-wine, and arguing the old question. To them enter mother and son. She reminds her husband how often they have looked forward to the day when Hermann should make choice of a bride. That day has arrived. He has chosen the Emigrant maiden. Mine host hears this in ominous stillness. The pastor rises, and heartily backs Hermann in his prayer. He looks upon this choice as an inspiration from above, and knows Hermann well enough to trust him in such a choice. The father is still silent. The apothecary, cautious ever, suggests a middle course. He does not trust implicitly in these inspirations from above. He proposes to inquire into the character of the maiden, and as he is not easily to be deceived, he undertakes to bring back a true report. I need scarcely point out the superiority of this treatment of the old story, wherein the lover first inquires into the character of the maiden, and then makes up his mind to have her. Hermann needs no inquiry—but neither does he shirk it. He urges the apothecary to set off, and take the pastor with him, two such experienced men being certain to detect the truth. For himself he is sure of the result. Mine host, finding wife and friends against him, consents, on a worthy report being brought by pastor and apothecary, to call Dorothea his daughter. The two commissioners seat themselves in the cart, and Hermann, mounting the box, drives them swiftly to the village. Arriving there, they get out. Hermann describes Dorothea, that they may recognize her; and awaits their return. Very graphic is the picture of this village, where the wanderers are crowded in barns and gardens, the streets blocked up with carts, men noisily attending to the lowing cows and horses, women busily washing and drying on every hedge, while the children dabble in the stream. Through this crowd the two friends wander, and witness a quarrel, which is silenced by an old magistrate, who afterwards gives them satisfactory details about Dorothea. This episode is full of happy touches and thoughtful poetry. The friends return joyful to Hermann, and tell him he may take Dorothea home. But while they have been inquiring about her, he, here on the threshold of his fate, has been torturing himself with doubts as to whether Dorothea will accept him. She may love another; what is more probable? She may refuse to come with them into a strange house. He begs them to drive home without him. He will alone ask Dorothea, and return on foot with her if she consent. The pastor takes the reins, but the cautious apothecary, willing enough to entrust the pastor with the care of his soul, has misgivings about his power of saving his body. The pastor reassures him, and they disappear in a cloud of dust, leaving Hermann to gaze after them motionless, fixed in thought.

The next two cantos are exquisitely poetical. As Hermann stands by the spring, he sees Dorothea coming with a water-jug in each hand. He approaches her, and she smiles a friendly smile at his approach. He asks why she comes so far from the village to fetch water. She answers that her trouble is well repaid if only because it enables her to see and thank him for the kindness he has shown to the sufferers; but also adds that the improvident men have allowed oxen and horses to walk into the streams, and so disturb all the water of the village. They then pass to the well, and sit upon the wall which protects it. She stoops, and dips a jug in the water; he takes

the other jug and dips it also, and they see the image of themselves mirrored in the wavering blue of the reflected heavens, and they nod and greet each other in the friendly mirror. "Let me drink," says the joyous youth. And she holds the jug for him. Then they rest leaning upon the jugs in sweet confidence.

She then asks him what has brought him here. He looks into her eyes and feels happy, but dares not trust himself with the avowal. He endeavours to make her understand it in an indirect recital of the need there is at home for a young and active woman to look after the house and his parents. She thinks he means to ask her to come as servant in his house, and, being alone in the world, gladly consents. When he perceives her mistake he is afraid to undeceive her, and thinks it better to take her home and gain her affection there. "But let us go," she exclaims, "girls are always blamed who stay long at the fountain in gossip." They stand up, and once more look back into the well to see their images meeting in its water, and "sweet desires possess them."

He accompanies her to the village, and witnesses, in the affection all bear to Dorothea, the best sign that his heart has judged aright. She takes leave of them all, and sets forth with Hermann, followed by the blessings and handkerchief-wavings of the emigrants. In silence they walk towards the setting sun, which tinges the storm-clouds threatening in the distance. On the way she asks him to describe the characters of those she is going to serve. He sketches father and mother. "And how am I to treat you, you the only son to my future master?" she asks. By this time they have reached the pear-tree, and the moon is shining overhead. He takes her hand, answering, "Ask your heart, and follow all it tells you." But he can go no further in his declaration, fearing to draw upon himself a refusal. In silence they sit awhile and look upon the moon. She sees a window—it is Hermann's, who hopes it will soon be hers. They rise to continue their course, her foot slips, she falls into his arms; breast against breast, cheek against cheek, they remain a moment, he not daring to press her to him, merely supporting her. In a few minutes more they enter the house.

The charm of these cantos, as indeed of the whole poem, cannot of course be divined from the analysis I am making; the perfume of a violet is not to be found in the description of the violet. But with all drawbacks, the analysis enables a reader of imagination to form a better conception of the poem than he would form from an æsthetical discussion such as philosophical criticism indulges in. With this caveat let our analysis proceed. The mother is uneasy at this long absence of Hermann; comes in and out, noting the appearances of the storm, and is rather sharp in her blame of the two friends for leaving him without securing the maiden. The apothecary narrates how he was taught patience in youth; and, the door opening, presents the young couple to their glad eyes. Hermann introduces her, but tells the pastor aside that as yet there has been no talk of marriage; she only supposes her place to be that of servant. The host, wishing to be gallant, goes at once to the point, treats her as his daughter, and compliments her on her taste in having chosen his son. She blushes, is pained, and replies with some reproach that for such a greeting she was unprepared. With tears in her eyes she paints her forlorn condition, and the secret escapes her, that, touched by Hermann's generosity and noble bearing, she really has begun to feel the love for him they twit her with; but having made that confession, of course she can no longer stay; and she is departing with grief in her heart when the mistake is cleared up; she is accepted, dowerless, by them all, and Hermann, in pressing her to his heart, feels prepared for the noble struggle of life.

Such is the story of *Hermann und Dorothea*, which is written in Homeric hexameters, with Homeric simplicity. In the ordinary course of things, I should be called upon to give some verdict on the much-vexed question as to whether, properly speaking, this poem is an epic or an idyll, or, by way of compromise, an idyllic epic. The critics are copious in distinctions and classifications. They tell us in what consists the epos proper, which they distinguish from the romantic epos, and from the bourgeois epos; and then these heavy batteries are brought to bear on *Hermann und Dorothea*. Well! if these discussions gratify the mind, and further any of the purposes of literature, let those whose bent lies that way occupy themselves therewith. To me it seems idle to trouble oneself whether *Hermann und Dorothea* is or is not an epic, or what kind of epic it should be called. It is a poem. One cannot say more for it. If it be unlike all other poems, there is no harm in that; if it resemble some other poems, the resemblance does not enhance its charm. Let us accept it for what it is, a poem full of life, character, and beauty; simple in its materials, astonish-

ingly simple in its handling; written in obvious imitation of Homer, and yet preserving throughout the most modern colour and sentiment. Of all idylls, it is the most truly idyllic. Of all poems describing country life and country people, it is the most truthful; and on comparing it with Theocritus or Virgil, with Guarini or Tasso, with Florian or Delille, with Gesner or Thomson, the critic will note with interest its absence of poetic ornamentation, its freedom from all "idealization." Its peasants are not such as have been fashioned in Dresden china, or have solicited the palette of Lancret and Watteau; but are as true as poetry can represent them. The characters are wonderfully drawn, with a few decisive unobtrusive touches. Shakspeare himself is not more dramatic in the presentation of character. The host, his wife, the pastor, the old cautious apothecary, stand before us in all their humours. Hermann, the stalwart peasant, frank, simple, and shy, and Dorothea, the healthy, affectionate, robust, simple peasant girl, are ideal characters in the best sense, viz. in the purity of nature. Those "ideal peasants" with Grecian features and irreproachable linen, so loved of bad painters and poor poets, were not at all the figures Goethe cared to draw; he had faith in nature, which would not allow him to idealize.

Very noteworthy is it that he, like Walter Scott, could find a real pleasure in talking with the common people, such as astonished his daughter-in-law (from whom, among others, I learned the fact), who could not comprehend what pleasure this great intellect found in conversation with an old woman baking her bread, or an old carpenter planing a fir-plank. He would talk with his coachman, pointing out to him the peculiarities of the scenery, and delighting in his remarks. Stately and silent as he often was to travelling bores, and to literary men with no ideas beyond the circle of books, he was loquacious and interested whenever one of the people came in his way; and the secret of this was his abiding interest in every individuality. A carpenter, who was a carpenter, interested him; but the carpenter in Sunday clothes, aping the bourgeois, would have found him as silent and stately as every other pretender found him. What Scott gathered from his intercourse with the people, everyone knows who has noticed the rich soil of humour on which Scott's antiquarian fancies are planted; what Goethe gathered from the same source may be read in most of his works, especially in *Hermann und Dorothea, Faust*, and *Wilhelm Meister*.

"NIGHT TEACHETH KNOWLEDGE."

When I survay the bright
Cœlestiall spheare:
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appeare:

My soule her wings doth spread,
And heaven-ward flies,
The Almighty's mysteries to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
Shootes forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

No unregarded star
Contracts its light
Into so small a character,
Removed far from our humane sight;

But if we stedfast looke
We shall discerne
In it, as in some holy booke,
How man may heavenly knowledge learne.

It tells the conqueror,
That farre-stretcht powre,
Which his proud dangers traffique for,
Is but the triumph of an houre.

That from the farthest North,
Some nation may,
Yet undiscovered, issue forth,
And ore his new got conquest sway.

Some nation yet shut in
With hils of ice
May be let out to scourge his sinne,
Till they shall equall him in vice.

And then they likewise shall
Their ruine have;
For as your selves your empires fall,
And every kingdome hath a grave.

Thus those cœlestiall fires,
Though seeming mute,
The fallacie of our desires
And all the pride of life confute.

For they have watcht since first
The world had birth:
And found sinne in it selfe accurst,
And nothing permanent on earth.

WILLIAM HABINGTON (1635).

GUESSES AT TRUTH.

BY TWO BROTHERS.

[**Augustus William Hare**, born in Rome, 17th November, 1792; died there, 18th February, 1834. Educated at Oxford; appointed in 1829 to the living of Alton Barnes, Wiltshire.—*Sermons to a Country Congregation.*

Julius Charles Hare, born near Vicenza, 13th September, 1795; died at Hurstmonceux, Sussex, 23d January, 1855. Educated at Cambridge, and became rector of Hurstmonceux and archdeacon of Lewes. He translated, in conjunction with Thirlwall, Niebuhr's *History of Rome;* he contributed to the principal reviews, and edited the *Essays and Tales* of John Sterling, who was his curate for a short time. His most successful works were his sermons and charges, and the *Guesses at Truth*, written in conjunction with his brother Augustus. This book maintains extensive popularity: the "Guesses" of the archdeacon are signed U. (Macmillan & Co., publishers.)]

Were we merely the creatures of outward impulses, what would faces of joy be but so many glaciers, on which the seeming smile of happiness at sunrise is only a flinging back of the rays they appear to be greeting, from frozen and impassive heads?

It is with flowers, as with moral qualities: the bright are sometimes poisonous; but, I believe, never the sweet.

Picturesqueness is that quality in objects which fits them for making a good picture; and it refers to the appearances of things in form and colour, more than to their accidental associations. Rembrandt would have been right in painting turbans and Spanish cloaks, though the Cid had been a scrivener, Cortez had sold sugar, and Mahomet had been notorious for setting up a drug-shop instead of a religion.

It is a proof of our natural bias to evil, that gain is slower and harder than loss, in all things good: but, in all things bad, getting is quicker and easier than getting rid of.

It is with great men as with high mountains. They oppress us with awe when we stand under them: they disappoint our insatiable imaginations when we are nigh, but not quite close to them: and then, the further we recede from them, the more astonishing they appear; until their bases being concealed by intervening objects, they at one moment seem miraculously lifted above the earth, and the next strike our fancies as let down from heaven.

The apparent and the real progress of human affairs are both well illustrated in a waterfall; where the same noisy, bubbling eddies continue for months and years, though the water which froths in them changes every moment. But as every drop in its passage tends to loosen and detach some particle of the channel, the stream is working a change all the time in the appearance of the fall, by altering its bed, and so subjecting the river during its descent to a new set of percussions and reverberations.

And what, when at last effected, is the consequence of this change? The foam breaks into shapes somewhat different: but the noise, the bubbling, and the eddies are just as violent as before.

Leaves are light, and useless, and idle, and wavering, and changeable: they even dance: yet God has made them part of the oak. In so doing he has given us a lesson not to deny the stout-heartedness within, because we see the lightsomeness without.

How disproportionate are men's projects and means! To raise a single church to a single apostle, the monuments of antiquity were ransacked, and forgiveness of sins was doled out at a price. Yet its principal gate has been left unfinished; and its holy of holies is encrusted with stucco.

Handsomeness is the more animal excellence, beauty the more imaginative. A handsome Madonna I cannot conceive, and never saw a handsome Venus: but I have seen many a handsome country girl, and a few very handsome ladies.

There would not be half the difficulty in doing right, but for the frequent occurrence of cases where the lesser virtues are on the side of wrong.

Curiosity is little more than another name for hope.

Since the generality of persons act from impulse, much more than from principle, men are neither so good nor so bad as we are apt to think them.

You want to double your riches, and without gambling or stock-jobbing. Share it. Whether it be material or intellectual, its rapid increase will amaze you. What would the sun have been, had he folded himself up in darkness? Surely he would have gone out. So would Socrates.

This road to wealth seems to have been dis-

covered some three thousand years ago. At least it was known to Hesiod, and has been recommended by him in the one precious line he has left us. But even he complains of the fools, who did not know that half is more than the whole. And ever since, though mankind have always been in full chase after riches, though they have not feared to follow Columbus and Gama in chase of it, though they have waded through blood, and crept through falsehood, and trampled on their own hearts, and been ready to ride on a broomstick, in chase of it, very few have ever taken this road, albeit the easiest, the shortest, and the surest. U.

One of the first things a soldier has to do, is to harden himself against heat and cold. He must inure himself to bear sudden and violent changes. In like manner they who enter into public life should begin by dulling their sensitiveness to praise and blame. He who cannot turn his back on the one, and face the other, will probably be beguiled by his favourite into letting his enemy come behind him, and wound him when off his guard. Let him keep a firm footing, and beware of being lifted up, remembering that this is the commonest trick by which wrestlers throw their antagonists. U.

Gratification is distinct from happiness in the common apprehension of mankind; and so is selfishness from wisdom. But passion in its blindness disregards, or rather speaks as if it disregarded, the first distinction; and sophists, taking advantage of this, confound the last. Their confusion, however, is worse confounded. For it is not every gratification that is selfish, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, which implies blame and sin; but such only as is undue or inordinate, whether in kind or degree. Never was a man called selfish for quenching his thirst with water, where water was not scarce; many a man has been justly, for drinking champagne. The argument then, if unravelled into a syllogism, would hang together thus:

Some gratifications are selfish:
No gratification is happiness:
therefore,
All happiness is selfish.

I am not surprised that these gentlemen speak ill of logic.

Misers are the greatest spendthrifts: and spendthrifts often end in becoming the greatest misers. U.

The principle gives birth to the rule: the motive may justify the exception.

A WET SHEET AND A FLOWING SEA.

BY ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail,
And bends the gallant mast!
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While, like the eagle free,
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the swelling breeze,
And white waves heaving high:
The white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free;
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
And hark the music, mariners!
The wind is wakening loud.
The wind is wakening loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
The hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

A PRAYER.

O beauteous God! uncircumscribed treasure
Of an eternal pleasure!
Thy throne is seated far
Above the highest star;
Where thou preparest a glorious place
Within the brightness of thy face,
For every spirit
To inherit,
That builds his hopes upon thy merit;
And loves thee with an holy charity.
What ravish'd heart, seraphic tongues, or eyes
Clear as the morning's rise,
Can speak, or think, or see
That bright eternity,
Where the great King's transparent throne
Is of an entire jasper-stone.
When thou dost bind thy jewels up, that day
Remember us, we pray;
That where the beryl lies,
And the crystal 'bove the skies,
There thou may'st appoint us place,
Within the brightness of thy face;
And our soul
In the scroul
Of life and blissfulness enroul,
That we may praise thee to eternity.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

GIL BLAS AND THE ROBBERS.

[**Alain Rene Le Sage**, born near Vannes, Brittany, 1668; died at Boulogne, 1746–7. He wrote a number of comedies and farces, chiefly adaptations from the Spanish; he earned an undying reputation by two works—*Le Diable Boiteux* ("The Devil on Two Sticks"), and *Gil Blas of Santillane*. They were translated into English by Smollet, and it is from his version that the following adventure is quoted. Gil Blas, on his way to Salamanca in search of fortune, was alarmed at an inn by a rascally carrier, who declares he has been robbed and that he will have everybody arrested. Gil Blas and several others took to flight in different directions.]

I arrived at last at the border of a wood, and was just going into it when all of a sudden two men on horseback appeared before me and called, "Who goes there?" As my surprise hindered me from making immediate answer, they advanced; and each clapping a pistol to my throat, commanded me to tell who I was, whence I came, my business in the forest, and, above all things, to hide nothing from them. To these interrogations, the manner of which seemed to me equal to the rack with which the carrier had threatened us, I replied, that I was a lad of Oviedo, going to Salamanca; recounted the alarm we had undergone, and confessed that the fear of being put to the torture had induced me to run away. They burst out into a loud laugh at this discovery, which manifested the simplicity of my heart, and one of them said, "Take courage, friend; come along with us, and fear nothing; we will put thee in a place of safety." So saying he made me get up behind him, and then we retreated into the wood.

Though I did not know what to make of this rencontre, I did not presage anything bad from it; "for," said I to myself, "if these people were thieves, they would have robbed, and perhaps murdered me at once; they must certainly be honest gentlemen, who live hard by, and who, seeing me in a panic, have pity on my condition, and carry me home with them out of charity."

But I did not long remain in suspense; for, after several windings and turnings, which we performed in great silence, we came to the foot of a hill, where we alighted, and one of the horsemen said to me—

"This is our dwelling-place."

I looked around, but could perceive neither house, hut, nor the least appearance of any habitation; nevertheless, these two men lifted up a huge wooden trap-door, covered with earth and brambles, which concealed the entrance of a long shelving passage under ground, into which the horses went of themselves, like beasts that were used to it; while the cavaliers, taking the same path, made me follow them; then lowering the cover, with cords fastened to the inside for that purpose, behold the worthy kinsman of my uncle Perez caught like a mouse in a trap!

I now discovered my situation, and any one may easily believe that this discovery effectually dispelled my former fear: a terror more mighty and better founded took possession of my soul! I laid my account with losing my life as well as my ducats; and looking upon myself as a victim led to the altar, walked (more dead than alive) between my two conductors, who, feeling me tremble, exhorted me in vain to fear nothing. When we had gone about two hundred paces, turning and descending all the way, we entered into a stable, lighted by two great iron lamps hanging from the arch above. Here I saw plenty of straw, and a good many casks full of provender: there was room enough for twenty horses, but at that time there were only the two that we brought along with us, which an old negro, who seemed vigorous for his years, was tying to a rack. We went out of the stable, and by the dismal glimmer of some lamps, that seemed to enlighten the place only to show the horrors of it, came to a kitchen, where an old cook-maid was busy in broiling steaks and providing for supper. The kitchen was adorned with all necessary utensils; and hard by there was a larder stored with all sorts of provisions. The cook (for I must draw her picture) was a person somewhat turned of sixty: in her youth the hair of her head had been red as a carrot, for time had not as yet so much bleached it, but that one might still perceive some shades of its primitive colour; she had an olive complexion, a chin pointed and prominent, with lips fallen in, a huge aquiline nose that hung over her mouth, and eyes that flamed in purple.

"Well, Dame Leonarda," said one of the gentlemen, presenting me to this fair angel of darkness, "here's a young man we have brought for you." Then turning to me, and observing me pale and dismayed—"Friend," said he, "banish thy fear, we will do thee no harm. Having occasion for a servant to assist our cook-maid, we met with thee, and happy it is for thee we did: thou shalt here supply the place of a young fellow who let himself die about fifteen days ago; he was a lad of a very delicate complexion, but thou seemest to be more robust, and wilt not die so soon; indeed, thou wilt never see the light of the sun again;

but in lieu of that, thou shalt have good cheer and a rousing fire. Thou shalt pass thy time with Leonarda, who is a very gentle creature, and enjoy all thy little conveniences. I will show thee," added he, "that thou hast not got among beggars."

With these words he took up a flambeau, and bidding me follow him, carried me into a cellar, where I saw an infinite number of bottles and jars well corked, which, he told me, were filled with excellent wine. He afterwards made me pass through divers apartments, some of which contained bales of linen, others of silks and stuffs; in one I perceived gold and silver, and a great quantity of plate in different cupboards. Then I followed him into a large hall, illuminated by three branches of copper, which also gave light to the rooms that communicated with it: here he put fresh questions to me, asked my name and reason for leaving Oviedo, and when I had satisfied his curiosity in these particulars —

"Well, Gil Blas," said he, "since thy design in quitting the place of thy nativity was to obtain some good post, thou must certainly have been born with a caul upon thy head, seeing thou hast fallen into our hands. I have already told thee that thou shalt live here in affluence, and roll upon gold and silver; nay, more, thou shalt be safe; for such is the contrivance of this retreat, that the officers of the Holy Brotherhood may come into the wood an hundred times without discovering it. The entry is unknown to every living soul except me and my comrades: perhaps thou wilt wonder how it could be executed without being perceived by the people in the neighbourhood. Know, then, my lad, that this is not a work of our hands, but was made many years ago; for, after the Moors had got possession of Grenada, Arragon, and almost the whole of Spain, the Christians, rather than submit to the yoke of infidels, fled, and concealed themselves in this country, in Biscay, and in the Asturies, whither the valiant Don Pelagio retired: fugitives, and dispersed in small numbers, they lived in mountains and woods, some lurked in caves, and others contrived many subterranean abodes, of which number this is one. Having afterwards been so lucky as to drive their enemies out of Spain, they returned into the towns; and, since that time, their retreats have served for asylums to people of our profession. It is true, indeed, the Holy Brotherhood[1] have discovered and destroyed some of them; but there are still plenty remaining, and, thank Heaven, I have lived here in safety near fifteen years; my name is Captain Rolando; I am chief of the company, and he whom thou sawest with me is one of my gang."

Signior Rolando had scarce done speaking, when six new faces appeared in the hall; these were the lieutenant with five of the company, who returned loaded with booty, which consisted of two hampers full of sugar, cinnamon, pepper, dried figs, almonds, and raisins. The lieutenant addressing himself to the captain, told him that he had taken these hampers from a grocer of Benavento, whose mule he had also carried off. When he had given an account of his expedition to his superior, the pillage of the grocer was ordered into the store, and it was unanimously agreed to make merry. A table being covered in the great hall, I was sent back into the kitchen, where Dame Leonarda instructed me in the nature of my office; and, yielding to necessity (since my cruel fate had so ordained), I suppressed my sorrow and prepared myself for the service of those worthy gentlemen.

My first essay was on the side-board, which I adorned with silver cups and many stone bottles of that good wine which Signior Rolando praised so much. I afterwards brought in two ragouts, which were no sooner served than the whole company sat down to eat. They began with a good appetite, while I stood behind, ready to supply them with wine, and acquitted myself so handsomely, that I had the honour to be complimented upon my behaviour. The captain recounted my story in a few words, which afforded a good deal of diversion, and afterwards observed that I did not want merit; but I was at that time cured of my vanity, and could hear myself praised without danger. Not one of them was silent on the subject; they said, I seemed born to be their cup-bearer; that I was worth an hundred of my predecessor; and although Dame Leonarda (since his death) had been honoured with the office of presenting nectar to these infernal gods, they divested her of that glorious employment, in which they installed me, like a young Ganymede succeeding an ancient Hebe.

When the captain of the thieves went to bed, and I returned into the hall, where I uncovered the table and put everything in order; from thence I went into the kitchen, where Domingo (so was the old negro called) expected me to supper. Though I had no appetite, I sat down with them; but as I could not eat, and appeared as melancholy as I had cause to be so,

[1] The Holy Brotherhood in Spain, called *la Santa Hermandad*, was formerly an association to suppress robbers in times of civil commotion.

these two apparitions, equally qualified, undertook to give me consolation.

"Why do you afflict yourself, child?" said the old lady, "you ought rather to rejoice at your good fortune. You are young, and seem to be of an easy temper, consequently would have been, in a little time, lost in the world, whereas here your innocence finds a secure haven."

"Dame Leonarda is in the right," said the old blackamoor, with great gravity; "and let me add, the world is full of affliction; thank Heaven, therefore, my friend, for having delivered thee all at once from the dangers, difficulties, and misery of life."

I bore their discourse with patience, because to fret myself would have done me no service; at last Domingo, having eaten and drunk plentifully, retired into the stable; while Leonarda, with a lamp in her hand, conducted me into a vault, which served as a burying-place to the robbers who died a natural death, and in which I perceived a miserable truckle-bed, that looked more like a tomb than a couch.

"Here is your bed-chamber," said she, "the lad, whose place you have the good fortune to supply, slept here as long as he lived amongst us, and now that he is dead rests in the same place. He slipped away in the flower of his age; I hope you will not be so simple as to follow his example."

So saying she put the light into my hand and returned into her kitchen; while I, setting the lamp upon the ground, threw myself upon the bed, not so much in expectation of enjoying the least repose, as with a view to indulge my melancholy reflections.

"O Heavens!" cried I, "was ever destiny so terrible as mine! I am banished from the sight of the sun; and, as if it was not enough to be buried alive at the age of eighteen, I am moreover condemned to serve thieves, to spend the day among highwaymen, and the night among the dead!"

I wept bitterly over these suggestions, which seemed to me, and were, in effect, extremely shocking. A thousand times I cursed my uncle's design of sending me to Salamanca; I repented of my flying from justice at Cacabelos, and even wished I had submitted to the torture. But recollecting that I consumed myself in vain complaints to no purpose, I began to think of some means by which I might escape.

"What," said I to myself, "is it then impossible to deliver myself! the thieves are asleep; the cook-maid and negro will be in the same condition presently: cannot I, while they are all quiet, by the help of my lamp, find out the passage through which I descended into this infernal abode! It is true, indeed, I don't think myself strong enough to lift the trap-door that covers the entry; but, however, that I may have nothing to reproach myself with, I will try; my despair will, perhaps, supply me with strength, and who knows but I may accomplish it!"

Having then projected this great design, I got up, when I imagined Leonarda and Domingo were at rest, and taking the lamp in my hand, went out to the vault, recommending myself to all the saints in heaven. It was not without great difficulty that I found again all the windings of this new labyrinth, and arrived at the door of the stable, where, at last, perceiving the passage I was in search of, I went into it, advancing towards the trap with as much nimbleness as joy; but, alas, in the middle of the entry I met with a cursed iron gate, fast locked, and consisting of strong bars, so close to one another that I could scarce thrust my hand between them. I was confounded at the sight of this new obstacle, which I had not observed when I came in, the grate being then open: I did not fail, however, to feel the bars and examine the lock, which I even attempted to force; when, all of a sudden I felt across my shoulders five or six lusty thwacks; upon which I uttered such a dreadful yell that the whole cavern echoed with the sound, and looking behind me, perceived the old negro in his shirt, with a dark lantern in one hand, and the instrument of his execution in the other.

"Ah, ha! Mr. Jackanapes," said he, "you want to make your escape, hah! You must not imagine that I am to be caught napping. I heard you all the while. I suppose you thought the grate was open, didn't you? Know, my boy, that henceforth thou shalt always find it shut; and that, when we detain anybody here, against his inclination, he must be more cunning than thou, if ever he gets off."

In the meantime, two or three of the thieves, starting out of their sleep at the noise of my cries, and believing that the Holy Brotherhood was coming souse upon them, got up in a hurry and alarmed their companions. In an instant all were a-foot; and seizing their swords and carbines, advanced half-naked to the place where Domingo chastised me; but they no sooner understood the cause of the noise they had heard, than their uneasiness was changed into fits of laughter.

"How, Gil Blas!" said the apostate thief to me, "thou hast not been here six hours, and want'st to take thy leave of us already! Sure thou must have a great aversion to a retired life, hah? What wouldst thou do if thou wert a Carthusian friar? Go to bed; thou art quit for once on account of the stripes Domingo has bestowed on thee; but if ever thou shouldst make another effort to escape, by St. Bartholomew, we will flay thee alive."

This said, he withdrew; the other thieves retired into their apartments; the old negro, proud of his exploit, returned into his stable, and I sneaked back to my Golgotha, where I spent the remaining part of the night in sighs and tears.

During the first days of my captivity I was like to sink under the sorrow that oppressed me, and might have been said to die by inches; but at last my good genius inspired me with the resolution to dissemble; I affected to appear less sad than usual; I began to laugh and sing, though with an aching heart. In a word, I counterfeited so well, that Leonarda and Domingo were deceived, and believed that the bird was at last reconciled to his cage. The robbers were of the same opinion; for I assumed a gay air when I filled wine for them, and mingled in their conversation whenever I found an opportunity of acting the buffoon. This freedom, far from displeasing, afforded them diversion.

"Gil Blas," said the captain to me one evening, while I entertained them in this manner, "thou hast done well, my lad, to banish thy melancholy; I am charmed with thy wit and humour; I find people are not known all at once, for I did not think thou hadst been so sprightly and good-natured."

The rest joined also in my praise, and appeared so well satisfied with me, that, taking advantage of this good disposition—

"Gentlemen," said I, "allow me to tell my mind; since my abode in this place, I find myself quite another sort of a person than heretofore. You have divested me of the prejudices of education and I insensibly imbibe your disposition; I have a taste for your profession, and a longing desire of being honoured with the name of your companion, and of sharing the dangers of your expeditions."

All the company approved of my discourse and commended my forwardness, so that it was unanimously resolved to let me serve a little longer in order to approve myself worthy, then carry me out in their excursions; after which I should obtain the honourable place I demanded.

Well, then, I was obliged to persist in my dissimulation and exercise the post of cupbearer still, a circumstance that mortified me extremely; for my design in aspiring to the honour of becoming a thief, was only to have the liberty of taking the air with the rest, in hopes that one day I should be able to escape from them in the course of their expeditions. This hope alone supported my life; but nevertheless appeared so distant, that I tried more than once to baffle the vigilance of Domingo, though it was never in my power, he being always so much upon his guard, that I would have defied a hundred Orpheuses to charm such a Cerberus. It is true, indeed, I did not do all that I could have done to beguile him, lest I should have wakened his suspicion, for he had a hawk's eye over me, and I was obliged to act with the utmost circumspection, that I might not betray myself. I therefore resigned myself to my fate, until the time should be expired that was prescribed by the robbers for receiving me into their gang, and this event I expected as impatiently as if I had been to be enrolled in a list of commissioners.

Heaven be praised! in six months that time arrived; when Signior Rolando, addressing himself to his company, said—

"Gentlemen, we must keep our word with Gil Blas; I have no bad opinion of that young fellow, and I hope we shall make something of him; it is therefore my opinion that we carry him along with us to-morrow to gather laurels on the highway, and usher him into the path of glory."

The robbers agreed to their captain's proposal, and to show that they already looked upon me as one of their companions, from that moment dispensed with my service and re-established Dame Leonarda in the office she had lost on my account. They made me throw away my habit, that consisted of a sorry threadbare short cassock, and dressed me in the spoils of a gentleman whom they had lately robbed, after which I prepared myself for my first campaign.

It was in the month of September, when, towards the close of the night I came out of the cavern in company with the robbers, armed like them with a carbine, two pistols, sword, and bayonet, and mounted on a pretty good horse, which they had taken from the same gentleman whose dress I wore. I had lived so long in darkness, that when day broke I was dazzled with the light; which, however, soon became familiar to my eyes.

Having passed hard by Ponferrada, we lay

in ambush in a small wood which bordered on the road to Leon. There we waited, expecting that fortune would throw some good luck in our way, when we perceived a Dominican (contrary to the custom of these good fathers) riding upon a sorry mule.

"Ho, ho," cried the captain, laughing, "there's the *coup d'essai* of Gil Blas—let him go and unload that monk, while we observe his behaviour."

All the rest were of opinion that this was a very proper commission for me, and exhorted me to acquit myself handsomely in it.

"Gentlemen," said I, "you shall be satisfied; I will make that priest as bare as my hand, and bring hither his mule in a twinkling."

"No, no," replied Rolando, "she is not worth the trouble; bring us only the purse of his reverence, that is all we expect of thee."

"For this purpose I sallied from the wood and made towards the clergyman, begging Heaven, all the way, to pardon the action I was about to commit. I would gladly have made my escape that moment, but the greatest part of the thieves were better mounted than I, and, had they perceived me running away, would have been at my heels in an instant and entrapped me again in a very short time, or perhaps discharged their carbines at me, in which case I should have nothing to brag of. Not daring, therefore, to hazard such a delicate step, I came up with the priest, and clapping a pistol to his breast, demanded his purse. He stopped short to survey me, and without seeming much afraid,

"Child," said he, "you are very young; you have got a bad trade by the hand betimes."

"Bad as it is, father," I replied, "I wish I had begun it sooner."

"Ah! son, son," said the good friar (who did not comprehend the true meaning of my words), "what blindness! allow me to represent to you the miserable condition——"

"O father," said I, interrupting him hastily, "a truce with your morals, if you please; my business on the highway is not to hear sermons; I want money."

"Money!" cried he, with an air of astonishment, "you are little acquainted with the charity of the Spaniards, if you think people of my cloth have occasion for money, while they travel in this kingdom. Undeceive yourself; we are everywhere cheerfully received, having lodging and victuals, and nothing is asked in return but our prayers; in short, we never carry money about us on the road, but confide altogether in Providence."

"That won't go down with me," I replied, "your dependence is not altogether so visionary, for you have always some good pistoles in reserve, to make more sure of Providence. But, my good father," added I, "let us have done; my comrades, who are in that wood, begin to be impatient; therefore throw your purse upon the ground instantly, or I shall certainly put you to death."

At these words, which I uttered with a menacing look, the friar, seeming afraid of his life, said—

"Hold! I will satisfy you then, since there is a necessity for it: I see tropes and figures have no effect on people of your profession."

So saying, he pulled from underneath his gown a large purse of chamois leather, which he dropped upon the ground. Then I told him he might continue his journey; a permission he did not give me the least trouble of repeating; but clapped his heels to the sides of his mule, which belying the opinion I had conceived of her (for I imagined she was not much better than my uncle's), all of a sudden went off at a pretty round pace. As soon as he was at a distance, I alighted, and taking up the purse, which seemed heavy, mounted again, and got back to the wood in a trice, where the thieves waited with impatience to congratulate me upon my victory. Scarce would they give me time to dismount, so eager were they to embrace me.

"Courage, Gil Blas," said Rolando, "thou hast done wonders; I have had my eyes on thee during thy expedition; I have observed thy countenance all the time, and I prophesy thou wilt in time become an excellent highwayman."

The lieutenant and the rest approved of the prediction, which they assured me I should one day certainly fulfil. I thanked them for the high idea they had conceived of me, and promised to do all that lay in my power to maintain it.

After they had loaded me with so much undeserved praise, they were desirous of examining the booty I had made.

"Come," said they, "let us see what there is in the clergyman's purse."

"It ought to be well furnished," continued one among them, "for those good fathers don't travel like pilgrims."

The captain untied the purse, and opening it pulled out two or three handfuls of copper medals, mixed with bits of hallowed wax, and some scapularies.[1] At the sight of such an un-

[1] Scapularies are pieces of consecrated stuff, worn by priests and nuns.

common prey all the robbers burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter.

"Upon my soul," cried the lieutenant, "we are very much obliged to Gil Blas, for having, in his *coup d'essai*, performed a theft so salutary to the company."

This piece of wit brought on more. Those miscreants began to be very merry upon the matter; a thousand sallies escaped them, that too well denoted their immorality. I was the only person who did not laugh, my mirth being checked by the raillers, who enjoyed themselves at my expense. Every one having shot his bolt, the captain said to me—

"In faith, Gil Blas, I advise thee, as a friend, to joke no more with monks, who are, generally speaking, too arch and cunning for such as thee."

We remained in the wood the greatest part of the day, without perceiving any traveller that could make amends for the priest. At last we left it in order to return to our cavern, confining our exploits to that ludicrous event, which still constituted the subject of our discourse, when we discovered, at a distance, a coach drawn by four mules, advancing at a brisk trot, and escorted by three men on horseback, who seemed well armed. Upon this Rolando ordered his troop to halt and held a council, the result of which was that they should attack the coach. We were immediately arranged according to his disposition, and marched up to it in order of battle. In spite of the applause I had acquired in the wood, I felt myself seized with a universal tremor, and immediately a cold sweat broke out all over my body, which I looked upon as no very favourable omen.

The coach and horsemen approached, who, knowing what sort of people we were, and guessing our design by our appearance, stopped within musket-shot, and prepared to receive us; while a gentleman of a good mien and richly dressed, came out of the coach, and mounting a horse that was led by one of his attendants, put himself at their head, without any other arms than a sword and a pair of pistols. Though they were but four against nine (the coachman remaining on the seat), they advanced towards us with a boldness that redoubled my fear; I did not fail, however, though I trembled in every joint, to make ready to fire; but, to tell the truth, I shut my eyes and turned away my head, when I discharged my carbine; and, considering the manner in which it went off, my conscience ought to be acquitted on that score.

I will not attempt to describe the action; for although I was present I saw nothing; and my fear, in confounding my imagination, concealed from me the horror of the spectacle that occasioned it. All I know of the matter is, that after a great noise of firing, I heard my companions shout and cry, "Victory! victory!" At that exclamation, the terror which had taken possession of my senses dissipated, and I saw the four horsemen stretched lifeless on the field of battle. On our side we had but one man killed. The lieutenant received a wound in the arm; but it was a very slight one, the shot having only ruffled the skin.

Signior Rolando ran immediately to the door of the coach, in which there was a lady of about four or five and twenty years of age, who appeared very handsome, notwithstanding the melancholy condition in which she was; for she had swooned during the engagement and was not yet recovered. While he was busied in looking after her, we took care of the booty, beginning with securing the horses of the killed, which, frightened at the noise of the firing, had run away, after having lost their riders. As for the mules they had not stirred, although the coachman, during the action, had quitted his place, in order to make his escape. We alighted, and unyoking, loaded them with some trunks we found fastened to the coach before and behind. This being done, the lady, who had not as yet recovered her senses, was, by order of the captain, taken out and placed on horseback before one of the robbers that was best mounted; after which, quitting the highroad, the coach, and the dead, whom we had stripped, we carried off the lady, the mules, and the horses.

It was within an hour of daybreak when we arrived at our habitation, and the first thing we did was to lead our beasts into the stable, where we were obliged to tie them to the rack and take care of them with our own hands, the old negro having been three days before seized with a fit of the gout and rheumatism, that kept him abed, deprived of the use of his limbs: the only member at liberty was his tongue, which he employed in testifying his impatience by the most horrible execrations. Leaving this miserable wretch to swear and blaspheme, we went to the kitchen, where our whole attention was engrossed by the lady, and we succeeded so well as to bring her out of her fit; but when she had recovered the use of her senses, and saw herself in the hands of several men whom she did not know, she perceived her misfortune and was seized with horror. The most lively sorrow and direful

despair appeared in her eyes, which she lifted up to Heaven, as if to reproach it with the indignities that threatened her; then giving way of a sudden to these dismal apprehensions, she relapsed into a swoon, her eyelids closed, and the robbers imagined that death would deprive them of their prey. The captain, thinking it more proper to leave her to herself than to torment her with their assistance, ordered her to be carried to Leonarda's bed, where she was left alone, at the hazard of what might happen.

We repaired to the hall, where one of the thieves, who had been bred a surgeon, dressed the lieutenant's wound, after which, being desirous of seeing what was in the trunks, we found some of them filled with lace and linen, others with clothes; and the last we opened contained some bags full of pistoles, at sight of which the gentlemen concerned were infinitely rejoiced. This inquiry being made, the cook-maid furnished the side-board, laid the cloth, and served up supper. Our conversation at first turned upon the great victory we had obtained, and Rolando, addressing himself to me—

"Confess, Gil Blas," said he, "confess that thou wast horribly afraid."

I ingenuously owned that what he said was very true, but that when I should have made two or three campaigns I would fight like a knight-errant; whereupon the whole company took my part, observing that my fear was excusable, that the action had been very hot, and that, considering I was a young fellow who had never smelled gunpowder, I had acquitted myself pretty well.

The discourse afterwards turning upon the mules and horses we had brought into our retreat, it was agreed that to-morrow before day we should all set out together in order to sell them at Mansilla, which place, in all probability, the report of our expedition had not yet reached.

As soon as I got to bed, instead of resigning myself to sleep, I did nothing but think of that lady's misfortune: I never doubted that she was a person of quality, and looked upon her situation as the more deplorable for that reason. I could not, without shuddering, represent to myself the horrors to which she was destined, and felt myself as deeply concerned for her as if I had been attached by blood or friendship. At last, after having bewailed her hard fate, I began to revolve the means of rescuing her honour from the danger in which it was, and of delivering myself at the same time from the subterranean abode. I recollected that the old negro was not in a condition to move, and that, since his being taken ill, the cook-wench kept the key of the grate. This reflection warmed my imagination, and made me conceive a scheme, which I digested so well, that I proceeded to put it in practice immediately, in the following manner.

Pretending to be racked with the colic, I began with complaints and groans; then raising my voice, uttered dreadful cries, that wakened the robbers and brought them instantly to my bedside. When they asked what made me roar so hideously, I answered that I was tortured with an horrible colic, and, the better to persuade them of the truth of what I said, grinded my teeth, made frightful grimaces and contortions, and writhed myself in a strange manner; then I became quiet all of a sudden, as if my pains had given me some respite. In a moment after, I began again to bounce upon the bed and twist about my limbs; in a word, I played my part so well, that the thieves, cunning as they were, allowed themselves to be deceived, and believed, in good earnest, that I was violently griped. In a moment all of them were busied in endeavours to ease me.

At last, being able to resist them no longer, I was fain to tell them that the gripes had left me, and to conjure them to give me quarter. Upon which they left off tormenting me with their remedies, and I took care to trouble them no more with my complaints, for fear of undergoing their good offices a second time.

This scene lasted almost three hours, after which the robbers, judging that day was not far off, prepared themselves to set out for Mansilla: I would have got up, to make them believe I was desirous of accompanying them, but they would not suffer me to rise, Signior Rolando saying—

"No, no, Gil Blas, stay at home, child; thy colic may return. Thou shalt go with us another time; but thou art in no condition to go abroad to-day."

I was afraid of insisting upon it too much, lest he should yield to my request, therefore I only appeared very much mortified, because I could not be of the party. This I acted so naturally, that they went out of the cavern without the least suspicion of my design. After their departure, which I had endeavoured to hasten by my prayers, I said to myself—

"Now, Gil Blas, now is the time for thee to have resolution; arm thyself with courage to finish that which thou hast so happily begun. Domingo is not in a condition to oppose thy enterprise, and Leonarda cannot hinder its

execution. Seize this opportunity of escaping, than which, perhaps, thou wilt never find one more favourable."

These suggestions filled me with confidence; I got up, took my sword and pistols, and went first towards the kitchen: but before I entered, hearing Leonarda speaking, stopped in order to listen. She was talking to the unknown lady, who, having recovered her senses and understood the whole of her misfortune, wept in the utmost bitterness of despair.

"Weep, my child," said the old beldame to her; "dissolve yourself into tears and don't spare sighs, for that will give you ease. You have had a dangerous qualm; but now there is nothing to fear since you shed abundance of tears. Your grief will abate by little and little, and you will soon accustom yourself to live with our gentlemen, who are men of honour. You will be treated like a princess, meet with nothing but complaisance, and fresh proofs of affection every day. There are a great many women who would be glad to be in your place."

I did not give Leonarda time to proceed; but entering, clapped a pistol to her breast, and, with a threatening look, commanded her to surrender the key of the grate. She was confounded at my behaviour, and, though almost at the end of her career, so much attached to life that she durst not refuse my demand. Having got the key in my possession, I addressed myself to the afflicted lady, saying—

"Madam, Heaven has sent you a deliverer; rise and follow me, and I will conduct you whithersoever you shall please to direct."

The lady did not remain deaf to my words, which made such an impression upon her that, summoning up all the strength she had left, she got up, and throwing herself at my feet conjured me to preserve her honour. I raised her, and assured her that she might rely upon me; then taking some cords which I perceived in the kitchen, with her assistance I tied Leonarda to the feet of a large table, swearing that if she opened her mouth I would kill her on the spot. I afterwards lighted a flambeau, and going with the stranger into the room where the gold and silver was deposited, filled my pockets with pistoles and double pistoles, and to induce the lady to follow my example, assured her that she only took back her own. When we had made a good provision of this kind, we went towards the stable, which I entered alone with my pistols cocked, firmly believing that the old negro, in spite of his gout and rheumatism, would not suffer me to saddle and bridle my horse in quiet; and fully resolved to cure him of all his distempers if he should take it in his head to be troublesome; but, by good luck, he was so overwhelmed with the pains he had undergone and those he still suffered, that I brought my horse out of the stable even without his seeming to perceive it; and the lady waiting for me at the door, we threaded, with all despatch, the passage that led out of the cavern; arrived at the grate, which we opened; and at last came to the trap-door, which we lifted up with great difficulty, or rather, the desire of escaping lent us new strength, without which we should not have been able to succeed.

Day began to appear just as we found ourselves delivered from the jaws of this abyss; and as we fervently desired to be at a greater distance from it, I threw myself into the saddle, the lady mounting behind me, and following the first path that presented itself, at a round gallop, got out of the forest in a short time, and entered a plain, divided by several roads, one of which we took at random. I was mortally afraid that it would conduct us to Mansilla, where we might meet with Rolando and his confederates; but happily my fear was vain.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Thou lingering star with less'ning ray
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace:
Ah! little thought we 't was our last?

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!

Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

ROBERT BURNS.

THE UTILITY OF FRIENDSHIP.

[FRANCIS LIEBER, the eminent jurist and political economist, was born at Berlin, Prussia, Mar. 18, 1800. He took up his residence in the United States in 1827, and died in New York, Oct. 2, 1872. He was the author of many works of great and lasting value.]

As the love of Romeo and Juliet elevated their souls above the strife of their houses, so can friendship elevate two hearts above the struggles of their time, though the individuals be even engaged in it; while those friends who happily walk the same path cheer and strengthen each other by their mutual example; and since essential confidence can exist between good men only, they propel each other in the path of virtue, for it is a primary law of all intercourse, that if two or more of the same inclination, pursuit or character,—good, frivolous or wicked—are brought in close contact with one another, in that same direction they will propel one another still more rapidly. Friendship must rest on mutuality, it is one of its essential qualities; for one of its requisites and blessings is the enjoyment of confidence—a luxury to good men; and Æschylus is right when he says that kings suffer one evil, they do not know how to confide in friends; while the reason that was given of Trajan's having friends is that he was a friend himself.

TOUJOURS AMOUR.

Prithee tell me, Dimple Chin,
At what age does Love begin?
Your blue eyes have scarcely seen
Summers three, my fairy queen,
But a miracle of sweets,
Soft approaches, sly retreats,
Show the little archer there,
Hidden in your pretty hair;
When didst learn a heart to win?
Prithee tell me, Dimple Chin!

"Oh!" the rosy lips reply,
"I can't tell you if I try.
'Tis so long I can't remember:
Ask some younger lass than I!"

Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face,
Do your heart and head keep pace?
When does hoary Love expire,
When do frosts put out the fire?
Can its embers burn below
All that chill December snow?
Care you still soft hands to press,
Bonny heads to smooth and bless?
When does Love give up the chase?
Tell, O tell me, Grizzled-Face!

"Ah!" the wise old lips reply,
"Youth may pass and strength may die:
But of Love I can't foretoken:
Ask some older sage than I."

EDWARD CLARENCE STEDMAN, b. 1833.

SHAKING HANDS.

[Edward Everett, LL.D., D.C.L., born at Dorchester, Massachusetts, 11th April, 1794; died at Boston, 15th January, 1865. Orator, politician, and miscellaneous writer. He was successively professor of Greek and literature in the Harvard University; editor of the *North American Review;* member of Congress, minister of the United States in England, and succeeded Daniel Webster as secretary of state. He was compelled by ill health to retire from public life in 1854. His works are: *A Defence of Christianity; Orations and Speeches upon Various Occasions; Importance of Practical Education; The Mount Vernon Papers;* and numerous contributions to the *North American Review* and various magazines.]

There are few things of more common occurrence than shaking hands; and yet I do not recollect that much has been speculated upon the subject. I confess, when I consider to what unimportant and futile concerns the attention of writers and readers has been directed, I am surprised that no one has been found to *handle* so important a matter as this, and attempt to give the public a rational view of the doctrine and discipline of shaking hands. It is a theme on which I have myself theorized a good deal, and I beg leave to offer a few remarks on the origin of the practice, and the various forms in which it is exercised.

I have been unable to find in the ancient writers any distinct mention of shaking hands. They followed the heartier practice of hugging or embracing, which has not wholly disappeared among grown persons in Europe, and children in our own country, and has unquestionably the advantage on the score of cordiality. When the ancients trusted the business of salutation to the hands alone, they joined but did not shake them; and although I find frequently

such phrases as *jungere dextras hospitio*, I do not recollect to have met with that of *agitare dextras*. I am inclined to think that the practice grew up in the ages of chivalry, when the cumbrous iron mail, in which the knights were cased, prevented their embracing; and when, with fingers clothed in steel, the simple touch or joining of the hands would have been but cold welcome; so that a prolonged junction was a natural resort, to express cordiality; and as it would have been awkward to keep the hands unemployed in this position, a gentle agitation or shaking might have been naturally introduced. How long the practice may have remained in this incipient stage it is impossible, in the silence of history, to say; nor is there anything in the chronicles, in Philip de Comines, or the Byzantine historians, which enables us to trace the progress of the art into the forms in which it now exists among us.

Without therefore availing myself of the privilege of theorists to supply by conjecture the absence of history or tradition, I shall pass immediately to the enumeration of these forms:

1. The *pump-handle* shake is the first which deserves notice. It is executed by taking your friend's hand, and working it up and down, through an arc of fifty degrees, for about a minute and a half. To have its nature, force, and character, this shake should be performed with a fair steady motion. No attempt should be made to give it grace, and still less vivacity; as the few instances in which the latter has been tried have uniformly resulted in dislocating the shoulder of the person on whom it has been attempted. On the contrary, persons who are partial to the pump-handle shake should be at some pains to give an equable, tranquil movement to the operation, which should on no account be continued after perspiration on the part of your friend has commenced.

2. The *pendulum* shake may be mentioned next, as being somewhat similar in character; but moving, as the name indicates, in a horizontal instead of a perpendicular direction. It is executed by sweeping your hand horizontally toward your friend's, and after the junction is effected, rowing with it from one side to the other, according to the pleasure of the parties. The only caution in its use which needs particularly to be given, is not to insist on performing it in a plane strictly parallel to the horizon, when you meet with a person who has been educated to the pump-handle shake. It is well known that people cling to the forms in which they have been educated, even when the substance is sacrificed in adhering to them. I had two acquaintances, both estimable men, one of whom had been brought up in the pump-handle shake, and another had brought home the pendulum from a foreign voyage. They met, joined hands, and attempted to put them in motion. They were neither of them feeble men. One endeavoured to pump, and the other to paddle; their faces reddened; the drops stood on their foreheads; and it was, at last, a pleasing illustration of the doctrine of the composition of forces, to see their hands slanting into an exact diagonal—in which line they ever after shook. But it was plain to see, there was no cordiality in it; and, as is usually the case with compromises, both parties were discontented.

3. The *tourniquet* shake is the next in importance. It derives its name from the instrument made use of by surgeons to stop the circulation of the blood in a limb about to be amputated. It is performed by clasping the hand of your friend, as far as you can, in your own, and then contracting the muscles of your thumb, fingers, and palm, till you have induced any degree of compression you may propose in the hand of your friend. Particular care ought to be taken, if your own hand is as hard and as big as a frying-pan, and that of your friend as small and soft as a young maiden's, not to make use of the tourniquet shake to the degree that will force the small bones of the wrist out of place. It is also seldom safe to apply it to gouty persons. A hearty young friend of mine, who had pursued the study of geology, and acquired an unusual hardness and strength of hand and wrist by the use of the hammer, on returning from a scientific excursion gave his gouty uncle the tourniquet shake, with such severity as nearly reduced the old gentleman's fingers to powder; for which my friend had the pleasure of being disinherited, as soon as his uncle's fingers got well enough to hold a pen.

4. The *cordial grapple* is a shake of some interest. It is a hearty, boisterous agitation of your friend's hand, accompanied with moderate pressure, and loud, cheerful exclamations of welcome. It is an excellent travelling shake, and well adapted to make friends. It is indiscriminately performed.

5. The *Peter Grievous touch* is opposed to the cordial grapple. It is a pensive, tranquil junction, followed by a mild subsultary motion, a cast-down look, and an inarticulate inquiry after your friend's health.

6. The *prude major* and *prude minor* are nearly monopolized by ladies. They cannot be accurately described, but are constantly to

be noticed in practice. They never extend beyond the fingers; and the prude major allows you to touch even then only down to the second joint. The prude minor gives you the whole of the forefinger. Considerable skill may be shown in performing these, with nice variations, such as extending the left hand, instead of the right, or stretching a new glossy kid glove over the finger you extend.

I might go through a list, of the *gripe royal*, the *saw-mill* shake, and the shake *with malice prepense;* but these are only factitious combinations of the three fundamental forms already described as the pump-handle, the pendulum, and the tourniquet; as the *loving pat*, the *reach romantic*, and the *sentimental clasp*, may be reduced in their main movements to various combinations and modifications of the cordial grapple, Peter Grievous touch, and the prude major and minor. I should trouble the reader with a few remarks, in conclusion, on the mode of shaking hands, as an indication of characters, but I see a friend coming up the avenue who is addicted to the pump-handle. I dare not tire my wrist by further writing.

THE MOTHER'S ALARM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GREEK OF ARCHIAS.

With gaudy flowers the cliff was gay,
Whither a child had crept to play,
And o'er the brink was bending:
The mother came—she saw her boy,
Her only care, her only joy,
One crag his fall suspending!

He stretch'd to reach the flowers below—
Ah! should she now to seize him go,
Some start or hasty action
Might plunge him headlong in the flood!
That thought with horror chill'd her blood:
'Twas anguish! 'twas distraction!

As none but mothers feel, she felt!
In trembling silence down she knelt,
And pray'd to Heaven for pity:
Then from her breast the gauze remov'd,
And softly sang the tune he lov'd,
Some lullabying ditty.

He knew the song, which oft to rest
Had charm'd his eyes; he knew the breast
Which food so oft had brought him:
And still she sang—and still she wept—
And near—and nearer—crept and crept—
Till to her heart she caught him.

M. G. LEWIS.

SAMUEL FOOTE THE HUMOURIST.

[John Forster, born at Newcastle, 1812; died at Kensington, 1st February, 1876. Biographer, historian, and journalist. His chief works are: *The Statesmen of the Commonwealth of England; The Life of Oliver Goldsmith; Biographical and Historical Essays* (this work contains the essay on Foote from which we quote); *The Grand Remonstrance; The Arrest of the Five Members; Sir John Eliot*, a biography; *Walter Savage Landor; The Life of Dickens;* &c. &c. Washington Irving said that the Life of Goldsmith was "a biography of the poet, executed with a spirit, a feeling, a grace, and an elegance that leave nothing to be desired." Mr. Forster was some time one of the English Commissioners in Lunacy.]

We propose to speak of that forgotten name (Foote); and to show its claims to have been remembered, even though it now be little more than a name.

It was once both a terrible and a delightful reality. It expressed a bitterness of sarcasm and ridicule unexampled in England; and a vivacity, intelligence, and gaiety, a ready and unfailing humour, to which a parallel could scarcely be found among the choicest wits of France. It was the name of a man so popular and diffused, that it would be difficult to say to what class of his countrymen he gave the greatest amount of amusement: it was the name of a man also more dreaded, than any since his who laid the princes of Europe under terror-stricken contribution, and to whom the Great Turk himself offered hush-money. "Mr. Foote was a man of wonderful abilities," says Garrick, "and the most entertaining companion I have ever known." "There is hardly a public man in England," says Davies, "who has not entered Mr. Foote's theatre with an aching heart, under the apprehension of seeing himself laughed at." "Sure if ever one person," says Tate Wilkinson, "possessed the talents of pleasing more than another, Mr. Foote was the man." "Upon my word," writes Horace Walpole, "if Mr. Foote be not checked, we shall have the army itself, on its return from Boston, besieged in the Haymarket." Such and so various were the emotions once inspired by him who has now lost command alike over our fears and our enjoyments; and whose name is not thought even worthy of mention, by lecturers aiming to be popular, among the Humourists and Satirists of the eighteenth century.

We have hinted at one reason for such forgetfulness, but that is not all. He who merely shoots a folly as it flies, may have no right to outlive the folly he lays low; but Foote's aim

was not so limited. He proposed to instruct, as well as to amuse, his countrymen; he wrote what he believed to be comedies, as well as what he knew to be farces; he laughed freely at what he thought ridiculous in others, but he aspired also to produce what should be admirable and enduring of his own. "My scenes," he said on one occasion, "have been collected from general nature, and are applicable to none but those who, through consciousness, are compelled to a self-application. To that mark, if Comedy directs not her aim, her arrows are shot in the air; for by what touches no man, no man will be amended." This plea has not been admitted, however. Whenever Foote is now named, it is as a satirist of peculiarities, not as an observer of character; it is as a writer whose reputation has perished, with the personalities that alone gave it zest; it is as a comedian who so exclusively addressed himself to the audience of his theatre, that posterity has been obliged to decline having any business or concern with him.

Smarting from some ridicule poured out at his dinner-table, Boswell complained to Johnson that the host had made fools of his guests, and was met by a sarcasm bitter as Foote's own. "Why, sir, when you go to see Foote, you do not go to see a saint; you go to see a man who will be entertained at your house, and then bring you on a public stage; who will entertain you at his house, for the very purpose of bringing you on a public stage. Sir, he does not make fools of his company; they whom he exposes are fools already; he only brings them into action." The same opinion he expressed more gravely in another conversation, when, admitting Foote's humour, and his singular talent for exhibiting character, he qualified it not as a talent but a vice, such as other men abstain from; and described it to be not comedy, which exhibits the character of a species, but farce, which exhibits individuals. Be this hasty or deliberate, false or true, the imputation conveyed by it follows Foote still, and gathers bulk as it rolls. When Sir Walter Scott speaks of him, it is as an unprincipled satirist, who, while he affected to be the terror of vice and folly, was only anxious to extort forbearance-money from the timid, or to fill his theatre at the indiscriminate expense of friends and enemies, virtuous or vicious, who presented foibles capable of being turned into ridicule. When Mr. Macaulay speaks of him, it is as a man whose mimicry was exquisitely ludicrous, but all caricature; and who could take off only some strange peculiarity, a stammer or a lisp, a Northumbrian burr or an Irish brogue, a stoop or a shuffle. If we had absolute faith in any of these judgments, this essay would not have been attempted.

A careful examination of Foote's writings has satisfied us that they are not unworthy of a very high place in literature, though not perhaps in all respects the place he would have claimed; and it is worth remark that in defending them he has himself anticipated Mr. Macaulay's illustration. He declines to introduce upon the scene a lady from the north, with the true Newcastle burr in her throat; he recognizes no subject for ridicule in the accidental unhappiness of a national brogue, for which a man is no more to be held accountable than for the colour of his hair: but he sees the true object and occasion for satire where all true satirists have found it, namely, in all kinds of affectation or pretence; in whatever assumes to be what it is not, or strives to be what it cannot become. That he did not uniformly remember this, is with regret to be admitted, seeing the effect it has had upon his reputation; but it is not in his writings that his most marked deviations from it are discoverable. For it is not because real characters are there occasionally introduced, that the verdict is at once to pass against him. Vanbrugh's Miss Jenny was a certain Derbyshire Miss Lowe; Cibber's Lady Grace was Lady Betty Cecil; Farquhar's Justice Balance was a well-known Mr. Beverley; and Molière, who struck the fashions and humours of his age into forms that are immortal, has perpetuated with them the vices and foibles of many a living contemporary. In all these cases, the question still remains whether the individual folly or vice, obtruding itself on the public, may not so far represent a general defect, as to justify public satire for the sake of the warning it more widely conveys. It will not do to confine ridicule exclusively to folly and vice, and to refrain, in case of need, from laying its lash on the knave and the fool. But such reasonable opportunities are extremely rare; and it even more rarely happens that what is thus strictly personal in satire, does not also involve individual injustice and wrong. It is, beyond doubt, no small ground for distrust of its virtues, that the public should be always so eager to welcome it. No one has expressed this more happily than Foote himself, when levelling his blow at Churchill, he makes his publisher Mr. Puff object to a poem full of praise:

"Why, who the devil will give money to be told that Mr. Such-a-one is a wiser or better man than himself? No, no; 'tis quite and clean out of nature. A good sousing satire, now, well-powdered with personal

pepper, and seasoned with the spirit of party, that demolishes a conspicuous character, and sinks him below our own level—*there, there*, we are pleased; there we chuckle and grin, and toss the half-crown on the counter."

Unhappily this was his own case not less; for he, too, had to provide pleasure for those who went to chuckle, and grin, and toss their half-crowns at the pay-place of the Haymarket. And it was in serving up the dish for this purpose, rather than in first preparing it; it was in the powdering and peppering for the table, rather than in the composition and cooking; in a word, it was less by the deliberate intention of the writer than by the ready mimicry and humorous impromptu of the actor, that Foote gave mortal offence to so many of his countrymen, did irreparable wrong very often to the least offending, began himself to pay the penalty in suffering before he died, and is paying the penalty still in character and fame.

It is this which explains any difference to be noted between the claims put forth by himself, and the verdict recorded by his contemporaries. The writings would little avail, in themselves, to account for the mixed emotions they inspired. That which gave them terror has of course long departed from them; but by reviving so much of it as description may tamely exhibit, and by connecting with Foote's personal career some idea of the overflowing abundance and extravagance of his humour, it is possible that their laughter and wit may win back some part of the appreciation they have lost, and a fair explanation be supplied not only of the genius of this remarkable man, and of the peculiar influence he exerted while he lived, but of the causes which have intercepted his due possession and ungrudged enjoyment of the

"Estate that wits inherit after death."

The strength and predominance of Foote's humour lay in its readiness. Whatever the call that might be made upon it, there it was. Other men were humorous as the occasion arose to them, but to him the occasion was never wanting. Others might be foiled or disabled by the lucky stroke of an adversary, but he took only the quicker rebound from what would have laid them prostrate. To put him out, or place him at a disadvantage, was not possible. He was taken one day into White's Club, by a friend who wanted to write a note. Standing in a room among strangers, and men he had no agreement with in politics, he appeared to feel not quite at ease, when Lord Carmarthen, wishing to relieve his embarrassment, went up to speak to him; but, himself feeling rather shy, merely said, "Mr. Foote, your handkerchief is hanging out of your pocket." Whereupon Foote, looking round suspiciously, and hurriedly thrusting the handkerchief back into his pocket, replied, "Thank you, my lord, thank you; you know the company better than I do."—At one of Macklin's absurd Lectures on the Ancients, the lecturer was solemnly composing himself to begin, when a buzz of laughter from where Foote stood ran through the room, and Macklin, thinking to throw the laugher off his guard, and effectually for that night disarm his ridicule, turned to him with this question, in his most severe and pompous manner: "Well, sir, you seem to be very merry there, but do you know what I am going to say, now?" "No, sir," at once replied Foote; "*pray, do you?*"—One night at his friend Delaval's, when the glass had been circulating freely, one of the party would suddenly have fixed a quarrel upon him for his indulgence of personal satire. "Why, what would you have?" exclaimed Foote, good-humouredly putting it aside; "of course I take all my friends off, but I use them no worse than myself, I take *myself* off." "Gadso!" cried the malcontent, "that I should like to see:" upon which Foote took up his hat and left the room.

No one could so promptly overthrow an assailant; so quietly rebuke an avarice or meanness; so effectually "abate and dissolve" any ignorant affectation or pretension. "Why do you attack my weakest part?" he asked, of one who had raised a laugh against what Johnson calls his *depeditation:* "did I ever say anything about your head?"—Dining when in Paris with Lord Stormont, that thrifty Scotch peer, then ambassador, as usual produced his wine in the smallest of decanters and dispensed it in the smallest of glasses, enlarging all the time on its exquisite growth and enormous age. "It is very little of its age," said Foote, holding up his diminutive glass.—A pompous person who had made a large fortune as a builder was holding forth on the mutability of the world. "Can you account for it, sir?" said he, turning to Foote. "Why, not very clearly, sir," said Foote; "unless we could suppose the world was built by contract."—A stately and silly country squire was regaling a large party with the number of fashionable folk he had visited that morning. "And among the rest," he said, "I called upon my good friend the Earl of Chol-mon-dely, but he was not at home." "That is exceedingly surprising," said Foote.

"What! nor none of his pe-o-ple?"—Being in company where Hugh Kelly was mightily boasting of the power he had as a reviewer of distributing literary reputation to any extent, "Don't be too prodigal of it," Foote quietly interposed, "or you may leave none for yourself."—Conversation turning one day on a lady having married very happily, whose previous life had been of extremely doubtful complexion, some one attributed the unexpected result to her having frankly told her husband, before marriage, *all* that had happened. "What candour she must have had!" was the general remark upon this. "What honesty!" "Yes," said Foote, "and what an amazing memory!"—The then Duke of Cumberland (the *foolish* duke, as he was called) came one night into the green-room at the Haymarket Theatre. "Well, Foote," said he, "here I am, ready, as usual, to swallow all your good things." "Really," replied Foote, "your royal highness must have an excellent digestion, for you never bring any up again."—"Why are you for ever humming that air?" he asked a man without a sense of tune in him. "Because it haunts me." "No wonder," said Foote: "you are for ever murdering it."—A well beneficed old Cornish parson was holding forth at the dinner-table upon the surprising profits of his living, much to the weariness of everyone present, when, happening to stretch over the table hands remarkable for their dirt, Foote struck in with, "Well, doctor, I for one am not at all surprised at your profits, for I see you keep the glebe in your own hands."—One of Mrs. Montagu's blue-stocking ladies fastened upon him at one of the routs in Portman Square with her views of *Locke on the Understanding*, which she protested she admired above all things; only there was one particular word very often repeated which she could not distinctly make out, and that was the word (pronouncing it very long) "*ide-a;* but I suppose it comes from a Greek derivation." "You are perfectly right, madam," said Foote; "it comes from the word *ideaowski.*" "And pray, sir, what does that mean?" "The feminine of idiot, madam."—Much bored by a pompous physician at Bath, who confided to him as a great secret that he had a mind to publish his own poems, but had so many irons in the fire he really did not well know what to do. "Take my advice, doctor," says Foote, "and put your poems where your irons are."—Not less distressed on another occasion by a mercantile man of his acquaintance, who had also not only written a poem, but exacted a promise that he would listen to it, and who mercilessly stopped to tax him with inattention even before advancing beyond the first pompous line, "*Hear me, O Phœbus, and ye Muses nine!* pray, pray be attentive, Mr. Foote." "I am," said Foote; "nine and one are ten; go on!"

The only men of his day, putting aside Johnson's later fame, who had the least pretension to compare with him in social repute, were Quin for wit and Garrick for powers of conversation. But Quin was restricted to particular walks of humour; and his jokes, though among the most masterly in the language, had undoubtedly a certain strong, morose, surly vein, like the characters he was so great in. Foote's range, on the other hand, was as universal as society and scholarship could make it; and Davies, who was no great friend of his, says it would have been much more unfashionable not to have laughed at Foote's jokes, than even at Quin's. Garrick again, though nothing could be more delightful than the gaiety of his talk, had yet to struggle always with a certain restless misgiving, which made him the sport of men who were much his inferiors. Johnson puts the matter kindly—

"Garrick, sir, has some delicacy of feeling; it is possible to put him out; you may get the better of him: but Foote is the most incompressible fellow that I ever knew; when you have driven him into a corner, and think you are sure of him, he runs through between your legs, or jumps over your head, and makes his escape."

Could familiar language describe Falstaff better than this, which hits off the character of Foote's humour exactly? It was incompressible. No matter what the truth of any subject might be, or however strong the position of any adversary, he managed to get the laugh on his own side. It was not merely a quickness of fancy, a brilliance of witty resource, a ready and expert audacity of invention; but that there was a fulness and invincibility of *courage* in the man, call it moral or immoral, which unfailingly warded off humiliation. . . .

Meanwhile Foote had not been neglecting British fashions and foibles, pretenders, politicians, or players. He has taken his former place at the Bedford, and in his critical and satirical corner is again supreme. All who know him come early in the hope of being admitted of his party at supper, the less fortunate engage boxes near him, and wherever the sound of his voice is heard the table is in a roar. Since last we saw the place some new faces are there. But some familiar ones are gone. Old Macklin, weary of his doubtful suc-

cesses on the stage, has taken oddly enough to another branch of public employment, having set up a tavern of his own near the Bedford, on the present site of the Tavistock Hotel, where, by the alternation of a three-shilling ordinary with a shilling lecture, at both of which he is presiding deity, he supplies at once the bodily wants and what he conceives to be the mental deficiences of the day. He is to make everybody orators, by teaching them how to speak; and, by way of teaching them also what to speak, presents himself every other night with a discourse on some subject wherein he thinks the popular mind insufficiently informed. His range is unlimited between the literature of the ancients and the manners of the moderns, and with the Ancient Chorus for one lecture, for its successor he will take the Irish Duel; but whatever his subject, the harvest of ridicule for Foote is unfailing. The result is that people go to hear *him* rather than the lecturer, for, it being part of the plan to invite the audience to offer hints on the subject-matter, and so exhibit their progress in oratory, the witty sallies and questionings of Foote have become at last the leading attraction.

"Order!" he cried one night, that being the established mode of intimating your wish to put a question to the lecturer. "Well, sir," said Macklin, "what have you to say upon this subject?" The subject was the prevalence of duelling in Ireland; and the lecturer, who had begun at the earliest period of the Irish history, was now arrived at the reign of Elizabeth. "I think, sir," said Foote, "this matter might be settled in a few words. What o'clock is it, sir?" Macklin could not possibly see what the clock had to do with a dissertation on duelling, but gruffly reported the hour to be half-past nine. "Very well," says Foote, "about this time of the night every gentleman in Ireland that can possibly afford it is in his third bottle of claret, and therefore in a fair way of getting drunk; and from drunkenness proceeds quarrelling, and from quarrelling duelling, and so there's an end of the chapter." The abridgment was so satisfactory to the audience, the hour of the night being considered, that Macklin had to shut up his antiquarian disquisition in great dudgeon.

His topic on another evening was the employment of memory in connection with the oratorical art, in the course of which, as he enlarged on the importance of exercising memory as a habit, he took occasion to say that to such perfection he had brought his own he could learn anything by rote on once hearing it. Foote waited till the conclusion of the lecture, and then, handing up the subjoined sentences, desired that Mr. Macklin would be good enough to read and afterwards repeat them from memory. More amazing nonsense never was written. "So she went into the garden to cut a cabbage-leaf, to make an apple-pie; and at the same time a great she-bear, coming up the street, pops its head into the shop. 'What! no soap?' So he died, and she very imprudently married the barber; and there were present the Picninnies, and the Joblillies, and the Garyulies, and the Grand Panjandrum himself, with the little round button at top; and they all fell to playing the game of catch as catch can, till the gunpowder ran out at the heels of their boots." It is needless to say that the laugh turned against old Macklin, as it has turned against many younger and livelier people since who have read these droll sentences in *Harry and Lucy*, and who, like Miss Edgeworth's little hero and heroine, after mastering the great she-bear and the no-soap, for want of knowing *who* died have never arrived at the marriage with the barber, or perhaps, even after proceeding so far, have been tripped up by the Grand Panjandrum with the little round button at top.

THE SHEPHERD'S WOOING.

[Allan Ramsay, born at Leadhills, Lanarkshire, 15th October, 1686; died in Edinburgh, 7th January, 1758. He served an apprenticeship to a wig-maker: but he entered into business as a bookseller and established the first circulating library in Scotland. He published the *Evergreen*, and the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, which were the first important collections of popular songs. His own songs and poems brought him fame and helped considerably to increase his fortune.[1] His "Gentle Shepherd" is acknowledged to be one of the finest pastorals we possess. Campbell said, "it refined the view of peasant life by situations of sweetness and tenderness, without departing in the least degree from its simplicity."]

ROGER.

I wish I cou'dna looe her;—but in vain;
I still maun doat, and thole her proud disdain.
My Bawty is a cur I dearly like,
'Till he yowl'd sair she strak the poor dumb tyke.

[1] He erected a house on the north side of Castle Hill, which he called Ramsay Lodge; but it was small and of a peculiar shape, so the wags christened it the "Goose-pie." The poet complained of this impertinence to Lord Elibank, who exclaimed: "What, a goose-pie! Faith, Allan, now that I see you in it, I think the house is not ill-named."

If I had fill'd a nook within her breast,
She wad have shawn mair kindness to my beast.
When I begin to tune my stock and horn,
With a' her face she shaws a cauldrife scorn.
Last night I play'd—ye never heard sic spite—
"*O'er Bogie*" was the spring, and her delyte,—
Yet tauntingly she at her cousin speer'd,
Gif she could tell what tune I play'd, and sneer'd!
Flocks, wander where ye like, I dinna care,
I'll break my reed, and never whistle mair!

PATIE.

E'en do sae, Roger, wha can help misluck?
Saebeins she be sic a thrawn-gabbit chuck,—
Yonder's a craig, since ye have tint all houp,
Gae till't your ways, and take the lover's lowp!

ROGER.

I needna mak sic speed my blood to spill;
I'll warrant death come soon enough a-will.

PATIE.

Daft gowk! leave aff that silly whingin way—
Seem careless,—there's my hand ye'll win the day.
Hear how I serv'd my lass I looe as weel
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leel.
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dyke I lean'd glowring about,
I saw my Meg come linking o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me;
For yet the sun was wading thro' the mist,
And she was close upon me e'er she wist;
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw.
Her cockernony snooded up fou sleek,
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheek sae ruddy, and her een sae clear;
And O! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green:
Blythsome I cry'd, "My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're sae soon asteer;
But I can guess, ye're gaun to gather dew."
She scour'd awa, and said, "What's that to you?"
"Then, fare ye weel, Meg-dorts; and e'en's ye like!"
I careless cry'd, and lap in o'er the dyke.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveless errand back;
Miscaw'd me first; then bad me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes stray'd on the bog.
I leugh; and sae did she; then with grea[illegible] haste
I clasp'd my arms about her neck and waist;
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came lowping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb:
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wood.

THE RED HOUSE.

A REMINISCENCE OF THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR.

BY ALEXANDER WEIMANN.

We had taken part in one of the bloodiest battles before Metz. It was only in the afternoon that our company came into action, the men cheering during the whole time of our advance, and we had suffered not unimportant losses from the incredibly long-range chassepots, despite the fact that we had not seen a single Frenchman. We were, therefore, by no means ill-pleased when we read an anonymous account of the action in one of the papers, where we were described as veritable heroes. At first we did not know to whom we were indebted for this glorification, but at last we discovered the author in the person of a one-year volunteer,[1] whom I will call Fritz.

The acting sergeant-major of the company, who thought that his own deeds had been too lightly passed over in this fanciful sketch, conceived a secret grudge for our volunteer, and brooded vengeance. Fritz could not be accused of having made use of the frequent repetition of the word "I" in his account of the battle; but, truth to tell, although he possessed, doubtless, a large amount of *moral* courage, his behaviour showed that he held it to be far sweeter to live for his country than *pro patria mori;* and when the command had been given for us to advance to the inner circle of investment, which formed a ring of iron round the city, he found it a far from comfortable occupation thus to approach the fortress step by step. Although he wore a careless and courageous expression enough, still he often had recourse to his handkerchief to wipe the heavy drops of perspiration from his forehead, remarking each time to his companion by his side, "How fearfully hot it

[1] Students from the university, and other educated young men who are able to pass a standard examination, only serve one year in the Prussian army, and are termed, somewhat inaptly, "volunteers."

is to-day!" The acting sergeant-major had not failed to observe this, and busied himself with painting in the most vivid manner the dangers of the new situation to the poor young fellow.

The company was posted in the second line, and took up its quarters in a charming little village. At the entrance of the place lay a dead horse.

"Look at that, Fritz," said the sergeant-major, in a mischievous way. "Shell wounds."

Fritz turned away from the horrible sight. "Only think of their being able to shoot as far as this!"

"We are under fire from three sides at this point," replied the sergeant-major. And at that very moment a distant muffled bang was heard, and in a little while there came a shell whistling and hissing over the village, bursting with a fearful detonation.

"There," said the sergeant-major, "you can write an account of that to-morrow, telling how well we maintained our coolness and *sang-froid* during a heavy fire of shells."

The volunteer looked rather uncomfortable. The company was billeted in the village, and presently there arrived at the place a sutler, who, ignorant of the danger, set up his store in the middle of the main street. With incredible rapidity the report spread of there being a cask of beer in the place, and in less than ten minutes all who had money and thirst—and there was seldom a scarcity of either—had collected round the barrel, from which the speculator was dispensing the frothy drink in very small glasses for very large coins.

The sergeant-major had hurried along the street in double quick time to secure a share of the liquor, when suddenly there came another shell which lodged in the very same street in which the beer was being retailed. He stood still, appeared to cogitate for a moment, and then ran swiftly back again. I could not understand his behaviour at first until I saw him return presently arm in arm with the volunteer, whose face bore the expression of a martyr.

"Glorious!" I heard the sergeant-major say. "Really glorious to drink cool beer from the barrel and listen meanwhile to Bazaine playing his great solo on the twenty centimetre cannons opposite. There, do you hear their long-drawn tones—ds-chingggnnnnn—capital, glorious!" A shell flew meanwhile with fearful din across the street, and buried itself in the ground at the further end of it. The volunteer looked as if he, too, would gladly have burrowed himself into the earth.

The sutler wanted to be off, but to this none of those around would listen. He could go away if he liked, but the cask must remain. He turned pale, and shook with fear; but he remained. His thirst for money outweighed his fear of death. With real satanic enjoyment the sergeant-major watched the volunteer, who wished the sutler and his beer at Jericho.

The company had lain in the village a couple of days, when the order came to take up an advanced post nearer the city.

"We shall have to creep under the very guns of St. Quentin," said the sergeant-major to Fritz. "It's a shame to be thus treated as food for powder."

"That it is," said Fritz, from his very soul; "upon my word, it is a shame."

The sergeant-major laughed outright, and then turned on his heel and went off. The volunteer looked after him amazed. When the company fell in, early in the morning, to take up their position, it was still night. The strictest silence was enjoined, and right across the muddy fields marched the dark line, straight towards the fortress. When dawn began to break, there was seen in the gray of the morning a dark, threatening object, rising up like a tremendous rock. It was the Fort St. Quentin, standing up proud and unattainable, a perpendicular mass of stone. The sergeant-major, with his party, of which Fritz was one, moved through a little wood, and as they came out from the trees there arose before them, as if out of the ground, a number of dark forms. It was the party to be relieved. Maintaining the strictest silence they came out of the trenches, where they had been lying, and retreated into the wood; but, notwithstanding all this caution, the change seemed to be remarked in the fortress. A number of shots were at once fired, the rattling discharge being followed by the whistling of bullets. The relief threw themselves quickly into the trench.

Goodness knows, it was a miserable shelter. The trench was deep enough to cover the besiegers, but there was a foot of muddy slime and six inches of water to be taken into the bargain. Shivering in every limb, one could feel the water slowly penetrate one's clothes; and, with a deep sigh, every one submitted himself to his fate, to remain four-and-twenty hours in the compulsory bath. Quite plainly could the cathedral clock in Metz be heard striking the hour of four, and more plainly still did the rocky walls of St. Quentin rise up before us. The fortress was so near that it seemed threatening to fall upon us.

The sun came up blood-red over the horizon, and diffused the thick fog upon the ground. Over the railway dam which protected the enemy's foreposts, scarcely seven hundred paces distant, and parallel with our trenches, was to be seen the glitter of the French bayonets in the sunshine. Between the dam and the trench was disputed ground, and here stood a house built in an ornamental way of red brick.

Upon the height around St. Quentin the wide-sounding *réveille* could be heard, and bivouac fires flared up here and there. The party found themselves in a very exposed position. The volunteer, in a frosty state, had laid down, heroically unmindful of future rheumatism, at the bottom of the ditch, and leaned, tired and exhausted, against one of the sides. Even the discomforts of such a position could not drive away slumber. Fritz fell asleep, and along the whole line could be heard a deep snoring chorus. Since the party had taken shelter in the trench, no more shots came from the fortress. The sun rose higher in the cloudless sky—the day promised to be a hot one.

It might have been about three o'clock in the afternoon when the sergeant-major cautiously glided through the wood to bring the volunteer a kettle of pea-soup. He paused frequently on his dangerous path to give a look at the groups of sleeping soldiers. All of them lay up to the knees in slimy water, their rifles pushed over the edge of the trench, their bodies supported against the side of the ditch, the head hanging heavily down upon the stock of the gun, which, even in sleep, was still tightly grasped. Many a mother, many a bride, would no doubt have turned from this picture of repose with tearful eyes, and yet the rest was sweet and welcome to the sleepers.

The sergeant-major, despite his feeling for vengeance, had some pity for the young volunteer, and hesitated to wake him. He tapped him gently on the shoulder. The volunteer simply turned round on to the other side; so the sergeant-major, who had crawled along on his knees, laid down at full length, and, putting his mouth to Fritz's ear, said, in a voice of the deepest bass, "Shells!"

Fritz jumped up wildly, and crack-crack-crack was heard opposite, as several bullets whistled through the wood overhead. Fritz ducked again, and seemed utterly dazed at the scene before him. His face, however, brightened up when the sergeant-major handed him the steaming tin of soup, which he proceeded forthwith to discuss with all the symptoms of a youthful appetite. The sun now sent its hot rays perpendicular from the sky; so that it was quite refreshing to sit in the water in the trench.

When he had finished the meal the sergeant-major approached and whispered:

"I have a plan for to-night."

The volunteer gazed at him in open astonishment, for his past experiences had caused him to look upon the sergeant-major's plans with some misgivings.

"You see that red house over there?" said the latter.

Fritz nodded, although from his concealed position he could see nothing but the sky and the trench.

"The lieutenant, whom we relieved just now, solemnly assured me that he was in that house last night, and that there is some capital red wine in the cellar. The house lies in between the two fires, so that nobody likes to venture into it. We will make a patrol to-night in that direction, and provision ourselves with some of the liquor."

The volunteer cautiously put up his head and looked over at the red house.

"Sergeant-major," he replied nervously, "it is not worth the risk."

"Oh yes, it is, well worth. Keep your mouth shut, so that nobody remarks anything. I will fetch you at a favourable moment."

And then the sergeant-major glided again into the wood and crawled back to his place.

"What madness this is!" thought the volunteer to himself, as soon as his awful friend had gone away. "Save us from our friends!"

So saying, he leaned back in the trench, and brought out of his pocket a cigar, all wet and soppy, which he tried to light up.

His immediate neighbour, a sergeant of the company, watched with some interest the efforts made to light the damp weed.

"It defends itself well," he said good-naturedly, "put it in the sun to dry a bit."

The volunteer did as he was advised. The sergeant filled a pipe, lighted it without difficulty, and handed it in a friendly manner to Fritz, who, quite overcome by the kindness, accepted it thankfully, and forthwith began to smoke. The sergeant approached him nearer:

"What was it the sergeant-major was saying to you just now about some wine?" he asked confidentially.

"Well," replied Fritz, feeling himself under an obligation for the pipe. "Well, as you have heard something of it, I may as well tell you, but for goodness sake don't let anybody know."

"Of course not."

"The sergeant-major was saying that in the red house over there," he pointed with his pipe over his shoulder, "there was some capital red wine, and he has conceived the mad idea of going over there to-night, with me, to fetch some of it."

The sergeant listened attentively. "Well, I won't say anything," he said very earnestly; "but I would not believe the story if I were you. I have heard that at night the house is full of French."

"Ah, it only wanted that," said Fritz; "but what can I do? When the sergeant-major has taken anything into his head, he is as stubborn as a mule."

The sergeant shook his head. "Try to dissuade him from it; it is nothing more than suicide."

The volunteer swore an oath that he would not make one of the party. The sun sank slowly in the west. In an hour's time Fritz was successful in lighting his cigar. He regarded dreamily the thin blue smoke that came from the dried leaves. Then he enjoyed another spell of sleep, and awoke only as the last rays of the sun fell red and golden upon the copse behind. On the heights the bivouac fires were once more to be seen, and from the French camp the wind bore across sounds of songs and laughter. The clock of the cathedral struck ten. One after another of the men rose under the protection of darkness, and came out of the ditch to stretch their stiffened limbs. The volunteer also stood up, and felt himself touched on the shoulder. The sergeant-major stood beside him. "It is time," he said.

"One word, sergeant-major," said Fritz, as he followed a few paces into the wood. "You know how glad I am to take part in the proposed expedition; but"——

The darkness concealed the ironical smile that suffused the sergeant-major's countenance.

"But, on mature consideration, I feel myself compelled to advise you to relinquish the plan; the house is said to be occupied by the French at night, and we ought not to put ourselves in danger of being taken prisoners for the sake of a bottle of wine."

"Nonsense," replied the sergeant-major, "the lieutenant was in the house only last night; besides we have a double reason for going. Our purpose is not to fetch a bottle of wine, but to go as a patrol to reconnoitre the advanced posts of the enemy, and should we stumble across a little wine, why, we may bring it back with us. You haven't said a word to anybody, I hope," he continued, mistrustfully.

"Certainly not," replied Fritz.

"Leave your gun here; it may be in the way, and catch hold of this revolver. I have another. It is loaded, so be careful."

Fritz took the revolver and submitted with as good a grace as possible. "Forwards then, sergeant-major," he said, with desperate resolve. "I wash my hands of the matter."

"Wash away, if you like," replied the sergeant-major drily, stepping out. The darkness was perfect; the sky being overcast with clouds. As they arrived at the double line of sentries they were challenged. They replied, and gave the countersign, and then passed through the outposts, stepping out silently towards the enemy. Presently the sergeant-major stood still.

"Don't you hear something?" he whispered.

"No," replied Fritz, passing his hand over his perspiring forehead.

"Lie down!" called out his companion, softly, but energetically. His sharp ear had caught the sound of footsteps.

Both laid down upon the ground. One of the enemy's patrols passed by, within five-and-twenty paces, chatting gaily as they moved along.

"Shall we go any further?" asked Fritz, nervously.

The sergeant-major gave a short impatient laugh.

"Do you think we are going back now that we are quite certain not to meet another hostile patrol?"

The volunteer could scarcely contain an oath as they went forward into the dark night. At last there arose before them in vague outlines the dark mass of the house. Cautiously they advanced and listened. No sound could they hear. They felt along the walls till they came to the door.

"Will you keep watch outside, or come in with me?" said the sergeant-major.

"I'll come with you," whispered Fritz. He would not have remained alone for the wealth of both the Indies. The door opened with a creak, and deeper darkness than that outside yawned upon them in the ill-fated house.

"Wait a moment; I'll get a light," said Fritz's companion.

He closed the door and struck a match. The light fell upon a spacious chamber filled with fragments of furniture. Bits of slate from the roof were scattered about, and shell fragments were sticking in the walls. To the left was an open door,

"Here in the second room must be the entrance to the cellar," said the sergeant-major, stepping quickly through the open door.

He struck a second match, and here also all was desolation. At the further end was the trap-door leading to the cellar. The sergeant-major stood still a moment and remained attentively listening. Then he slowly and carefully descended the stairs, followed by the volunteer.

Once more the sergeant-major struck a light. Fragments of bottles covered the floor; three walls were bare; but there—his heart beat high with glee—there against that wall were a heap of red-sealed bottles.

"Hurrah! what do you say to that, Fritz?"

"Capital!" said Fritz, in a particularly tremulous tone.

In a second the sergeant-major was on that side of the cellar, striking another match to ascertain his whereabouts, and throwing it away immediately afterwards. He laid his revolver upon the ground, and took hold of a couple of bottles.

"Come here, Fritz."

He slipped the two bottles under the volunteer's left arm, and two others under his right. He was about to reach forward again to the heap, when he drew back frightened. The jarring of the house-door had penetrated to his ears. "Hush!" he cried.

Fritz gave a start, and pressed the bottles nervously to his side, so as not to let them fall. Heavy footsteps were heard in the room above. Several men entered noisily into the second room—their weapons clattered. The sergeant-major bent down softly to pick up his revolver. He felt here and there with his hand, but could not find it. He forgot that he had turned round. Perspiration came out upon his forehead in big drops. "Make ready!" he whispered, in a low voice, to the volunteer.

"I have got the bottles under my arm," returned Fritz, in desperation.

Above, a conversation was going on in an undertone; then a light was struck. A bright ray fell through the cellar-door upon the damp and shining cellar walls. Then all was dark again, the steps approached the trap-door—the party consisting apparently of three or four men.

The sergeant-major felt again in vain for his weapon, then bent down over the volunteer, and wrenched the revolver from the latter.

"Better dead than a prisoner!" he hissed between his teeth.

Fritz shook so much, that the bottles under his arms clinked together. Feet were heard descending the cellar steps. The sergeant-major made an energetic step forward, and thundered "Halt!" in a lion's voice. At the same instant a match was struck, and then thrown away in fright. A rifle was noisily cocked. The blue flame from the match continued to burn on the ground, and threw its ghostly light upon the shining helmets and red collars of Prussian uniforms.

"Halt—halt!" called out the sergeant-major. "Friend."

"It's me, sergeant-major," said an astonished voice from above.

"Thank Heaven!" breathed the volunteer.

"Is that you, sergeant?" cried the sergeant-major, greatly relieved.

"At your service."

"What a cunning fellow," murmured the volunteer.

The sergeant-major was too overjoyed to listen to the sergeant's story; who had, so he explained, been secretly patrolling, and incidentally came past the red house. Well laden with bottles, they set out on their return, and reached the line of sentries without further mishap. While emptying the bottles, quoth the sergeant-major:

"Well, Fritz, the wine is good, but we won't venture again, I think."

The volunteer only said "No," but this "no" was the expression of his firm and honest conviction.—*Translated by H. Baden Pritchard from Erinnerungen aus dem letzen Kriege.*

CLEONE TO ASPASIA.

BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

We mind not how the sun in the mid-sky
Is hastening on; but when the golden orb
Strikes the extreme of earth, and when the gulfs
Of air and ocean open to receive him,
Dampness and gloom invade us; then we think
Ah! thus is it with Youth. Too fast his feet
Run on for sight; hour follows hour; fair maid
Succeeds fair maid; bright eyes bestar his couch;
The cheerful horn awakens him; the feast,
The revel, the entangling dance, allure,
And voices mellower than the Muse's own
Heave up his buoyant bosom on their wave.
A little while and then . . . Ah, Youth! Youth! Youth!
Listen not to my words. . . but stay with me!
When thou art gone, Life may go too; the sigh
That rises is for thee, and not for Life.

—*The Hellenics.*

THE COMIC BLACKSTONE.

[GILBERT ABBOTT A'BECKETT, one of the keenest wits among English authors, was born in London in 1811, died at Boulogne, in 1856. He early began to write for the periodical press, was admitted to the bar in 1841 and became a police magistrate in 1849, making a reputation for judgment and ability. His contributions to *The Times*, *Daily News* and *Punch* were very numerous. From them have been gathered into volumes his "*Comic History of England;*" "*Comic History of Rome;*" and "*Comic Blackstone;*" from the latter of which our extracts are taken. A'Beckett also wrote about thirty dramas.]

Every gentleman ought to know a little of law, says Coke, and perhaps, say we, the less the better. Servius Sulpicius, a patrician, called on Mutius Scaevola, the Roman Pollock, (not one of the firm of Castor & Pollux), for a legal opinion, when Mutius Scaevola thoroughly flabbergasted Servius Sulpicius with a flood of technicalities, which the latter could not understand. Upon this Mutius Scaevola bullied his client for his ignorance; when Sulpicius, in a fit of pique, went home and studied the law with such effect that he wrote one-hundred-and-four-score volumes of law books before he died; which task was, for what we know, the death of him. We should be sorry, on the strength of this little anecdote, to recommend our nobility to go home and write law books; but we advise them to peruse the Comic Blackstone, which would have done Servius Sulpicius a great deal of good to have studied.

The clergy and the Druidical priests were in former times great lawyers; and the word *clericus* has been corrupted into clerk, so that the seedy gentlemen who carry the wigs and gowns down to court for the barristers are descended from the Druids.

A contest sprang up between two nobles and clergy, the former supporting the common law, and the other the civil. Somebody having picked up a copy of the pandects of Justinian at a book-stall in Amalfi, introduced them into England, but King Stephen would not allow them to be studied. Roger Vacarius, however, set up an evening academy for adults, where he advertised to teach the pandects on moderate terms; but the laity would not come to his school at any price. One thing that contributed to save the common law from falling into disuse was the fixing of the Court of Common Pleas, which had formerly been moveable, following the person of the king, like Algar's booth or Richardson's show, with all the paraphernalia of a court of justice. It is probable that the Common Pleas had a van to carry the barrister's bench, the judge's easy chair, and the rostrum for the witnesses from place to place, but when it became fixed, it made it worth the while of respectable people to study the law, which was not the case when the legal profession was nothing but a strolling company.

The term Law, in its general sense, signifies a rule of human action, whether animate or inanimate, rational or irrational; and perhaps there is nothing more inhuman or irrational than an action at law. We talk of the law of motion, as when one man springs towards another and knocks him down; or the law of gravitation, in obedience to which the person struck falls to the earth.

If we descend from animal to vegetable life, we shall find the latter acting in conformity with laws of its own. The ordinary cabbage from its first entering an appearance on the bed to its being finally taken in execution and thrust into the pot for boiling, is governed by the common law of nature.

Man, as we are all aware, is a creature endowed with reason and free will; but when he goes to law as plaintiff, his reason seems to have deserted him; while, if he stands in the position of defendant, it is generally against his free will; and thus that "noblest of animals," man, is in a very ignoble predicament.

Justinian has reduced the principles of law to three;—1st. That we should live honestly; 2dly, that we should hurt nobody; and 3dly, that we should give every one his due. These principles have, however, been for some time obsolete in ordinary legal practice. It used to be considered that justice and human felicity were intimately connected, but the partnership seems to have been long ago dissolved; though we cannot say at what particular period. That man should pursue his own true and substantial happiness, is said to be the foundation of ethics or natural law; but if any one plunges into artificial law, with the view of "pursuing his own true and substantial happiness," he will find himself greatly mistaken.

It is said that no human laws are of any validity if they are contrary to the law of nature; but we do not mean to deny the validity of the poor-law, and some others we could mention. The law of nature con-

tributes to the general happiness of men; but it is in the nature of law to contribute only to the happiness of the attorney.

Natural law is much easier of comprehension than the human law; for every man has within his own breast a *forum conscientiae*, or court of conscience, telling him what is right and what is wrong. The judgments of that court of conscience are infallible, and its decrees are never silent; for it is without an usher (which in this case means a husher) to preserve silence.

The law of nations is a peculiar kind of law, and it is generally settled by recourse to powder and shot, so that the law of nations is in the long run, much the same thing as the cannon law.

But we now come to the municipal or civil law, which is the subject of the present chapter, though we have not yet said a word regarding it. Municipal law is defined to be "a rule of civil conduct, prescribed by the supreme power in a state, commanding what is right, and prohibiting what is wrong." Such was the definition of Puffendorf, whose name is probably a corruption of *Puffing-off*, for he puffs off the law most outrageously whenever he can find an opportunity of doing so.

It is called a "rule" to distinguish it from agreement, for a rule must be complied with "willy nilly," according to Bacon, or "will ye nill ye," according to Coke.

It is a rule of "*civil conduct*," because the municipal law insists on civil conduct, particularly from omnibus cads and cabmen.

It is "*prescribed*" because one is bound to take it, and a very disagreeable pill it sometimes is to swallow. It is one of the beautiful provisions of the English law, that not knowing it forms no excuse for not obeying it. It is an ingenious fiction of British policy, that every person in the kingdom purchases every act of parliament, and carefully reads it through; therefore, there can be no possible excuse for being ignorant of the laws that are made every session.

It is reported of Caligula that he caused the laws of Rome to be written in small characters, and stuck up so high that the citizens could not read them; though, perhaps, the higher classes, who, it is presumed could afford to purchase opera glasses, were enabled to make themselves acquainted with the edicts.

Municipal law is a rule prescribed by the "*supreme power in the State*," and this brings us to the question of the origin of government. Some writers think that society, in its original state, chose the tallest man amongst them as king. If this had been the case, Carus Wilson might have disputed the English throne with Mr. Charles Freeman, the American giant. Perhaps the expression in the national anthem "*Long to reign over us*," has given rise to this very extraordinary theory.

There are three forms of government—a democracy, where the mass takes such liberties in the lump, that there is no liberty left for allotment among private individuals; an aristocracy, which we need not particularly describe; or a monarchy, where one individual is absolute within a certain space, like the square-keeper of a square, who is fortunately the only specimen of pure despotism that this free country possesses.

Cicero thought a mixture of these three the best; but Tacitus, who had better have been on this occasion tacitus indeed, and held his tongue, declared the idea to be a visionary whim, for he seems to have imagined that the oil of aristocracy and the vinegar of democracy never could have coalesced. Tacitus, however, was out, and, fortunately for us, the British constitution presents the mixture in its complete form, and we trust will long continue what it is—"a real blessing to mothers," fathers, daughters, sons and wives of Great Britain.

The House of Commons embodies the principle of goodness and purity, as a reference to the various election compromises and bribery cases will manifest. The House of Lords embraces the grand element of wisdom, as the reported speeches of various sagacious noblemen will at once prove; while the monarchy is the type of strength, the stability of the throne being provided for by her Majesty's upholsterers. Here, then, in the British constitution is concentrated the milk of everything that is good, wise and powerful. Woe to the revolutionary hand that shall attempt to skim it!

We now come to analyze a law. In the first place, it is declaratory; in the second, it is directory; in the third, it is remedial; and in the fourth it is vindicatory. The declaratory says so and so is wrong, and the directory immediately says it shall not be done; but it sometimes contrives to say so in such very civil and mysterious terms as to leave people in doubt whether they may

do a thing or may not, until they find all of a sudden they are put in possession of its true meaning, and punished for not having been able to understand it.

It is *remedial*, for it gives a remedy. Thus, if you are deprived of your right, you have the remedy of a lawsuit, which is a great luxury, no doubt, though rather an expensive one.

It is also *vindicatory*, for it attaches a penalty—and such is the majesty of the law, that whether right or wrong, he is sure to have to bear a portion of the penalty who presumes in any way to meddle with it.

Offences are either *mala in se* or *mala prohibita;* but the *mala prohibita* differs very materially from the *mala in se*, of which many instances could be given. Piracy is decidedly a *malum in se* (a), but a *malum prohibitum* is that which is only made criminal by the law. For example, it was attempted to make baking on Sunday a *malum prohibitum*, so that a good dinner would in fact have been a *bonum prohibitum* if the anti-baking-on-Sunday party had succeeded.

The rules for interpreting English law are extremely arbitrary. Words are to be taken in their popular sense without regard to grammar, which is thought to have been always beneath the wisdom of Parliament. Grotius thought the penalty on crime was a sort of tax on sin, which might be defined without regard to Sin-tax. Puffendorf tells us that the law forbidding a layman to lay hands on a priest (observe the pun, "a *lay*man to *lay* hands,") applied also to those who would hurt a priest with a weapon, or in other words, "lay into him."

If words are still dubious after the lawyers are called in (and they have a knack of making matters more dubious than before), it is usual to refer to the context; but this is, in many cases, only to get out of the frying-pan into the fire.

The civil law may be divided into the *lex non scripta*, the unwritten or common law, which was not originally in black and white; and the *lex scripta*, the written or statute law, which was originally in black and white; "though," says Coke, "ye blacke in all our lawes did alwayes preponderate."

By the unwritten law we do not mean that any laws have been communicated by word of mouth from one generation to the other, for this would be reducing the common law to mere talk. The western world being totally ignorant of letters—by which it is to be understood that the alphabet was at that time wholly unknown at the west end—our ancestors trusted to tradition, and thus the laws became more familiar to them than A B C; and the earlier lawyers trusted to their recollection, which, no doubt, gave rise to the maxim, that liars—of which lawyers is an evident corruption—should have long memories.

Fortescue thinks our common law is as old as the primitive Britons; and we are ourselves inclined to refer to the times of pure barbarism for the origin of our legal system.

Mr. Selden fancies we got a bit of it from the Romans, and that we picked some from the Picts; so that, according to Selden, the English law is a delicious jumble, and of this its confused state appears to give ample evidence. Bacon says, our laws, being mixed, like our language, are so much the richer; but Bacon always cuts it uncommonly fat when he gets on the subject of legal richness.

Antiquarians tell us that Alfred the Great compiled all the laws into one volume, which he called a dome or doom-book; and considering what people are doomed to by the law, Alfred could not have hit upon a happier title for his production. This book was lost in the reign of Edward the Fourth, or probably sold for waste-paper, which accounts for its having been looked upon as most decidedly "the cheese" from that day to the present.

In the beginning of the eleventh century, there were three different sorts of laws, the Mercian, the West Saxon, and the Danish: out of which we are told by Ranulphus Cestrensis, (who was, we suppose, "a gentleman, one *et cetera*,") that Edward the Confessor formed a digest of laws, which shows that the Confessor's digestion must have been first-rate; and perhaps, living as he did near the sea-shore, he was able to profit by the antibilious properties of cockles: *Piluli antibilosi cocklaiani.* Some say that Edward the Confessor's book was a mere crib from Alfred's, and Alfred has been called the *conditor* or builder of our law, while Edward the Confessor has been nicknamed the *restitutor*, or restorer. Being a confessor, we wonder that he did not confess this fraud, if he had really been guilty of it; but perhaps, on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle, Edward was called a confessor from never having confessed any

thing. Whoever may be entitled to the authorship, these laws constitute the *jus commune*, or *folk right* as Edward the Elder rather facetiously phrases it.

The goodness of a custom entirely depends on nobody being able to say how it came to be a custom at all; and the more unaccountable it is in its origin, the better it is for legal purposes. If this fine old principle were to be applied to the ordinary business of every-day life, he would be the best customer of whom the tradesman should say—"I can't think how I ever came to trust or deal with him."

The unwritten law has three kinds of customs. General customs which apply to the whole country, such as the custom of going to bed at night, and getting up in the morning. Particular customs, applying to particular places, such as the custom of intimidating the boys at the Burlington Arcade, by the presence of a man armed with a brazen-headed tomahawk; and certain particular laws that have obtained the force of custom in some particular courts,—such as the custom at the court of Kingsgate street, of making an order on the defendant, and asking him how he will pay, without hearing much of the evidence.

The judges decide what is a custom, and what is not. They, in fact, make the law by saying what it means; which, as it scarcely ever means what it says, opens the door to much variety. "Variety is charming," according to the proverb, and the study of the law must, on this authority, be regarded as one of the most fascinating of occupations. "Law is the perfection of reason," say the lawyers; and so it is when you get it; but if a judge makes a decision that is manifestly absurd or unjust, it is declared not to be law—for "what is not reason," say the lawyers, "is not law;" a maxim which, if acted upon, would have the effect of condensing the law most materially, or perhaps exterminating it altogether.

The law is preserved in reports, of which there are many thousand volumes; so that any one in ignorance of the law has only to purchase or borrow these—compare the different decisions, and apply them all to his own case, when he will either be right or have the happiness of correcting the law by a fresh decision telling him that he is wrong: which will, of course, be ample compensation for any little inconvenience he may have experienced.

MARIUS AS DESCRIBED BY PLUTARCH.

[PLUTARCHUS, a distinguished philosopher and biographer of Greece, born in the 1st century at Chaeronea, died probably about A. D. 100. He travelled in Italy, lecturing at Rome on philosophy. His great book is the "*Parallel Lives*," in which he delineates the character and exploits of 46 Greeks and Romans. They are characterized by careful regard to facts, sound sense, and sagacious reflections.

Plutarch's other works, generally called "*Morals*," are essays, partly historical and anecdotical.]

At Rome news came that Sylla was engaged with Mithridates's generals in Bœotia; the consuls, from factious opposition, were fallen to downright fighting, wherein Octavius prevailing, drove Cinna out of the city for attempting despotic government, and made Cornelius Merula consul in his stead; while Cinna, raising forces in other parts of Italy, carried the war against them. As soon as Marius heard of this, he resolved, with all expedition, to put to sea again, and taking with him from Africa some Mauritanian horse, and a few of the refugees out of Italy, all together not above one thousand, he, with this handful, began his voyage. Arriving at Telamon in Etruria, and coming ashore, he proclaimed freedom for the slaves; and many of the countrymen, also, and shepherds thereabouts, who were already freemen, at the hearing his name, flocked to him to the sea-side. He persuaded the youngest and strongest to join him, and in a small time got together a competent force with which he filled forty ships. Knowing Octavius to be a good man and willing to execute his office with the greatest justice imaginable, and Cinna to be suspected by Sylla, and in actual warfare against the established government, he determined to join himself and his forces with the latter. He, therefore, sent a message to him, to let him know that he was ready to obey him as consul.

When Cinna had joyfully received his offer, naming him proconsul and sending him the fasces and other ensigns of authority, he said, that grandeur did not become his present fortune; but wearing an ordinary habit, and still letting his hair grow as it had done, from that very day he first went into banishment, and being now above threescore and ten years old, he came slowly on foot, designing to move people's compassion; which did not prevent, however, his natural fierceness of expression from still predomi-

nating, and his humiliation still let it appear that he was not so much dejected as exasperated, by the change of his condition. Having saluted Cinna and the soldiers, he immediately prepared for action, and soon made a considerable alteration in the posture of affairs. He first cut off the provision ships, and plundering all the merchants, made himself master of the supplies of corn; then, bringing his navy to the seaport towns, he took them, and at last, becoming master of Ostia by treachery, he pillaged that town, and slew a multitude of the inhabitants, and, blocking up the river, took from the enemy all hopes of supply by the sea; then marched with his army towards the city, and posted himself upon the hill called Janiculum.

The public interest did not receive so great damage from Octavius's unskilfulness in his management of affairs, as from his omitting needful measures, through too strict observance of the law. As when several advised him to make the slaves free, he said that he would not give slaves the privilege of the country from which he then, in defence of the laws, was driving away Marius. When Metellus, son to that Metellus who was general in the war in Africa, and afterwards banished through Marius's means, came to Rome, being thought a much better commander than Octavius, the soldiers, deserting the consul, came to him and desired him to take the command of them and preserve the city; that they, when they had got an experienced, valiant commander, should fight courageously, and come off conquerors. But when Metellus, offended at it, commanded them angrily to return to the consul, they revolted to the enemy. Metellus, too, seeing the city in a desperate condition, left it; but a company of Chaldæans, sacrificers and interpreters of the Sibyl's books, persuaded Octavius that things would turn out happily, and kept him at Rome. He was, indeed, of all the Romans, the most upright and just, and maintained the honor of the consulate, without cringing or compliance, as strictly in accordance with ancient laws and usages, as though they had been immutable mathematical truths; and yet fell, I know not how, into some weaknesses, giving more observance to fortune-tellers and diviners, than to men skilled in military and civil affairs. He, therefore, before Marius entered the city, was pulled down from the rostra, and murdered by those that were sent before by Marius; and it is reported there was a Chaldæan writing found in his gown, when he was slain. And it seemed a thing very unaccountable, that of two famous generals, Marius should be often successful by the observing divinations, and Octavius ruined by the same means.

When affairs were in this posture, the senate assembled, and sent a deputation to Cinna and Marius, desiring them to come into the city peaceably and spare the citizens. Cinna, as consul, received the embassy, sitting in the curule chair, and returned a kind answer to the messengers; Marius stood by him and said nothing, but gave sufficient testimony by the gloominess of his countenance and the sternness of his looks, that he would in a short time fill the city with blood. As soon as the council arose, they went toward the city, where Cinna entered with his guards, but Marius stayed at the gates, and, dissembling his rage, professed that he was then an exile and banished his country by course of law; that if his presence were necessary, they must, by a new decree, repeal the former act by which he was banished; as though he were, indeed, a religious observer of the laws, and as if he were returning to a city free from fear or oppression. Hereupon the people were assembled, but before three or four tribes had given their votes, throwing up his pretences and his legal scruples about his banishment, he came into the city with a select guard of the slaves who had joined him, whom he called Bardyæi. These proceeded to murder a number of citizens, as he gave command, partly by word of mouth, partly by the signal of his nod. At length Ancharius, a senator, and one that had been prætor, coming to Marius, and not being resaluted by him, they, with their drawn swords, slew him before Marius's face; and henceforth this was their token, immediately to kill all those who met Marius and saluting him were taken no notice of, nor answered with the like courtesy; so that his very friends were not without dreadful apprehensions and horror, whensoever they came to speak with him.

When they had now butchered a great number, Cinna grew more remiss and cloyed with murders; but Marius's rage continued still fresh and unsatisfied, and he daily sought for all that were any way suspected by him. Now was every road and every town filled with those that pursued and hunted them that fled and hid themselves; and it was remarkable that there was no

more confidence to be placed, as things stood, either in hospitality or friendship; for there were found but a very few that did not betray those that fled to them for shelter. And thus the servants of Cornutus deserve the greater praise and admiration, who, having concealed their master in the house, took the body of one of the slain, cut off the head, put a gold ring on the finger, and showed it to Marius's guards, and buried it with the same solemnity as if it had been their own master. This trick was perceived by nobody, and so Cornutus escaped, and was conveyed by his domestics into Gaul.

Marcus Antonius, the orator, though he too, found a true friend, had ill-fortune. The man was but poor and a plebeian, and as he was entertaining a man of the greatest rank in Rome, trying to provide for him with the best he could, he sent his servant to get some wine of a neighbouring vintner. The servant, carefully tasting it and bidding him draw better, the fellow asked him what was the matter, that he did not buy new and ordinary wine as he used to do, but richer and of a greater price; he, without any design, told him, as his old friend and acquaintance that his master entertained Marcus Antonius, who was concealed with him. The villanous vintner, as soon as the servant was gone, went himself to Marius, then at supper, and being brought into his presence, told him, he would deliver Antonius into his hands. As soon as he heard it, it is said, he gave a great shout, and clapped his hands for joy, and had very nearly risen up and gone to the place himself; but, being detained by his friends, he sent Annius, and some soldiers with him, and commanded him to bring Antonius's head to him with all speed. When they came to the house, Annius stayed at the door, and the soldiers went up stairs into the chamber; where, seeing Antonius, they endeavored to shuffle off the murder from one to another; for so great it seems were the graces and charms of his oratory, that as soon as he began to speak and beg his life, none of them durst touch or so much as look upon him; but hanging down their heads, every one fell a weeping. When their stay seemed something tedious, Annius came up himself and found Antonius discoursing, and the soldiers astonished and quite softened by it, and calling them cowards, went himself and cut off his head.

Catulus Lutatius, who was colleague with Marius, and his partner in the triumph over the Cimbri, when Marius replied to those that interceded for him and begged his life, merely with the words, "he must die," shut himself up in a room, and making a great fire, smothered himself. When maimed and headless carcasses were now frequently thrown about and trampled upon in the streets, people were not so much moved with compassion at the sight, as struck into a kind of horror and consternation. The outrages of those that were called Bardyæi, was the greatest grievance. These murdered the masters of families in their own houses, abused their children, and ravished their wives, and were uncontrollable in their rapine and murders, till those of Cinna's and Sertorius's party, taking counsel together, fell upon them in the camp and killed them every man.

In the interim, as if a change of wind was coming on, there came news from all parts that Sylla, having put an end to the war with Mithridates, and taken possession of the provinces, was returning into Italy with a great army. This gave some small respite and intermission to these unspeakable calamities. Marius and his friends believing war to be close at hand, Marius was chosen consul the seventh time, and appearing on the very calends of January, the beginning of the year, threw one Sextus Lucinus, from the Tarpeian precipice; an omen, as it seemed, portending the renewed misfortunes both of their party and of the city. Marius, himself, now worn out with labor and sinking under the burden of anxieties, could not sustain his spirits, which shook within him with the apprehension of a new war and fresh encounters and dangers, the formidable character of which he knew by his own experience. He was not now to hazard the war with Octavius or Merula commanding an inexperienced multitude or seditious rabble; but Sylla himself was approaching, the same who had formerly banished him, and since that, had driven Mithridates as far as the Euxine Sea.

Perplexed with such thoughts as these, and calling to mind his banishment, and the tedious wanderings and dangers he underwent, both by sea and land, he fell into despondency, nocturnal frights, and unquiet sleep, still fancying that he heard some one telling him, that

> —the lion's lair
> Is dangerous, though the lion be not there.

Above all things fearing to lie awake, he

gave himself up to drinking deep and besotting himself at night in a way most unsuitable to his age; by all means provoking sleep, as a diversion to his thoughts. At length, on the arrival of a messenger from the sea, he was seized with new alarms, and so what with his fear for the future, and what with the burden and satiety of the present, on some slight predisposing cause, he fell into a pleurisy, as Posidonius the philosopher relates, who says he visited and conversed with him when he was sick, about some business relating to his embassy. Caius Piso, an historian, tells us that Marius, walking after supper with his friends, fell into a conversation with them about his past life, and after reckoning up the several changes of his condition, that from the beginning had happened to him, said, that it did not become a prudent man to trust himself any longer with fortune; and thereupon, taking leave of those that were with him, he kept his bed seven days, and then died.

Some say his ambition betrayed itself openly in his sickness, and that he ran into an extravagant frenzy, fancying himself to be general in the war against Mithridates, throwing himself into such postures and motions of his body as he had formerly used when he was in battle, with frequent shouts and loud cries. With so strong and invincible a desire of being employed in that business had he been possessed through his pride and emulation. Though he had now lived seventy years, and was the first man that ever was chosen seven times consul, and had an establishment and riches sufficient for many kings, he yet complained of his ill fortune, that he must now die, before he had attained what he desired. Plato, when he saw his death approaching, thanked the guiding providence and fortune of his life, first, that he was born a man and a Grecian, not a barbarian or a brute, and next, that he happened to live in Socrates's age. And so indeed they say Antipater of Tarsus, in like manner, at his death, calling to mind the happiness that he had enjoyed, did not so much as omit his prosperous voyage to Athens; thus recognizing every favor of his indulgent fortune with the greatest acknowledgments, and carefully saving all to the last in that safest of human treasure-chambers, the memory. Unmindful and thoughtless persons, on the contrary, let all that occurs to them slip away from them as time passes on. Retaining and preserving nothing, they lose the enjoyment of their present prosperity by fancying something better to come; where as by fortune we may be prevented of this, but that cannot be taken from us. Yet they reject their present success, as though it did not concern them, and do nothing but dream of future uncertainties; not indeed unnaturally; as till men have by reason and education laid a good foundation for external superstructures, in the seeking after and gathering them they can never satisfy the unlimited desires of their mind.

Thus died Marius on the seventeenth day of his seventh consulship, to the great joy and content of Rome, which thereby was in good hopes to be delivered from the calamity of a cruel tyranny; but in a small time they found, that they had only changed their old and worn-out master for another young and vigorous; so much cruelty and savageness did his son Marius show in murdering the noblest and most approved citizens. At first, being esteemed resolute and daring against his enemies, he was named the son of Mars, but afterwards, his actions betraying his contrary disposition, he was called the son of Venus. At last, besieged by Sylla in Praeneste, where he endeavored in many ways, but in vain, to save his life, when on the capture of the city there was no hope of escape, he killed himself with his own hand.

PLUTARCH.

HORACE.

[PIERRE CORNEILLE, a celebrated French dramatist, born at Rouen, 1606, died at Paris, 1684. Educated by the Jesuits, Corneille became an advocate, but devoted himself to literature, writing comedies and tragedies with prolific pen. His great dramatic composition, "*Le Cid*," owes its subject to Spain, but the treatment was thoroughly French. "*Cinna*" and "*Horace*" are among his finest classic tragedies. Corneille had the admiration of all the great men of his age, and received a pension of 2,000 livres from Louis XIV. His dramas are singularly unequal, but some of them exhibit great power. The following is from his tragedy of *Horace*:

HORACE.

Though you're no Roman, yet deserve to be
And better shew how much you equal me;
That solid Virtue which I make my boast,
By any weaker tincture would be lost;
His race of Honor is but ill-design'd
Who at first start begins to look behind;
Our suffering to the highest pitch is brought,
I can see through it, but I tremble not.

Where'er my country will my arm employ,
I must accept it with implicit joy;
The glory of receiving such commands,
Every reflection but itself withstands;
He who room then for other thoughts can find,
Does what he ought with too remiss a mind,
That sacred tie must others uncreate,
Rome arming me, I nothing must debate;
Nor did I wed thy sister with more joy
Than now I'll seek her brother to destroy;
And this superfluous language to give o'er,
Y' are *Alba's* choice, nor must I know you more.

CURTIUS.

Yet to my torment I must still know you,
But this rough Virtue yet I never knew;
And in this sad extremity of Fate
Let me admire it, but not imitate.

HORACE.

No, no, embrace not Virtue by constraint,
And since you find such pleasure in complaint
Freely enjoy it, and for your own content,
My Sister comes to help you to lament;
I'll visit yours, and hope to make her know
What generous things becomes my Wife to do;
That if I fall, she may to you be kind,
And bear her sorrows with a Roman mind.

* * * * * * *

HORACE.

Sister, this arm our Brothers has revenged,
And *Rome's* declining destiny has changed;
Has to *Rome's* sway subjected *Alba's* Fate,
And in one day dispos'd of either State.
Behold what trophies I have won, and pay
What's due from you to such a glorious day.

CAMILLA.

Receive my tears then, which are all I owe.

HORACE.

Rome in her Triumphs will not those allow;
Blood hath too well appeas'd our Brothers slain,
For you by tears to wash away their stain,
A loss that is reveng'd should be forgot.

CAMILLA.

Since then our hapless Brothers need them not,
I shall not think my tears to them are due,
Who are so fully satisfied by you.
But who will make my happiness return?
Or call the Lover back for whom I mourn?

HORACE.

How's that?

CAMILLA.

My *Curtius*, ah, too brave! too dear!

HORACE.

Ah! what are those audacious words I hear?
Can my degenerate Sister then retain
Love for a public Foe whom I have slain?
This guilty passion to revenge aspires,
But govern better thy unjust desires;
Remove my blushes, and thy flame suppress,
And be in love alone with my success:
Let these great trophies thy delight confine.

CAMILLA.

Give me, Barbarian, then, a heart like thine;
And since my thoughts I can no more disclaim
Restore my Curtius, or excuse my flame;
All my delight, with his dear life is fled,
I lov'd him living, and lament him dead,
If thou the Sister seek'st thou left'st behind,
An injur'd Mistress only thou wilt find
Who like a Fury, still must thee pursue
And still reproach thee with his murther too,
Inhuman Brother! who forbid'st my tears,
To whom my rescue such a joy appears,
Who of thy cruel slaughter growing vain,
Would'st have me kill my *Curtius* o'er again:
May such incessant sorrows follow thee.
That thou may'st be reduc'd to envy me,
And by some wretched action soon defame,
Thy so ador'd and yet so brutish name.

HORACE.

O, Heavens! who ever saw such raging love!
Believ'st thou nothing can my temper move?
And in my blood can I this shame permit?
Love, love that blow which so ennobles it;
And the remembrance of one man resign,
To th' interests of *Rome* if not to mine.

CAMILLA.

To Rome! the only object of my hate!
To Rome! whose quarrel caused my Lover's Fate!
To Rome! where thou wert born, to thee so dear,
Whom I abhor 'cause she does thee revere;
May all her neighbors in one knot combine,
Her yet unsure foundations t'undermine;
And if Italian Forces seem too small,
May East and West conspire to make her fall;
And all the nations of the barbarous World,
To ruin her o'er Hills and Seas be hurl'd:
Nor these loath'd Walls may her own fury spare,
But with her own hands her own bowels tear;
And may Heaven's anger kindled by my woe,
Whole deluges of fire upon her throw;
May my eyes see her Temple overturn'd,
These Houses ashes, and thy Laurels burn'd;
See the last gasp which the last *Roman* draws,
And die with joy for having been the cause.

CORNEILLE—*Translated by Sir John Denham.*

SENECA ON A HAPPY LIFE.

[Lucius Annaeus Seneca, the Roman philosopher, was born a few years before Christ, and was put to death by Nero, A. D. 65. A close student from his youth, he devoted himself to philosophy and rhetoric, became prætor and tutor to young Nero, afterward Emperor of Rome. Seneca amassed great wealth during the early years of Nero, but having exerted his influence to check the vices and cruelties of that emperor, he was summarily got rid of. The numerous writings of Seneca are among the best expositions of the Stoic philosophy, abounding in sagacious thoughts and maxims for the conduct of life.]

There is not anything in this world, perhaps that is more talked of, and less understood, than the business of a happy life. It is every man's wish and design; and yet not one of a thousand that knows wherein that happiness consists. We live however in a blind and eager pursuit of it; and the more haste we make in the wrong way, the farther we are from our journey's end. Let us therefore first consider, what it is we would be at; and secondly, which is the readiest way to compass it. If we be right, we shall find every day how much we improve; but if we either follow the cry or the track of people that are out of the way, we must expect to be misled, and to continue our days in wandering and error. Wherefore it highly concerns us to take along with us a skillful guide; for it is not in this, as in other voyages, where the highway brings us to our place of repose; or, if a man should happen to be out, where the inhabitants might set him right again; but on the contrary, the beaten road is here the most dangerous, and the people, instead of helping us, misguide us. Let us not therefore follow like beasts, but rather govern ourselves by reason than by example. It fares with us in human life, as in a routed army, one stumbles first, and then another falls upon him, and so they follow, one upon the neck of another, till the whole field comes to be one heap of miscarriages. And the mischief is, that the number of the multitude carries it against truth and justice, so that we must leave the crowd if we would be happy; for the question of a happy life is not to be decided by vote: nay, so far from it that plurality of voices is still an argument of the wrong; the common people find it easier to believe than to judge; and content themselves with what is usual; never examining whether it be good or no. By the common people is intended the man of title, as well as the clouted shoe; for I do not distinguish them by the eye, but by the mind, which is the proper judge of the man. Worldly felicity I know makes the head giddy; but if ever a man comes to himself again, he will confess, that whatsoever he has done, he wishes undone; and that the things he feared were better than the ones he prayed for.

The true felicity of life is to be free from perturbations; to understand our duties towards God and man; to enjoy the present, without any anxious dependence upon the future. Not to amuse ourselves with either hopes or fears, but to rest satisfied with what we have, which is abundantly sufficient; for he that is so, wants nothing. The great blessings of mankind are within us, and within our reach; but we shut our eyes, and like people in the dark, we fall foul upon the very thing we search for, without finding it. Tranquillity is a certain equality of mind, which no condition of fortune can either exalt or depress. Nothing can make it less; for, it is the state of human perfection; it raises us as high as we can go; and makes every man his own supporter; whereas he that is borne up by anything else may fall. He that judges aright, and perseveres in it, enjoys a perpetual calm; he takes a true prospect of things; he observes an order, measure, a decorum in all his actions; he has a benevolence in his nature; he squares his life according to reason; and draws to himself love and admiration. Without a certain, and an unchangeable judgment, all the rest is but fluctuation, but, he that always wills and wills the same thing, is undoubtedly in the right. Liberty and serenity of mind must necessarily ensue upon the mastering of those things, which either allure or affright us; when, instead of those flashy pleasures, (which even at the best are both vain and hurtful together) we shall find ourselves possessed of joys transporting and everlasting. It must be a sound mind that makes a happy man; there must be a constancy in all conditions, a care for the things of this world, but without trouble; and such an indifference for bounties of fortune, that either with them or without them, we may live contentedly. There must be neither lamentation, nor quarrelling, nor sloth, nor fear; for it makes a discord in a man's life. He that fears, serves. The joy of a wise man stands firm without interruption; in all places, at all times, and

in all conditions, his thoughts are cheerful and quiet. As it never came into him from without, so it will never leave him; but is born within him, and inseparable from him. It is a solicitous life that is egged on with the hope of anything, though never so open and easy; nay, though a man should never suffer any sort of disappointment. I do not speak this either as a bar to the fair enjoyment of lawful pleasures, or to the gentle flatteries of reasonable expectations: but on the contrary, I would have men to be always in good humor, provided that it arises from their own souls, and be cherished in their own breasts. Other delights are trivial; they may smooth the brow, but they do not fill and affect the heart. True joy is a serene and sober motion; and they are miserably out that take laughing for rejoicing; the seat of it is within, and there is no cheerfulness like the resolution of a brave mind, that has fortune under its feet. He that can look death in the face and bid it welcome, open his door to poverty, and bridle his appetites, this is the man whom Providence has established in the possession of inviolable delights. The pleasures of the vulgar are ungrounded, thin, and superficial; but the others are solid and eternal. As the body itself is rather a necessary thing, than a great; so the comforts of it are but temporary and vain; beside, without extraordinary moderation, their pleasure is only pain and repentance. Whereas, a peaceful conscience, honest thoughts, virtuous actions, and indifference for casual events, are blessings without end, satiety or measure. This consummated state of felicity is only a submission to the dictate of right nature; the foundation of it is wisdom and virtue; the knowledge of what we ought to do, and the conformity of the will to that knowledge.

NO FELICITY LIKE PEACE OF CONSCIENCE.

A good conscience is the testimony of a good life, and the reward of it. This is it that fortifies the mind against fortune, when a man has gotten the mastery of his passions; placed his treasury, and his security within himself; learned to be content with his condition; and that death is no evil in itself, but only the end of man. He that has dedicated his mind to virtue, and to the good of society, whereof he is a member, has consummated all that is either profitable or necessary for him to know, or do, toward the establishment of his peace. Every man has a judge and a witness within himself of all the good and ill that he does; which inspires us with great thoughts, and administers to us wholesome counsels. We have a veneration for all the works of nature, the heads of rivers, and the springs of medicinal waters: the horrors of groves, and of caves, strike us with an impression of religion and worship. To see a man fearless in dangers, untainted with lusts, happy in adversity, composed in a tumult, and laughing at all those things which are generally either coveted or feared; all men must acknowledge, that this can be nothing else but a beam of divinity that influences the mortal body. And this is it that carries us to the disquisition of things divine, and human; what the state of the world was before the distribution of the first matter into parts; what power it was that drew order out of that confusion, and gave laws both to the whole, and to every particle thereof; what that space is beyond the world; and whence proceed the several operations of nature. Shall any man see the glory and order of the universe; so many scattered parts, and qualities wrought into one mass; such a medley of things, which are not yet distinguished; the world enlightened, and the disorders of it so wonderfully regulated; and shall he not consider the author and disposer of all this; and whither we ourselves shall go, when our souls shall be delivered from the slavery of our flesh? The whole creation, we see, conforms to the dictates of Providence, and follows God both as a governor, and as a guide. A great, a good, and a right mind, is a kind of divinity lodged in flesh, and may be the blessing of a slave, as well as of a prince; it came from Heaven, and to Heaven it must return; and it is a kind of Heavenly felicity, which a pure and virtuous mind enjoys, in some degree, even upon earth: whereas temples of honor are but empty names, which probably owe their beginning either to ambition, or to violence. I am strangely transported with the thoughts of eternity; nay, with a belief of it; for I have a profound veneration for the opinions of great men, especially when they promise things so much to my satisfaction: for they do promise them, though they do not prove them. In the question of the immortality of the soul, it goes very

far with me, a general consent to the opinion of a future reward, and punishment; which meditation raises me to the contempt of this life, in hopes of a better. But still, though we know that we have a soul, yet, what the soul is, how and from whence, we are utterly ignorant; this only we understand, that all the good and ill we do, is under the dominion of the mind; that a clear conscience states us in an inviolable peace: and that the greatest blessing in nature is that which every honest man may bestow upon himself. The body is but the clog and prisoner of the mind, tossed up and down, and persecuted with punishments, violences and diseases; but the mind itself is sacred, and eternal, and exempt from the danger of all actual impression.

Provided that we look to our consciences, no matter for opinion: let me desire well, though I hear ill. The common people take stomach, and audacity, for the marks of magnanimity and honor; and if a man be soft, and modest, they look upon him as an easy fop; but when they come once to observe the dignity of his mind, in the equality and firmness of his actions; and that his eternal quiet is founded upon an internal peace, the very same people have him in esteem and admiration. For, there is no man but approves of virtue, though but few pursue it; we see where it is, but we dare not venture to come at it; and the reason is, we over-value that which we must quit to obtain it. A good conscience fears no witnesses, but a guilty conscience is solicitous, even in solitude. If we do nothing but what is honest, let all the world know it; but if otherwise, what does it signify to have nobody else know it, so long as I know it myself? Miserable is he that slights that witness! Wickedness, 'tis true, may 'scape the law, but not the conscience: for a private conviction is the first and the greatest punishment of offenders; so that sin plagues itself; and the fear of vengeance pursues even those that 'scape the stroke of it. It were ill for good men that iniquity may so easily evade the law, the judge and the execution, if nature had not set up torments and gibbets in the consciences of transgressors. He that is guilty lives in perpetual terror; and while he expects to be punished, he punishes himself; and, whosoever deserves it, expects it. What if he be not detected? He is still in apprehension yet, that he may be so. His sleeps are painful and never secure; and he cannot speak of another man's wickedness, without thinking of his own; whereas a good conscience is a continual feast. Those are the only certain and profitable delights, which arise from the conscience of a well-acted life: no matter for noise abroad, so long as we are quiet within: but if our passions be seditious, that's enough to keep us waking, without any other tumult. It is not the posture of the body, or the composure of the bed, that will give rest to an uneasy mind: there is an impatient sloth, that may be roused by action, and the vices of laziness must be cured by business. True happiness is not to be found in excesses of wine or of women, nor in the largest prodigalities of fortune: what she has given me, she may take away; but she shall not tear it from me; and so long as it does not grow to me, I can part with it without pain. He that would perfectly know himself, let him set aside his money, his fortune, his dignity, and examine himself naked, without being put to learn from others the knowledge of himself.

It is dangerous for a man too suddenly or too easily to believe himself. Wherefore let us examine, watch, observe and inspect our own hearts for we ourselves are our greatest flatterers: we should every night call ourselves to an account, what infirmity have I mastered to-day? What passion opposed? What temptation resisted? What virtue acquired? Our vices will abate of themselves, if they be brought every day to the shrift. Oh the blessed sleep that follows such a diary! Oh the tranquillity, liberty and greatness of that mind, that is a spy upon itself, and a private censor of its own manners! It is my custom (says the author) every night, so soon as the candle is out, to run over the words and actions of the past day; and I let nothing 'scape me; for, why should I fear the sight of my own errors, when I can admonish and forgive myself? I was a little too hot in a dispute; my opinion might have been as well spared, for it gave offence, and did no good at all. The thing was true; but all truths are not to be spoken at all times; I would I had held my tongue, for there is no contending either with fools or our superiors. I have done ill; but it shall be so no more. If every man would but thus look into himself, it would be the better for us all. What can be more reasonable than this daily review of a life we cannot warrant for a moment? Our fate is set and the first breath we draw

is only the first motion towards our last; one cause depends upon another; and the course of all things public and private, is but a long connection of providential appointments. There is a great variety in our lives, but all tends to the same issue. Nature may use her own bodies as she pleases; but a good man has this consolation, that nothing perishes which he can call his own. 'Tis a great comfort that we are only condemned to the same fate with the universe; the heavens themselves are mortal as well as our bodies; nature has made us passive, and to suffer is our lot. While we are in flesh, every man has his chain and his clog, only it is looser and lighter to one man than another; and he is more at ease that takes it up and carries it, than he that drags it. We are born to lose and to perish; to hope and to fear; to vex ourselves and others; and there is no antidote against a common calamity, but virtue; for the foundation of true joy is in the conscience.

SENECA.

THE USE OF RICHES.

[MENANDER, a poet of Athens, was born B. C. 342 and died B. C. 291. He composed over 100 comedies, and was regarded as a master of poetry. Fragments only of his works have come down to us.]

Abundance is a blessing to the wise;
The use of riches in discretion lies.
Learn this, ye men of wealth—A heavy purse
In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.

WHAT DUST WE ARE MADE OF.

If you would know of what frail stuff you're made,
Go to the tombs of the illustrious dead;
There rest the bones of kings, there tyrants rot;
There sleep the rich, the noble, and the wise;
There pride, ambition, beauty's fairest form,
All dust alike, compound one common mass:
Reflect on these, and in them see yourself.

BAD TEMPER.

Of all bad things, by which mankind are curst,
Their own bad tempers surely are the worst.

THE HISTORY OF SOCRATES.

[CHARLES ROLLIN, a French historical writer, born at Paris, 1661, died 1741. He became professor in the Collège de France, and acquired reputation as a Jansenist theologian. His most popular work, the "*Histoire ancienne*," published 150 years ago, has been frequently reprinted in French and in English. Its popular and pleasing style made it widely acceptable to the reading world, but it has been supplanted by the works of more accurate historians.]

Socrates was born at Athens, in the fourth year of the seventy-seventh Olympiad. His father, Sophroniscus, was a sculptor, and his mother, Phanarete, a midwife. Hence we may observe that meanness of birth is no obstacle to true merit, in which alone solid glory and real nobility consist. It appears from the comparisons which Socrates often used in his discourses, that he was neither ashamed of his father's or mother's profession. He was surprised that a sculptor should employ his whole attention to mould an insensible stone into the likeness of a man, and that a man should take so little pains not to resemble an insensible stone. He would often say, that he exercised the functions of a midwife with regard to the mind, in making it bring forth all its thoughts, which was indeed the peculiar talent of Socrates. He treated subjects in so simple, natural and pure an order, that he made those with whom he disputed say what he would, and find an answer themselves to all the questions he proposed to them. He at first learned his father's trade, in which he made himself very expert. In the time of Pausanias, there was a Mercury and the Graces to be seen at Athens of his workmanship; and it is to be presumed, these statues would not have found place among those of the greatest masters in the art, if they had not been thought worthy of it.

Criton is reported to have taken him out of his father's shop, from the admiration of his fine genius, and the opinion that it was inconsistent for a young man capable of the greatest things, to continue perpetually employed upon stone with a chisel in his hand. He was a disciple of Archelaus, who conceived a great affection for him. Archelaus had been pupil to Anaxagoras, a very celebrated philosopher. His first study was physic, the works of nature, and the movement of the heavens, stars, and planets, according to the custom of those times, wherein only that part of philosophy was known, and Xenophon assures us of his being very learned in it. But after having found by his own experience, how difficult, abstruse, intricate, and at the same time how little use-

ful that kind of learning was to the generality of mankind, he was the first, according to Cicero, who conceived the thought of bringing down philosophy from heaven, to place it in cities, and introduce it into private houses; humanizing it, to use that expression, and rendering it more familiar, more useful in common life, more within the reach of man's capacity, and applying solely to what might make them more rational, just, and virtuous. He found there was a kind of folly in devoting the whole vivacity of his mind, and employing all his time, in inquiries merely curious, involved in impenetrable darkness, and absolutely incapable of contributing to human happiness; while he neglected to inform himself in the ordinary duties of life, and in learning what is conformable or opposite to piety, justice, and probity: in what fortitude, temperance and wisdom consist; and what is the end of all government, what the rules of it, and what qualities are necessary for commanding and ruling well? We shall see in the sequel the use he made of this study.

It was so far from preventing him from discharging the duties of a good citizen, that it was the means of making him more observant of them. He bore arms, as did all the people of Athens; but with more pure and elevated motives. He made many campaigns, was present in many actions, and always distinguished himself by his valor and fortitude. He was seen towards the end of his life, giving in the senate, of which he was a member, the most shining proofs of his zeal for justice, without being intimidated by the greatest present dangers.

He had accustomed himself early to a sober, severe, laborious life; without which it seldom happens that men are capable of discharging the greatest part of the duties of good citizens. No man could carry the contempt of riches and the love of poverty farther than he did. He thought it a divine perfection to be in want of nothing: and believed the less we are contented with, the nearer we approach to the Divinity. Seeing the pomp and show displayed by luxury in certain ceremonies, and the infinite quantity of gold and silver employed in them, "How many things," said he, congratulating himself on his condition, "do I not want!" "Quantis non egeo!"

His father left him eighty minæ, which he lent to one of his friends who had occasion for that sum. But the affairs of that friend having taken an ill turn, he lost the whole, and suffered that misfortune with such indifference and tranquillity, that he did not so much as complain of it. We find it in Xenophon's Economies, that his whole estate amounted to no more than five minæ. The richest persons of Athens were his friends, who could never prevail on him to accept a share of their wealth. When he was in want of anything he was not ashamed to declare it: "If I had money," said he one day in an assembly of his friends, "I should buy me a cloak." He did not address himself to any one in particular, but contented himself with that general information. His disciples contended for the honor of making him this small present; which was being too slow, says Seneca; their own observation should have prevented both the want and the demand.

He generously refused the offers and presents of Archelaus king of Macedon, who was desirous of having him at his court; adding, "that he could not go to a man who could give him more than it was in his power to return." Another philosopher does not approve this answer. "Was it making a prince a small return," says Seneca, "to undeceive him in his false ideas of grandeur and magnificence; to inspire him with a contempt for riches; to show him the right use of them; to instruct him in the great art of reigning; in a word, to teach him how to live and how to die? But," continues Seneca, "the true reason which prevented his going to the court of that prince, was, that he did not think it consistent for him to seek a voluntary servitude, whose liberty a free city could not suffer him to enjoy." "Noluit ire voluntariam servitutem, is, cujus libertatem civitas libera ferre non potuit."

The peculiar austerity of his life did not render him gloomy and morose, as was too common with the philosophers of those times. In company and conversation he was always gay and facetious, and the sole joy and spirit of the entertainment. Though he was very poor, he took a pleasure in the neatness of his person and house, and could not suffer the ridiculous affectation of Antisthenes, who always wore dirty and ragged clothes. He told him once, that through the holes of his cloak, and the rest of his tatters, abundance of vanity might be discerned.

One of the most distinguishing qualities of Socrates, was a tranquillity of soul, that no accident, no loss, no injury, no ill treat

ment, could ever alter. Some have believed, that he was by nature hasty and passionate, and that the moderation to which he had attained, was the object of his reflections and endeavors to subdue and correct himself: which would still add to his merit. Seneca tells us, that he had desired his friends to apprise him, whenever they saw him ready to fall into a passion, and that he had given them that privilege over him, which he himself took with them. Indeed the best time to call in aid against rage and anger, that have so violent and sudden a power over us, is when we are yet ourselves, and in cool blood. At the first signal, the least animadversion, he either softened his tone, or was silent. Finding himself in great emotion against a slave: "I would beat you," said he, "if I were not angry." "Caederum te nisi irascerer." Having received a box on the ear, he contented himself with only saying with a smile, "'Tis a misfortune not to know when to put on a helmet."

Without going out of his own house, he found enough to exercise his patience to its full extent. Xantippe, his wife, put it to the severest proofs by her capricious, passionate, and violent disposition. It seems, before he took her for his companion, that he was not ignorant of her character; and he says himself in Xenophon, "that he had expressly chosen her from the conviction, that if he should be capable of bearing her insults, there would be nobody, though ever so difficult to endure, with whom he could not live." Never was woman of so violent and capricious a spirit, and so bad a temper. There was no kind of abuse or injurious treatment which he had not to experience from her. She would sometimes be transported with such an excess of rage, as to tear off his cloak in the open street; and even one day, after having vented all the reproaches her fury could suggest, she emptied a pot upon his head; at which he only laughed and said, "That so much thunder must needs produce a shower."

Some ancient authors write, that Socrates married a second wife, named Uryrto, who was the grand-daughter of Aristides the Just; and that he suffered exceedingly from them both, who were continually quarreling with each other, and never agreed but in loading him with reproaches, and doing him all the injury they could invent. They pretend, that during the Peloponnesian war, after the pestilence had swept off great numbers of the Athenians, a decree was made, whereby, the sooner to retrieve the ruins of the republic, each citizen was to have two wives at the same time, and that Socrates took advantage of this new law. Those authors found this circumstance solely upon a passage in a treatise on nobility, ascribed to Aristotle.

THE DÆMON OF SOCRATES.

Our knowledge of Socrates would be defective if we knew nothing of the genius, which, he said, had assisted him with its counsel and protection in the greatest part of his actions. It is not agreed among authors what his genius was commonly called. "The Dæmon of Socrates," from the Greek word *Δαιμονιον*, which signifies something of a divine nature, conceived as a secret voice, a sign, or such an inspiration as diviners are supposed to have had. This genius diverted him from the execution of his designs when they were prejudicial to him, without ever inducing him to act any thing; "Esse divinum quoddam, quod Socrates demonium appellat, cui semper ipse paruetit, nunquam impellenti, sæpe revocanti." Plutarch, in his treatise, entitled "Of the Genius of Socrates," repeats the different opinions of the ancients upon the existence and nature of this genius. I shall confine myself to that one which seems the most natural and reasonable, though he does not lay much stress upon it.

We know that the divinity has a clear and unerring knowledge of futurity; that man cannot penetrate into its darkness, but by uncertain and confused conjectures; that those who succeed best in that research, are they who by a more exact and studied comparison of the different causes capable of influencing future events, distinguish, with greater force and perspicuity, what will be the result and issue of the conflict of those different causes, in conducting to the success or miscarriage of an effect or enterprise. This foresight and discernment has something divine in it, exalts us above the rest of mankind, assimilates us to the divinity, and makes us participate in some measure in his councils and designs by giving us an insight and prescience, to a certain degree, of what he has ordained concerning the future. Socrates had a just and penetrating judgment, joined with the most consummate prudence. He might call this judgment and prudence, *Δαιμονιον*, "something di-

vine," using indeed a kind of equivocation in the expression, without attributing to himself, however, the merit of his wisdom in conjecturing upon the future. The Abbé Fraguier comes very near the same opinion in the dissertation he has left us upon this subject, in the Memoirs of the Academy of Belles-Lettres.

The effect, or rather function of this genius, was to stop and prevent his acting, without ever inducing him to act. He received also the same impulse, when his friends were about to engage in any bad affair, and communicated it to them, and several instances are related, wherein they found themselves very unfortunate from not having believed him. Now, what other signification can be given to this than that, under mysterious terms, it implies a mind which by its own lights, and the knowledge of mankind, has attained a sort of insight into futurity? And if Socrates had not intended to lessen in his own person the merit of unerring judgment, by attributing to it a kind of instinct, if at the bottom he had desired any thing to be understood, besides the general aid of the divine wisdom, which speaks in every man by the voice of reason, would he have escaped, says Xenophon, the censure of arrogance and falsehood?

"God has always prevented me from speaking to you," says he to Alcibiades, "while the weakness of your age would have rendered my discourses ineffectual to you. But I conceive I may now enter into dispute with you, as an ambitious young man, to whom the laws open a way to the dignity of the republic." Is it not here evident, that prudence prevented Socrates from treating Alcibiades seriously, at a time when grave and severe conversation would have created in him a disgust, of which perhaps he might never have got the better? And when, in his dialogue upon the commonwealth, Socrates ascribes his avoiding public business to inspiration from above, does he mean any thing more than what he says in his apology, "that a just and good man who intermeddles with the government in a corrupt state, is not long without perishing?" If, when he appeared before the judges who were to condemn him, that divine voice was not heard to prevent him, as it was usually upon dangerous occasions, the reason is, that he did not deem it a misfortune for him to die, especially at his age, and in his circumstances. It is well known what his prognostication had been long before, upon the unfortunate expedition to Sicily. He attributed it to his dæmon, and declared it to be the inspiration of that spirit. A wise man, who sees an affair ill concerted, and conducted with passion, may easily prophesy upon the event of it, without the aid of a dæmon's inspiration.

CHARLES ROLLIN.

EPIGRAMS OF MARTIAL.

[M. VALERIUS MARTIALIS, a famous epigrammatic poet, born in Spain, A. D. 43, but removed to Rome at the age of 23, where he resided 35 years, dying about the year 104. The writings of Martial, which brought him great fame, not only at Rome but elsewhere, even as far as Britain, consist of a collection of short poems, about 1500 in number, entitled, "*Epigrammata.*" They are marked by much felicity of expression, a great flow of wit, and occasional beauties of imagination, but the impurities scattered through them detract from their permanent value. They throw much light on the social habits and customs of the Romans in the first century.]

XII. ON REGULUS.

On Tibur's road to where Alcides towers,
And hoary Anio smoking sulphur pours;
Where laugh the lawns, and groves to Muses dear,
And the fourth stone bespeaks Augusta near,
An antique porch prolonged the summer shade:
What a new deed her dotage half essayed?
Reeling, herself she threw with instant crash,
Where Regulus scarce pass'd in his calash.
Sly Fortune started, for herself aware;
Nor could the overwhelming odium bear.
Thus ruins ravish us, and dangers teach:
Still standing piles could no protection preach.

Translated by ELPHINSTON.

39. TO DECIANUS.

Is there a friend like those distinguished few,
Renown'd for faith, whom former ages knew;
Polish'd by art, in every science wise;
Truly sincere and good without disguise;
Guardian of right, who doth by honors steer;
Who makes no prayer but all the world may hear;
Who doth on fortitude of mind depend?
I know indeed, but dare not name, that friend.

Translated by HAY.

54. TO FUSCUS.

If yet one corner in thy breast
Remains, good Fuscus, unpossess'd
(For many a friend, I know, is thine,)
Give me to boast that corner mine.
Nor thou the honour'd place I sue
Refuse to an acquaintance new:
The oldest friend to all thy store

Was once, 'tis certain, nothing more.
It matters not how late the choice,
If but approved by reason's voice!
Then let thy sole inquiry be
If thou canst find such worth in me
That, constant as the years are roll'd,
Matures new friendship into old.

MELMOTH'S *Translation.*

99. TO CALENUS.

When some time since you had not clear
Above three hundred pounds a year,
You lived so well, your bounty such,
Your friends all wish'd you twice as much:
Heaven with our wishes soon complied;
In six months four relations died.
But you so far from having more,
Seem robbed of what you had before:
A greater miser every day,
Live in a cursed starving way;
Scarce entertain us once a year;
And then not worth a groat the cheer.
Seven old companions, men of sense,
Scarce cost you now as many pence.
What shall we wish you on our part?
What wish can equal your desert?
Thousands a year may Heaven grant!
Then you will starve, and die for want!

Translated by HAY.

TO HIS BOOK.

Three hundred epigrams thou might'st contain,
But who, to read so many, can sustain?
Hear what in praise of brevity is said:
First, less expense and waste of paper's made;
The printer's labours next, doth sooner end,
And to more serious works he may attend;
Thirdly, to whomsoe'er thou shalt be read
Though naught, not tedious yet thou canst be said;
Again, in length while thou dost not abound,
Thou mayst be heard while yet the cups go round:
And when this caution's used, alas! I fear
To many yet thou wilt too long appear.

M. VALERIUS MARTIALIS.

IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

[LUIS DE CAMOENS, the most illustrious of Portuguese poets, born at Lisbon about 1524, died there in 1579. He became a soldier, and went to India, writing his great epic "*Os Lusiadas*" at Macao. This poem was dedicated to the king of Portugal, but, fine as it was, it brought him but a very small pension of some twenty dollars a year. Illustrious as his poems have made him, Camoens was neglected during life, dying in poverty and obscurity in a hospital. Besides "*The Lusiad*," which celebrates in heroic verses the great events in the history of Portugal, Camoens wrote, sonnets, odes, elegies, etc., and three comedies. His poems are remarkable for grace, melody, finished diction, and a certain tender melancholy.]

FROM THE LUSIAD.

IGNEZ DE CASTRO.

While glory thus Alonzo's name adorned,
To Lisbon's shores the happy chief returned,
In glorious peace and well deserved repose,
His course of fame and honored age to close.
When, now, O king, a damsel's fate severe,[1]
A fate which ever claims the woful tear,
Disgraced his honors. On the nymph's lorn head
Relentless rage its bitterest rancor shed:
Yet such the zeal her princely lover bore,
Her breathless corse the crown of Lisbon wore.
'T was thou, O Love, whose dreaded shafts control
The hind's rude heart, and tear the hero's soul;
Thou ruthless power, with bloodshed never cloyed,
'Twas thou thy lovely votary destroyed.
Thy thirst still burning for a deeper woe,
In vain to thee the tears of beauty flow;
The breast, that feels thy purest flames divine,
With spouting gore must bathe thy cruel shrine.
Such thy dire triumphs!—Thou, O Nymph, the while,
Prophetic of the god's unpitying guile,
In tender scenes by lovesick fancy wrought,
By fear oft shifted as by fancy brought,
In sweet Mondego's ever verdant bowers,
Languished away the slow and lonely hours:
While now, as terror waked thy boding fears,
The conscious stream received thy pearly tears;
And now, as hope revived the brighter flame,
Each echo sighed thy princely lover's name.
Nor less could absence from thy prince remove
The dear remembrance of his distant love:
Thy looks, thy smiles, before him ever glow,
And o'er his melting heart endearing flow:
By night his slumbers bring thee to his arms,
By day his thoughts still wander o'er thy charms,
By night, by day, each thought thy loves employ,
Each thought the memory or the hope of joy.
Though fairest princely dames invoked his love,
No princely dame his constant faith could move.
For thee alone his constant passion burned,
For thee the proffered royal maids he scorned.
Ah, hope of bliss too high!—the princely dames
Refused, dread rage the father's breast inflames:
He, with an old man's wintry eye, surveys
The youth's fond love, and coldly with it weighs
The people's murmurs of his son's delay
To bless the nation with his nuptial day;
(Alas! the nuptial day was passed unknown,

[1] Dona Ignez de Castro, daughter of a Castilian gentleman who had taken refuge in the court of Portugal, and privately married to Dom Pedro; she was, however, cruelly murdered, at the instigation of the politicians, on account of her partiality to Castilians.

Which but when crowned the prince could dare to own;)
And with the fair one's blood the vengeful sire
Resolves to quench his Pedro's faithful fire.
O thou dread sword, oft stained with heroes' gore,
Thou awful terror of the prostrate Moor,
What rage could aim thee at a female breast,
Unarmed, by softness and by love possessed?

Dragged from her bower by murderous, ruffian hands,
Before the frowning king fair Ignez stands;
Her tears of artless innocence, her air
So mild, so lovely, and her face so fair,
Moved the stern monarch; when with eager zeal
Her fierce destroyers urged the public weal:
Dread rage again the tyrant's soul possessed,
And his dark brow his cruel thoughts confessed.
O'er her fair face a sudden paleness spread;
Her throbbing heart with generous anguish bled,
Anguish to view her lover's hopeless woes;
And all the mother in her bosom rose.
Her beauteous eyes, in trembling tear-drops drowned,
To heaven she lifted, but her hands were bound;
Then on her infants turned the piteous glance,
The look of bleeding woe: the babes advance,
Smiling in innocence of infant age,
Unawed, unconscious of their grandsire's rage;
To whom, as bursting sorrow gave the flow,
The native heart-sprung eloquence of woe,
The lovely captive thus: — "O monarch, hear,
If e'er to thee the name of man was dear,—
If prowling tigers, or the wolf's wild brood,
Inspired by nature with the lust of blood,
Have yet been moved the weeping babe to spare,
Nor left, but tended with a nurse's care,
As Rome's great founders to the world were given;
Shalt thou, who wear'st the sacred stamp of Heaven,
The human form divine,—shalt thou deny
That aid, that pity, which e'en beasts supply?
O, that thy heart were, as thy looks declare,
Of human mould! superfluous were my prayer;
Thou couldst not then a helpless damsel slay,
Whose sole offence in fond affection lay,
In faith to him who first his love confessed,
Who first to love allured her virgin breast.
In these my babes shalt thou thine image see,
And still tremendous hurl thy rage on me?
Me, for their sakes, if yet thou wilt not spare,
O, let these infants prove thy pious care!
Yet pity's lenient current ever flows
From that brave breast where genuine valor glows;
That thou art brave let vanquished Afric tell,
Then let thy pity o'er mine anguish swell;
Ah! let my woes, unconscious of a crime,
Procure mine exile to some barbarous clime.
Give me to wander o'er the burning plains
Of Lybia's deserts, or the wild domains
Of Scythia's snow-clad rocks and frozen shore;
There let me, hopeless of return, deplore.
Where ghastly horror fills the dreary vale,
Where shrieks and howlings die on every gale,
The lion's roaring, and the tiger's yell,
There with mine infant race consigned to dwell,
There let me try that piety to find,
In vain by me implored from human-kind.
There in some dreary cavern's rocky womb,
Amid the horrors of sepulchral gloom,
For him whose love I mourn, my love shall glow,
The sigh shall murmur, and the tear shall flow:
All my fond wish, and all my hope, to rear
These infant pledges of a love so dear,—
Amidst my griefs a soothing, glad employ,
Amidst my fears a woful, hopeless joy."

In tears she uttered. As the frozen snow,
Touched by the spring's mild ray, begins to flow,—
So just began to melt his stubborn soul,
As mild-rayed pity o'er the tyrant stole:
But destiny forbade. With eager zeal,
Again pretended for the public weal,
Her fierce accusers urged her speedy doom;
Again dark rage diffused its horrid gloom
O'er stern Alonzo's brow: swift at the sign,
Their swords unsheathed around her brandished shine
O foul disgrace, of knighthood lasting stain,
By men of arms an helpless lady slain!

CAMOENS.

CANZONET.

Flowers are fresh, and bushes green;
Cheerily the linnets sing;
Winds are soft, and skies serene:
Time, however, soon shall throw
Winter's snow
O'er the buxom breast of Spring.

Hope that buds in lover's heart
Lives not through the scorn of years:
Time makes Love itself depart;
Time and scorn congeal the mind,
Looks unkind
Freeze Affection's warmest tears.

Time shall make the bushes green,
Time dissolve the winter snow,
Winds be soft, and skies serene,
Linnets sing their wonted strain.
But again
Blighted Love shall never blow!

CAMOENS.

STANZAS.

I saw the virtuous man contend
With life's unnumbered woes;
And he was poor,—without a friend,—
Pressed by a thousand foes.

I saw the Passions' pliant slave
In gallant trim and gay;

His course was Pleasure's placid wave,—
His life, a summer's day.

And I was caught in Folly's snare,
And joined her giddy train,—
But found her soon the nurse of Care,
And Punishment, and Pain.

There surely is some guiding power
Which rightly suffers wrong,—
Gives Vice to bloom its little hour,—
But Virtue, late and long.

CAMOENS.

CANCAO.

When day has smiled a soft farewell,
And night-drops bathe each shutting bell,
And shadows sail along the green,
And birds are still and winds serene,
I wander silently.

And while my lone step prints the dew,
Dear are the dreams that bless my view;
To Memory's eye the maid appears,
For whom have sprung my sweetest tears,
So oft, so tenderly!

I see her, as with graceful care
She binds her braids of sunny hair;
I feel her harp's melodious thrill
Strike to my heart, and thence be still
Reëchoed faithfully.

I meet her mild and quiet eye,
Drink the warm spirit of her sigh,
See young Love beating in her breast,
And wish to mine its pulses pressed,—
God knows how fervently!

Such are my hours of dear delight;
And morn but makes me long for night,
And think how swift the minutes flew,
When last amongst the dropping dew
I wandered silently.

CAMOENS.

ON THE DEATH OF CATHARINA DE ATTAYDA.

Those charming eyes, within whose starry sphere
Love whilom sat, and smiled the hours away,—
Those braids of light, that shamed the beams of day,—
That hand benignant, and that heart sincere,—
Those virgin cheeks, which did so late appear
Like snow-banks scattered with the blooms of May,
Turned to a little cold and worthless clay,
Are gone, for ever gone, and perished here,—
But not unbathed by Memory's warmest tear!
Death! thou hast torn, in one unpitying hour,
That fragrant plant, to which, while scarce a flower,
The mellower fruitage of its prime was given:
Love saw the deed,—and, as he lingered near,
Sighed o'er the ruin, and returned to heaven!

CAMOENS.

LIVES OF ALCIBIADES AND ARISTIDES.

[CORNELIUS NEPOS, a noted writer of Roman history and biography, of whose personal history little is known, was a contemporary with Cicero, and died in the first century, during the reign of Augustus Cæsar. Besides a "*Chronicle of Universal History*," "*A Life of Cicero*," and other books which have been lost, there is extant his "*Vitæ Excellentium Imperatorum*," containing biographies of distinguished military men.]

ARISTIDES.

Aristides, the son of Lysimachus, a native of Athens, was almost of the same age as Themistocles, and contended with him, in consequence, for pre-eminence, as they were determined rivals one to the other; and it was seen in their case how much eloquence could prevail over integrity; for though Aristides was so distinguished for uprightness of conduct, that he was the only person in the memory of man (as far at least as I have heard) who was called by the surname of JUST, yet being overborne by Themistocles with the ostracism, he was now condemned to be banished for ten years.

Aristides, finding that the much excited multitude could not be appeased, and noticing, as he yielded to their violence, a person writing that he ought to be banished, is said to have asked him "why he did so, or what Aristides had done, that he should be thought deserving of such a punishment?" The person writing replied, that "he did not know Aristides, but that he was not pleased that he had labored to be called Just beyond other men."

He did not suffer the full sentence of ten years appointed by law, for when Xerxes made a descent upon Greece, he was recalled into his country by a decree of the people, about six years after he had been exiled.

He was present, however, in the sea-fight at Salamis, which was fought before he was allowed to return. He was also commander of the Athenians at Platæa, in the battle in which Mardonius was routed, and the army

of the barbarians was cut off. Nor is there any other celebrated act of his in military affairs recorded, besides the account of this command; but of his justice, equity, and self-control, there are many instances. Above all, it was through his integrity, when he was joined in command of the common fleet of Greece with Pausanias, under whose leadership Mardonius had been put to flight, that the supreme authority at sea was transferred from the Lacedæmonians to the Athenians; for before that time the Lacedæmonians had the command both by sea and land. But at this period it happened, through the indiscreet conduct of Pausanias, and the equity of Aristides, that all the states of Greece attached themselves as allies to the Athenians, and chose them as their leaders against the barbarians.

In order that they might repel the barbarians more easily, if perchance they should try to renew the war, Aristides was chosen to settle what sum of money each state should contribute for building fleets and equipping troops. By his appointment four hundred and sixty talents were deposited annually at Delos, which they fixed upon to be the common treasury; but all this money was afterwards removed to Athens.

How great was his integrity, there is no more certain proof than that, though he had been at the head of such important affairs, he died in such poverty that he scarcely left money to defray the charges of his funeral. Hence it was that his daughters were brought up at the expense of the country, and were married with dowries given them from the public treasury. He died about four years after Themistocles was banished from Athens.

ALCIBIADES.

Alcibiades, the son of Clinias, was a native of Athens. In him nature seems to have tried what she could do; for it is agreed among all who have written concerning him, that no one was ever more remarkable than he, either for vices or virtues. Born in a most distinguished city, of a very high family, and by far the most handsome of all the men of his age, he was qualified for any occupation, and abounded in practical intelligence. He was eminent as a commander by sea and land; he was eloquent, so as to produce the greatest effect by his speeches; for such indeed was the persuasiveness of his looks and language, that in oratory no one was a match for him. He was rich, and when occasion required, laborious, patient, liberal, and splendid, no less in his public than in his private life; he was also affable and courteous, conforming dexterously to circumstances; but when he had unbent himself, and no reason offered why he should endure the labor of thought, was seen to be luxurious, dissolute, voluptuous and self-indulgent, so that all wondered there should be such dissimilitude, and so contradictory a nature, in the same man.

He was brought up in the house of Pericles (for he is said to have been his stepson), and was taught by Socrates. For his father-in-law he had Hipponicus, the richest man of all that spoke the Greek language; so that, even had he contrived for himself, he could neither have thought of more advantages, nor have secured greater, than those which fortune or nature had bestowed upon him. At his entrance on manhood he was beloved by many, after the manner of the Greeks, and among them by Socrates, whom Plato mentions in his Symposium; for he introduces Alcibiades, saying that "he had passed the night with Socrates, and had not risen up from him otherwise than a son should rise from a father." When he was of maturer age, he had himself no fewer objects of affection, in his intercourse with whom, as far as was possible, he did many acts of an objectionable character, in a delicate and agreeable manner; which acts we would relate, had we not other things to tell of a higher and better nature.

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This happiness of Alcibiades proved by no means lasting; for after all manner of honors had been decreed him, and the whole management of the state, both at home and in the field, had been committed to him, to be regulated at his sole pleasure, and he had requested that two colleagues, Thrasybulus and Adimantus, should be assigned him (a request which was not refused), proceeding with a fleet to Asia, he fell again under the displeasure of his countrymen, because he did not manage affairs at Cyme to their wish; for they thought that he could do everything. Hence it happened that they imputed whatever was done unsuccessfully to his misconduct, saying that he acted either carelessly or treacherously, as it fell out on this occasion, for they alleged that he would not take Cyme,

because he had been bribed by the king. We consider, therefore, that their extravagant opinion of his abilities and valor was his chief misfortune; since he was dreaded no less than he was loved, lest elated by good fortune and great power, he should become a tyrant. From these feelings, it resulted, that they took his commission from him in his absence, and put another commander in his place. When he heard of this proceeding, he would not return home, but betook himself to Pactye, and there established three fortresses, Borni, Bisanthe, and Neoutichos, and having collected a body of troops, was the first man of any Grecian state that penetrated in Thrace, thinking it more glorious to enrich himself with spoils from barbarians than from Greeks. In consequence his fame increased with his power, and he secured to himself a strong alliance with some of the kings of Thrace.

But with this good fortune Alcibiades was not content, nor could he endure that Athens, conquered as she was, should continue subject to the Lacedæmonians. He was accordingly bent, with his whole force of thought, on delivering his country, but saw that that object could not be effected without the aid of the king of Persia, and therefore desired that he should be attached to him as a friend; nor did he doubt that he should easily accomplish his wish, if he had but an opportunity for an interview with him; for he knew that his brother Cyrus was secretly preparing war against him, with the aid of the Lacedæmonians, and foresaw that if he gave him information of his design, he would find great favors at his hands.

While he was trying to effect this object, and entreating Pharnabazus that he might be sent to the king, Critias, and the other tyrants of the Athenians, despatched at the same time persons in their confidence into Asia to Lysander, to acquaint him, that, "unless he cut off Alcibiades, none of those arrangements which he had made at Athens would stand; and therefore, if he wished his acts to remain unaltered, he must pursue him to death." The Lacedæmonians, roused by this message, concluded that he must act in a more decided manner with Pharnabazus. He therefore announced to him that "the relations which the king had formed with the Lacedæmonians would be of no effect, unless he delivered up Alcibiades alive or dead." The satrap could not withstand this menace, and chose rather to violate the claims of humanity than that the king's interest should suffer. He accordingly sent Sysamithres and Bagaeus to kill Alcibiades, while he was still in Phrygia, and preparing for his journey to the king. The persons sent gave secret orders to the neighborhood, in which Alcibiades then was, to put him to death. They, not daring to attack him with the sword, collected wood during the night round the cottage where he was sleeping, and set light to it, that they might despatch by fire him whom they despaired of conquering hand to hand. Alcibiades, having been awakened by the crackling of the flames, snatched up (as his sword had been secretly taken away from him) the side weapon of a friend of his; for there was with him a certain associate from Arcadia, who would never leave him. This man he desired to follow him, and caught up whatever garments he had at hand, and throwing them out upon the fire, passed out through the violence of the flames. When the barbarians saw that he had escaped the conflagration, they killed him by discharging darts at him from a distance, and carried his head to Pharnabazus.

This man, defamed by most writers, three historians of very high authority have extolled with the greatest praises; Thucydides, who was of the same age with him; Theopompus, who was born sometime after; and Pimaeus; the two latter, though much addicted to censure, have, I know not how, concurred in praising him only; for they have related of him what we have stated above, and this besides, that though he was born in Athens, the most splendid of cities, he surpassed all the Athenians in grandeur and magnificence of living; that when on being banished from thence, he went to Thebes he so devoted himself to the pursuits of the Thebans, that no man could match him in laborious exercises and vigor of body, for all the Bœotians cultivate corporeal strength more than mental power; that when he was among the Lacedæmonians, in whose estimation the highest virtue is placed in endurance, he so resigned himself to a hardy way of life, that he surpassed all the Lacedæmonians in the frugality of his diet and living; that when he was among the Thracians, who are hard drinkers and given to lewdness, he surpassed them also in these practices; that when he came among the Persians, with whom it

was the chief praise to hunt hard and live high, he so imitated their mode of life, that they themselves greatly admired him in these respects; and that by such conduct, he occasioned that, with whatever people he was, he was regarded as a leading man, and held in the utmost esteem.

CORNELIUS NEPOS.

ŒDIPUS THE KING.

[SOPHOCLES, a distinguished dramatic poet of Greece, born near Athens, B.C. 495, died in his 90th year, B.C. 406. Sophocles was early trained in music, gymnastics, etc., and before the age of thirty began to write dramatic poetry. He soon acquired the supremacy on the Athenian stage, and his tragedies are still regarded as the most perfect which antiquity has produced. Sophocles wrote about 130 plays, but only seven have survived to us, of which the "*Antigone*," "*Electra*," and the "*Œdipus Tyrannus*," are the finest. From the last of these the following extract is taken: (see Vol. V. p. 245 for a more extended biography of Sophocles.)]

Chorus:

O that my fate were fixed
To live in holy purity of speech,
Pure in all deeds whose law stands firm and high,
In heaven's clear æther born,
Of whom Olympus only is the sire,
Whom man's frail flesh begat not,
Nor ever shall forgetfulness o'erwhelm;
In them our God is great and grows not old.

ANTISTROPH. I.

But pride begets the mood of tyrant power;
Pride, filled with many thoughts, yet filled in vain,
Untimely, ill-advised,
Scaling the topmost height,
Falls down the steep abyss
Down to the pit, where step that profiteth
It seeks in vain to take.
I cannot ask the Gods to stop midway
The conflict sore that works our country's good;
I cannot cease to call on God for aid.

STROPH. II.

But if there be who walketh haughtily,
In action or in speech,
Whom righteousness herself has ceased to awe,
Who counts the temples of the Gods profane,
An evil fate be his.
Fit meed for all his boastfulness of heart;
Unless in time to come he gain his gains
All justly, and draws back from godless deeds,
Nor lays rash hand upon the holy things,
By man inviolable.
If such deeds prosper, who will henceforth pray
To guard his soul from passion's fiery darts?
If such as these are held in high repute,
What prophet is there of my choral strain?

ANTISTROPH. II.

No longer will I go in pilgrim guise,
To yon all holy place, Earth's central shrine,
Nor unto Abæ's temple,
Not to far-famed Olympia,
Unless these pointings of a hand divine
In sight of all men stand out clear and true.
But, O thou sovereign ruler! if that name,
O Zeus, belongs to thee, who reign'st o'er all,
Let not this trespass hide itself from thee,
Or thine undying sway;
For now they set at nought
The oracles, half-dead,
That Laius heard of old,
And king Apollo's wonted worship flags,
And all to wreck is gone
The homage due to God.

ŒDIPUS.

Persuade me not, nor counsel give to show
That what I did was not the best to do.
I know not how, on entering Hades dark,
To look for my own father, or my mother,
Crimes worse than deadly done against them both?
And though my children's face was sweet to see
With their growth growing; yet these eyes no more
That sight shall see, nor citadel, nor tower,
Nor sacred shrines of gods whence I, who stood
Most honoured one in Thebes, myself have banished,
Commanding all to thrust the godless forth,
Him whom the Gods do show accursed, the stock
Of Laius old. And could I dare to look,
Such dire pollution fixing on myself,
And meet them face to face? Not so, not so.
Yea, if I could but stop the stream of sound,
And dam my ears against it, I would do it,
Closing each wretched sense that I might live
Both blind, and hearing nothing. Sweet 't would be
To keep the soul beyond the reach of ills.
Why, O Kithæron, didst thou shelter me,
Nor kill me out of hand? I had not shown,
In that case, all men whence I drew my birth.
O Polybus, and Corinth, and the home
I thought was mine, how strange a growth ye reared,
All fair outside, all rotten at the core;
For vile I stand, descended from the vile.
Ye threefold roads and thickets half concealed,
The hedge, the narrow pass where three ways meet,
Which at my hands did drink my father's blood,
Remember ye, what deeds I did in you;
What, hither come, I did?—the marriage rites
That gave me birth, and then, commingling all,
In horrible confusion, showed in one
A father, brother, son, all kindreds mixed,
Mother, and wife, and daughter, hateful names,

All foulest deeds that men have ever done.
But since, where deeds are evil, speech is wrong,
With utmost speed, by all the Gods, or hide,
Or take my life, or cast me in the sea,
Where never more your eyes may look on me.
Come; scorn ye not to touch my misery,
But hearken; fear ye not; no soul but I
Can bear the burden of my countless ills.

* * * *

Chorus:

Ye men of Thebes, behold this Œdipus,
Who knew the famous riddle and was noblest,
Who envied no one's fortune and success.
And lo! in what a sea of direst woe
He now is plunged. From hence the lesson draw,
To reckon no man happy till ye see
The closing day; until he pass the bourn
Which severs life from death, unscathed by woe.

FROM THE ANTIGONE.

STROPH. I.

Chorus:

Many the forms of life
Fearful and strange to see,
But man supreme stands out,
For strangeness and for fear.
He, with the wintry gales,
O'er the foam-crested sea,
'Mid billows surging round,
Tracketh his way across.
Earth, of all Gods, from ancient days the first,
Mightiest and undecayed,
He, with his circling plough,
Wears ever, year by year.

ANTISTROPH. I.

The thoughtless tribe of birds,
The beasts that roam the fields,
The finny brood of ocean's depths,
He takes them all in nets of knotted mesh,
Man, wonderful in skill.
And by his arts he holds in sway
The wild beasts on the mountain's height;
And brings the neck-encircling yoke
On horse with shaggy mane,
Or bull that walks untamed upon the hills.

STROPH. II.

And speech, and thought as swift as mind,
And tempered mood for higher life of states,
These he has learnt, and how to flee
The stormy sleet of frost unkind,
The tempest thunderbolts of Zeus.
So all-preparing, unprepared
He meeteth nought the coming days may bring;
Only from Hades, still
He fails to find a refuge at the last,
Though skill of art may teach him to escape
From depths of fell disease incurable.

ANTISTROPH. II.

So, gifted with a wondrous might,
Above all fancy's dreams, with skill to plan,
Now unto evil, now unto good,
He wends his way. Now holding fast the laws,
His country's sacred rights,
That rest upon the oath of Gods on high,
High in the state he stands.
An outlaw and an exile he who loves
The thing that is not good,
In wilful pride of soul:
Ne'er may he sit beside my hearth,
Ne'er may my thoughts be like to his,
Who worketh deeds like this.

ANTIG.

Yes, for it was not Zeus who gave them forth,
Nor Justice, dwelling with the Gods below,
Who traced these laws for all the sons of men;
Nor did I deem thy edicts strong enough,
Coming from mortal man, to set at nought
The unwritten laws of God that know not change,
They are not of to-day nor yesterday,
But live for ever, nor can man assign
When first they sprang to being. Not through fear
Of any man's resolve was I prepared
Before the Gods to bear the penalty
Of sinning against these. That I should die
I knew, (how should I not?) though thy decree
Had never spoken. And, before my time
If I should die, I reckon this a gain;
For whoso lives, as I, in many woes,
How can it be but death shall bring him gain?
And so for me to bear this doom of thine
Has nothing painful. But, if I had left
My mother's son unburied on his death,
I should have given them pain. But as things are,
Pain I feel none. And should I seem to thee
To have done a foolish deed, 'tis simply this,—
I bear the charge of folly from a fool.

CHOR.

The maiden's stubborn will, of stubborn sire
The offspring shows itself. She knows not yet
To yield to evils.

CREON.

Know, then, minds too stiff
Most often stumble, and the rigid steel
Baked in the furnace, made exceeding hard,
Thou see'st most often split and broken lie;
And I have known the steeds of fiery mood
With a small curb subdued. It is not meet
That one who lives in bondage to his neighbours
Should boast too loudly. Wanton outrage then
She learnt when first these laws of mine she crossed,
But, having done it, this is yet again
A second outrage over it to boast,

And laugh at having done it. Surely, then,
She is the man, not I, if all unscathed
Such deeds of might are hers. But be she child
Of mine own sister, nearest kin of all
That Zeus o'erlooks within our palace court,
She and her sister shall not 'scape their doom
Most foul and shameful; for I charge her, too,
With having planned this deed of sepulture.
Go ye and call her. 'Twas but now within
I saw her raving, losing self-command,
And still the mind of those who in the dark
Plan deeds of evil is the first to fail,
And so convicts itself of secret guilt,
But most I hate when one found out in guilt
Will seek to gloze and brave it to the end.

SOPHOCLES.—*Translated by E. H. Plumptre.*

FABLES OF PHÆDRUS.

[PHÆDRUS, a Latin fabulist, once a slave, of whom almost nothing is known except that he was a freedman of the emperor Augustus, wrote ninety-seven fables which have come down to us in Iambic verse. Many of them are simply free translations of the Greek fables known as Æsop's, and their style is for the most part clear and pleasing.]

THE FROGS DESIRING A KING.

With equal laws when Athens throve,
The petulance of freedom drove
Their state to license, which o'erthrew
Those just restraints of old they knew.
Hence, as a factious discontent
Through every rank and order went,
Pisistratus the tyrant formed
A party, and the fort he storm'd;
Which yoke while all bemoan'd in grief,
(Not that he was a cruel chief,
But they unused to be controll'd)
Then Æsop thus his fable told:
The Frogs, a freeborn people made,
From out their marsh with clamor pray'd
That Jove a monarch would assign
With power their manners to refine.
The sovereign smiled, and on their bog
Sent his petitioners a log,
Which, as it dash'd upon the place,
At first alarm'd the tim'rous race.
But ere it long had lain to cool,
One slily peep'd out of the pool,
And finding it a king in jest,
He boldly summon'd all the rest.
Now, void of fear, the tribe advanced,
And on the timber leap'd and danced,
And having let their fury loose,
In gross affronts and rank abuse,
Of Jove they sought another king,
For useless was this wooden thing.
Then he a water snake empower'd,
Who one by one their race devour'd.
They try to make escape in vain,
Nor, dumb through fear, can they complain.
By stealth they Mercury depute
That Jove would once more hear their suit,
And send their sinking state to save;
But he in wrath this answer gave:
"You scorn'd the good king that you had,
And therefore you shall bear the bad."
Ye likewise, O Athenian friends,
Convinced to what impatience tends,
Though slavery be no common curse,
Be still, for fear of worse and worse.

THE WOLF AND THE CRANE.

Who for his merit seeks a price
From men of violence and vice,
Is twice a fool—first so declared,
As for the worthless he has cared;
Then after all, his honest aim
Must end in punishment and shame.
A bone the Wolf devour'd in haste,
Stuck in his greedy throat so fast,
That, tortured with the pain, he roar'd
And ev'ry beast around implored,
That who a remedy could find
Should have a premium to his mind.
A Crane was wrought upon to trust
His oath at length—and down she thrust
Her neck into his throat impure,
And so perform'd a desp'rate cure.
At which, when she desired her fee,
"You base, ungrateful minx," says he,
"Whom I so kind forbore to kill,
And now, forsooth, you'd bring your bill!"

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

His folly in repentance ends,
Who, to a flatt'ring knave attends.
A Crow, her hunger to appease,
Had from a window stolen some cheese,
And sitting on a lofty pine
In state, was just about to dine.
This, when a Fox observed below,
He thus harangued the foolish Crow:
"Lady, how beauteous to the view
Those glossy plumes of sable hue!
Thy features how divinely fair!
With what a shape, and what an air!
Could you but frame your voice to sing,
You'd have no rival on the wing."
But she, now willing to display
Her talents in the vocal way,
Let go the cheese of luscious taste,
Which Reynard seized with greedy haste.

The grudging dupe now sees at last
That for her folly she must fast.

THE FLY AND THE MULE.

A Fly that sat upon the beam
Rated the Mule: "Why, sure you dream?
Pray get on faster with the cart
Or I shall sting you till you smart!"
She answers: "All this talk I hear
With small attention, but must fear
Him who upon the box sustains
The pliant whip, and holds the reins.
Cease then your pertness—for I know
When to give back, and when to go."
This tale derides the talking crew,
Whose empty threats are all they do.

Translated by C. SMART.

THIRD PHILIPPIC OF DEMOSTHENES.

[DEMOSTHENES, the most eminent orator of antiquity, and probably the greatest of whom history gives any account, was born in Attica, in the domos of Paeonia, near Athens, about 382, or, according to some authorities, in 385 B. C. His father (also named Demosthenes) was a cutler and maker of furniture. He died when his son was seven years of age, leaving fifteen talents (more than $15,000) to be divided between the young Demosthenes and his sister. The guardians converted a large part of this money to their own use. Demosthenes studied rhetoric with Isaeus, and philosophy, according to some authorities, with Plato. Cicero states that he was instructed in oratory by Isocrates, but the fact is not established. Demosthenes, when about eighteen years old, prosecuted his guardians, pleading his own cause, but though the case was decided in his favor, he received only a part of his dues. Before this time it is said that he had resolved to devote his whole attention to oratory, from witnessing the forensic triumphs of Callistratus. But his health was feeble, his manners ungraceful, his breath short, and voice stammering and indistinct. In order to remedy these defects, we are told that he adopted the practice of speaking with pebbles in his mouth: that he was wont to declaim upon the sea-shore, so as to be able to be heard in the tumult of popular assemblies; and that he often practiced before a mirror, so as to observe and rectify any awkwardness of gesture. Nevertheless, his first appearance before a popular assembly was, according to Plutarch, a failure, exciting only the laughter of the multitude. But encouraged by Satyrus, an actor, who gave him useful instruction, he devoted himself with the utmost diligence to his task. We are told that he shaved one side of his head, that it might be absolutely impossible for him to go into society. He made the writings of Thucydides his model for style, and it is said that he transcribed the writings of that historian no less than eight times. In 355 B. C. he delivered his oration against Leptines, with complete success. Soon after this he entered upon his great though unsuccessful life work, the defence of Grecian liberty against the designs of Philip of Macedon. eleven orations in all, four of which are especially denominated "philippics." Lord Brougham, in closing a high eulogium on Demosthenes, says, "Such was the first of orators. At the head of the mighty masters of speech, the adoration of ages has consecrated his name, and the loss of the noble instrument (the Greek language) with which he forged and launched his thunders, is sure to maintain it unapproachable forever."]

THE ARGUMENT.

This speech was delivered while Philip was advancing into Thrace, and threatening both the Chersonese and the Propontine coast. Demosthenes, alarmed by the formidable character of Philip's enterprises and vast military preparations, felt the necessity of rousing the Athenians to exertion He points out the danger to be apprehended from the disunion among the Greek states, from their general apathy and lack of patriotism, which he contrasts with the high and noble spirit of ancient times. From the past conduct of Philip he shows what is to be expected in future; explains the difference between Philip's new method of warfare and that adopted in the Peloponnesian war, and urges the necessity of corresponding measures for defence. The peaceful professions of Philip were not to be trusted; he was never more dangerous than when he made overtures of peace and friendship. The most powerful instruments that he employed for gaining ascendency were the venal orators, who were to be found in every Grecian city, and on whom it was necessary to inflict signal punishment, before they had a chance of opposing foreign enemies. The advice of Demosthenes now is, to despatch reinforcements to the Chersonese, to stir up the people of Greece, and even to solicit the assistance of the Persian king, who had no less reason than themselves to dread the ambition of Philip.

The events of the following year, when Philip attacked the Propontine cities, fully justified the warnings of Demosthenes. And the extraordinary activity which the Athenians displayed in resisting him, shows that the exertions of the orator had had their due effect.

Many speeches, men of Greece, are made in almost every assembly about the hostilities of Philip, hostilities which ever since the treaty of peace he has been committing against you as against the rest of the Greeks; and all (I am sure) are ready to avow, though they forbear to do so, that our counsels and our measures should be directed to his humiliation and chastisement: nevertheless, so low have our affairs been brought by

inattention and negligence, I fear it is a harsh truth to say, that if all the orators had sought to suggest, and you to pass resolutions for the utter ruining of the commonwealth, we could not, methinks, be worse off than we are. A variety of circumstances may have brought us to this state; our affairs have not declined from one or two causes only: but, if you rightly examine, you will find it chiefly owing to the orators, who study to please you, rather than advise for the best. Some of whom, Athenians, seeking to maintain the basis of their own power and repute, have no forethought for the future, and therefore think you also ought to have none; others, accusing and calumniating practical statesmen, labor only to make Athens punish Athens, and in such occupation to engage her, that Philip may have liberty to say and do what he pleases. Politics of this kind are common here, but are the causes of your failures and embarrassment. I beg, Athenians, that you will not resent my plain speaking of the truth. Only consider: you hold liberty of speech in other matters to be the general right of all residents in Athens, insomuch that you allow a measure of it even to foreigners and slaves, and many servants may be seen among you speaking their thoughts more freely than citizens in some other states; and yet you have altogether banished it from your councils. The result has been, that in the assembly you give yourselves airs and are flattered at hearing nothing but compliments, while in your measures and proceedings you are brought to the utmost peril. If such be your disposition now, I must be silent: if you will listen to good advice without flattery, I am ready to speak. For though our affairs are in a deplorable condition, though many sacrifices have been made, still, if you will choose to perform your duty, it is possible to repair it all. A paradox, and yet a truth, am I about to state. That which is the most lamentable in the past is best for the future. How is this? Because you performed no part of your duty, great or small, and therefore you fared ill: had you done all that became you, and your situation were the same, there would be no hope of amendment. Philip has indeed prevailed over your sloth and negligence, but not over the country: you have not been worsted; you have not even bestirred yourselves.

If now we were all agreed that Philip is at war with Athens and infringing the peace, nothing would a speaker need to urge or advise but the safest and easiest way of resisting him. But since, at the very time when Philip is capturing cities and retaining divers of our dominions and assailing all people, there are men so unreasonable as to listen to repeated declarations in the assembly, that some of us are kindling war, one must be cautious and set this matter right: for whoever moves or advises a measure of defence, is in danger of being accused afterwards as author of the war.

I will first then examine and determine this point, whether it be in our power to deliberate on peace or war. If the country may be at peace, if it depends on us (to begin with this,) I say we ought to maintain peace, and I call upon the affirmant to move a resolution, to take some measure, and not to palter with us. But if another, having arms in his hand and a large force around him, amuses you with the name of peace, while he carries on the operations of war, what is left but to defend yourselves? You may profess to be at peace, if you like, as he does; I quarrel not with that. But if any man supposes this to be a peace, which will enable Philip to master all else and attack you last, he is a madman, or he talks of a peace observed towards him by you, not towards you by him. This it is that Philip purchases by all his expenditure, the privilege of assailing you without being assailed in turn.

If we really wait until he avows that he is at war with us, we are the simplest of mortals: for he would not declare that, though he marched even against Attica and Piraeus, at least if we may judge from his conduct to others. For example, to the Olynthians he declared, when he was forty furlongs from their city, that there was no alternative, but either they must quit Olynthus or he Macedonia; though before that time whenever he was accused of such an intent, he took it ill and sent ambassadors to justify himself. Again, he marched toward the Phocians as if they were allies, and there were Phocian envoys who accompanied his march, and many among you contended that his advance would not benefit the Thebans. And he came into Thessaly of late as a friend and ally, yet he has taken possession of Pherae: and lastly he told these wretched people of Oreus, that he had sent his soldiers out of good-will to visit them, as he heard they were in trouble and dissension, and it was the part of allies

and true friends to lend assistance on such occasions. People who never have harmed him, though they might have adopted measures of defence, he chose to deceive rather than warn them of his attack; and think ye he would declare war against you before he began it, and that while you are willing to be deceived? Impossible. He would be the silliest of mankind, if, whilst you, the injured parties, make no complaint against him, but are accusing your own countrymen, he should terminate your intestine strife and jealousies, warn you to turn against him, and remove the pretext of his hirelings for asserting, to amuse you, that he makes no war upon Athens. O heavens! would any rational being judge by words rather than by actions, who is at peace with him and who at war? Surely none. Well then; Philip immediately after the peace, before Diopithes was in command or the settlers in the Chersonese had been sent out, took Serrium and Doriscus, and expelled from Serrium and the Sacred Mount the troops whom your general had stationed there. What do you call such conduct? He had sworn the peace. Don't say—what does it signify? how is the state concerned?—Whether it be a trifling matter, or of no concernment to you, is a different question: religion and justice have the same obligation, be the subject of the offence great or small. Tell me now; when he sends mercenaries into Chersonesus, which the king and all the Greeks have acknowledged to be yours, when he avows himself an auxiliary and writes us word so, what are such proceedings? He says he is not at war; I cannot however admit such conduct to be an observance of the peace; far otherwise: I say, by his attempt on Megara, by his setting up despotism in Eubœa, by his present advance into Thrace, by his intrigues in Peloponnesus, by the whole course of operations with his army, he has been breaking the peace and making war upon you; unless indeed you will say, that those who establish batteries are not at war, until they apply them to the walls. But that you will not say: for whoever contrives and prepares the means for my conquest, is at war with me, before he darts or draws the bow. What, if anything should happen, is the risk you run? The alienation of the Hellespont, the subjection of Megara and Eubœa to your enemy, the siding of the Peloponnesians with him. Then can I allow, that one who sets such an engine at work against Athens is at peace with her? Quite the contrary. From the day that he destroyed the Phocians I date his commencement of hostilities. Defend yourselves instantly, and I say you will be wise: delay it, and you may wish in vain to do so hereafter. So much do I dissent from your other counsellors, men of Athens, that I deem any discussion about Chersonesus or Byzantium out of place. Succor them—I advise that—watch that no harm befalls them, send all necessary supplies to your troops in that quarter; but let your deliberations be for the safety of all Greece, as being in the utmost peril. I must tell you why I am so alarmed at the state of our affairs, that, if my reasonings are correct, you may share them, and make some provision at least for yourselves, however disinclined to do so for others: but if, in your judgment, I talk nonsense and absurdity, you may treat me as crazed, and not listen to me, either now or in future.

That Philip, from a mean and humble origin, has grown mighty, that the Greeks are jealous and quarrelling among themselves, that it was far more wonderful for him to rise from that insignificance, than it would now be, after so many acquisitions, to conquer what is left; these and similar matters which I might dwell upon, I pass over. But I observe that all people, beginning with you, have conceded to him a right, which in former times has been the subject of contest in every Grecian war. And what is this? The right of doing what he pleases, openly fleecing and pillaging the Greeks, one after another, attacking and enslaving their cities. You were at the head of the Greeks for seventy-three years, the Lacedæmonians for twenty-nine; and the Thebans had some power in these latter times after the battle of Leuctra. Yet neither you, my countrymen, nor Thebans, nor Lacedæmonians, were ever licensed by the Greeks to act as you pleased: far otherwise. When you, or rather the Athenians of that time, appeared to be dealing harshly with certain people, all the rest, even such as had no complaint against Athens, thought proper to side with the injured parties in a war against her. So, when the Lacedæmonians became masters and succeeded to your empire, on their attempting to encroach and make oppressive innovations, a general war was declared against them, even by such as had no cause of complaint. But wherefore mention other people? We ourselves and the Lacedæmonians, although at the outset

we could not allege any mutual injuries, thought proper to make war for the injustice that we saw done to our neighbors. Yet all the faults committed by the Spartans in those thirty years, and by our ancestors, in the seventy, are less, men of Athens, than the wrongs, which, in thirteen incomplete years that Philip has been uppermost, he has inflicted on the Greeks: nay they are scarcely a fraction of these, as may easily be shown in a few words. Olynthus and Methane and Apollonia, and thirty-two cities on the borders of Thrace, I pass over; all which he has so cruelly destroyed, that a visitor could hardly tell if they were ever inhabited: and of the Phocians, so considerable a people exterminated, I say nothing. But what is the condition of Thessaly? Has he not taken away her constitutions and her cities, and established tetrarchies to parcel her out, not only by cities, but also by provinces, for subjection? Are not the Eubœan states governed now by despots, and that in an island near to Thebes and Athens? Does he not expressly write in his epistles, "I am at peace with those who are willing to obey me?" Nor does he write so and not act accordingly. He is gone to the Hellespont; he marched formally against Ambracia; Elis, such an important city in Peloponnesus, he possesses; he plotted lately to get Megara: neither Hellenic nor Barbaric land contains the man's ambition. And we, the Greek community, seeing and hearing this, instead of sending embassies to one another about it and expressing indignation, are in such a miserable state, so intrenched in our separate towns, that to this day we can attempt nothing which interest or necessity requires; we cannot combine, or form any association for succor and alliance; we look unconcernedly on the man's growing power, each resolving (methinks) to enjoy the interval that another is destroyed in, not caring or striving for the salvation of Greece: for none can be ignorant that Philip, like some course or attack of fever or other disease, is coming even on those that yet seem very far removed. And you must be sensible that whatever wrong the Greeks sustained from Lacedæmonians or from us, was at least inflicted by genuine people of Greece; and it might be felt in the same manner as if a lawful son, born to a large fortune, committed some fault or error in the management of it; on that ground one would consider him open to censure and reproach, yet it could not be said that he was an alien, and not heir to the property which he so dealt with. But if a slave or a spurious child wasted and spoiled what he had no interest in — Heavens! how much more heinous and hateful would all have pronounced it! And yet in regard to Philip and his conduct they feel not this, although he is not only no Greek and noway akin to Greeks, but not even a barbarian of a place honorable to mention; in fact, a vile fellow of Macedon, from which a respectable slave could not be purchased formerly.

What is wanting to make his insolence complete? Besides his destruction of Grecian cities, does he not hold the Pythian games, the common festival of Greece, and if he comes not himself, sends his vassals to preside? Is he not master of Thermopylae and the passes into Greece, and holds he not those places by garrisons and mercenaries? Has he not thrust aside Thessalians, ourselves, Dorians, the whole Amphictyonic body, and got preaudience of the oracle, to which even the Greeks do not all pretend? Does he not write to the Thessalians, what form of government to adopt? send mercenaries to Porthmus, to expel the Eretrian commonalty; others to Oreus, to set up Philistides as ruler? Yet the Greeks endure to see all this; methinks they view it as they would a hailstorm, each praying that it may not fall on himself, none trying to prevent it. And not only are the outrages which he does to Greece submitted to, but even the private wrongs of every people: nothing can go beyond this! Has he not wronged the Corinthians by attacking Ambracia and Leucas? the Achaians by swearing to give Naupactus to the Aetolians? from the Thebans taken Echinus? Is he not marching against the Byzantines his allies? From us—I omit the rest—but keeps he not Cardia, the greatest city of the Chersonese? Still under these indignities we are all slack and disheartened, and look towards our neighbors, distrusting one another, instead of the common enemy. And how think ye a man, who behaves so insolently to all, how will he act, when he gets each separately under his control?

But what has caused the mischief? There must be some cause, some good reason, why the Greeks were so eager for liberty then, and now are eager for servitude. There was something, men of Athens, something in the hearts of the multitude then, which there is not now, which overcame the wealth

of Persia and maintained the freedom of Greece, and quailed not under any battle by land or sea; the loss whereof has ruined all, and thrown the affairs of Greece into confusion. What was this? Nothing subtle or clever: simply that whoever took money from the aspirants for power or the corruptors of Greece were universally detested: it was dreadful to be convicted of bribery; the severest punishment was inflicted on the guilty, and there was no intercession or pardon. The favorable moments for enterprise, which fortune frequently offers to the careless against the vigilant, to them that will do nothing against those that discharge all their duty, could not be bought from orators or generals; no more could mutual concord, nor distrust of tyrants and barbarians, nor anything of the kind. But now all such principles have been sold as in open market, and those imported and exchanged, by which Greece is ruined and diseased. What are they? Envy where a man gets a bribe; laughter if he confesses it; mercy to the convicted; hatred of those that denounce the crime: all the usual attendants upon corruption. For as to ships and men and revenues and abundance of other materials, all that may be reckoned as constituting national strength —assuredly the Greeks of our day are more fully and perfectly supplied with such advantages than Greeks of the olden time. But they are all rendered useless, unavailable, unprofitable, by the agency of these traffickers.

That such is the present state of things, you must see, without requiring my testimony: that it was different in former times, I will demonstrate, not by speaking my own words, but by showing an inscription of your ancestors, which they graved on a brazen column and deposited in the citadel, not for their own benefit (they were right-minded enough without such records), but for a memorial and example to instruct you how seriously such conduct should be taken up. What says the inscription then? It says: "Let Arthmius, son of Pythonax the Zelite, be declared an outlaw, and an enemy of the Athenian people and their allies, him and his family." Then the cause is written why this was done: *because he brought the Median gold into Peloponnesus.* That is the inscription. By the gods! only consider and reflect among yourselves, what must have been the spirit, what the dignity of those Athenians who acted so! One Arthmius a Zelite, subject of the king, (for Zelea is in Asia,) because in his master's service he brought gold into Peloponnesus, not to Athens, they proclaimed an enemy of the Athenians and their allies, him and his family, and outlawed. That is, not the outlawry commonly spoken of: for what would a Zelite care to be excluded from Athenian franchises? It means not that; but in the statutes of homicide is written, in cases where a prosecution for murder is not allowed, but killing is sanctioned, "and let him die an outlaw," says the legislator: by which he means, that whoever kills such a person shall be unpolluted. Therefore they considered that the preservation of all Greece was their own concern (but for such opinion, they would not have cared whether people in Peloponnesus were bought and corrupted): and whomsoever they discovered taking bribes, they chastised and punished so severely as to record their names in brass. The natural result was that Greece was formidable to the Barbarian, not the Barbarian to Greece. 'Tis not so now: since neither in this nor in other respects are your sentiments the same. But what are they? You know yourselves: why am I to upbraid you with everything? The Greeks in general are alike and no better than you. Therefore I say our present affairs demand earnest attention and wholesome counsel. * * *

What can be the reason—perhaps you wonder—why the Olynthians and Eretrians and Orites were more indulgent to Philip's advocates than to their own? The same which operates with you. They who advise for the best cannot always gratify their audience, though they would; for the safety of the state must be attended to: their opponents by the very counsel which is agreeable advance Philip's interest. One party required contribution; the other said there was no necessity: one were for war and mistrust; the other for peace until they were ensnared. And so on for everything else (not to dwell on particulars); the one made speeches to please for the moment, and gave no annoyance; the other offered salutary counsel, that was offensive. Many rights did the people surrender at last, not from any such motive of indulgence or ignorance, but submitting in the belief that all was lost. Which, by Jupiter and Apollo, I fear will be your case, when on calculation you see that nothing can be done. I pray, men of Athens, it may never come to

this! Better die a thousand deaths than render homage to Philip, or sacrifice any of your faithful counsellors. A fine recompense have the people of Oreus got, for trusting themselves to Philip's friends and spurning Euphraeus! Finely are the Eretrian commons rewarded, for having driven away your ambassadors and yielded to Clitarchus! Yes; they are slaves, exposed to the lash and the torture. Finely he spared the Olynthians, who appointed Lasthenes to command their horse, and expelled Apollonides! It is folly and cowardice to cherish such hopes, and while you take evil counsel and shirk every duty, and even listen to those who plead for your enemies, to think you inhabit a city of such magnitude, that you cannot suffer any serious misfortune. Yea, and it is disgraceful to exclaim on any occurrence when it is too late, "Who would have expected it? However—this or that should have been done, the other left undone." Many things could the Olynthians mention now, which if foreseen at the time, would have prevented their destruction. Many could the Orites mention; many the Phocians, and each of the ruined states. But what would it avail them? As long as the vessel is safe, whether it be great or small, the mariner, the pilot, every man in turn, should exert himself, and prevent its being overturned either by accident or design: but when the sea hath rolled over it, their efforts are in vain. And we likewise, O Athenians, whilst we are safe, with a magnificent city, plentiful resources, lofty reputation—what must we do? Many of you, I dare say, have been longing to ask. Well then, I will tell you; I will move a resolution; pass it if you please.

First, let us prepare for our own defence; provide ourselves, I mean, with ships, money and troops—for surely, though all other people consented to be slaves, we at least ought to struggle for freedom. When we have completed our own preparations and made them apparent to the Greeks, then let us invite the rest, and send our ambassadors everywhere with the intelligence, to Peloponnesus, to Rhodes, to Chios, to the king, I say (for it concerns his interests not to let Philip make universal conquest); that, if you prevail, you may have partners of your dangers and expenses, in case of necessity, or at all events that you may delay the operations. For, since the war is against an individual, not against the collected power of a state, even this may be useful; as were the embassies last year to Peloponnesus and the remonstrances with which I and Polyeuctus, that excellent man, and Hegesippus, and Clitomachus, and Lycurgus and the other envoys went round, and arrested Philip's progress, so that he neither attacked Ambracia nor started for Peloponnesus. I say not, however, that you should invite the rest without adopting measures to protect yourselves: it would be folly while you sacrifice your own interest, to profess a regard for that of strangers, or to alarm others about the future, whilst for the present you are unconcerned. I advise not this: I bid you send supplies to the troops in Chersonesus and do what else they require; prepare yourselves and make every effort first, then summon, gather, instruct the rest of the Greeks. That is the duty of a state possessing a dignity such as yours. If you imagine that Chalcidians or Megarians will save Greece, while you run away from the contest, you imagine wrong. Well for any of those people if they are safe themselves. This work belongs to you: this privilege your ancestors bequeathed to you, the prize of many perilous exertions. But if every one will sit seeking his pleasure, and studying to be idle himself, never will he find others to do his work, and more than this I fear we shall be under the necessity of doing all that we like not at one time. Were proxies to be had, our inactivity would have found them long ago; but they are not.

Such are the measures which I advise, which I propose; adopt them, and even yet, I believe, our prosperity may be re-established. If any man has better advice to offer, let him communicate it openly. Whatever you determine, I pray to all the gods for a happy result.

DEMOSTHENES.

HYMN TO GOD.

[JACOB BELLAMY was born at Flushing, in the year 1757. His boyhood was passed in humble circumstances, and he worked at the trade of a baker until he was fifteen years old. At this early age he acquired considerable reputation in his native city as a versifier. Among his poems, those most highly esteemed are the "*Vaderlandse Gezengen*" (*Patriotic Songs*). His later

pieces are in a more melancholy tone. The death of this distinguished poet occurred in 1796. The works he left behind him entitle him to be placed among the restorers of Dutch poetry.]

HYMN TO GOD.

For Thee, for Thee, my lyre I string,
Who, by ten thousand worlds attended,
Holdest thy course sublime and splendid
Through heaven's immeasurable ring!
I tremble 'neath the blazing throne
Thy light eternal built upon.—
Thy throne, as thou, all-radiant,—bearing
Love's day-beams of benignity:
Yet, terrible is thine appearing
To them who fear not thee.

O, what is mortal man, that he
May hear thy heavenly temple ringing
With songs that heaven's own choirs are singing,
And echo back the melody?
My soul is wandering from its place;
Mine eyes are lost amidst the space
Where thousand suns are rolled through heaven—
Suns waked by thee from chaos' sleep:
But with the thought my soul is driven
Down to a trackless deep.

There was a moment ere thy plan
Poured out Time's stream of mortal glory,—
Ere thy high wisdom tracked the story
Of all the years since Time began:
Bringing sweet peace from sorrow's mine,
And making misery discipline;
The bitter waters of affliction
Distilling into dews of peace,
And kindling heavenly benediction
From earth's severe distress.

Then did thine omnipresent eye,
Earth's million million wonders seeing,
Track through the misty maze of being
E'en my obscurest destiny:
I, in those marvellous plans, though yet
Unborn, had mine own portion set;
And thou hadst marked my path, though lowly:
E'en to my meanness thou didst give
Thy spirit,—thou, so high, so holy;
And I, thy creature, live.

So, through this trembling ball of clay,
Thou to and fro dost kindly lead me;
'Midst life's vicissitudes I speed me,
And quiet peace attends my way.
And, O, what bliss it is to be—
Though but an atom—formed by thee,—
By thee, who in thy mercy pourest
Rivers of grace,—to whom, indeed,
The eternal oak-trees of the forest
Are as the mustard-seed!

Up, then, my spirit! soar above
This vale, where mists of darkness gather!
Up to the high, eternal Father!
For thou wert fashioned by his love.
Up to the heavens! away! away!—
No,—bend thee down to dust and clay:
Heaven's dazzling light will blind and burn thee;
Thou canst not bear the awful blaze.
No,—wouldst thou find the Godhead, turn thee
On Nature's face to gaze.

There, in its every feature, thou
May'st read the Almighty;—every feature
That's spread upon the face of Nature
Is brightened with his holy glow:
The rushing of the waterfall,
The deep green valley,—silent all,—
The waving grain, the roaring ocean,
The woodland's wandering melody,—
All,—all that wakes the soul's emotion,
Creator, speaks of thee!

But, of thy works through sea and land
Or the wide fields of ether wending,
In man thy noblest thoughts are blending;
Man is the glory of thy hand;—
Man,—modelled in a form of grace,
Where every beauty has its place;
A gentleness and glory sharing
His spirit, where we may behold
A higher aim, and nobler daring:
'T is thine immortal mould.

O wisdom! O unbounded might!
I lose me in the light Elysian;
Mine eye is dimmed, and dark my vision:
Who am I in this gloomy night?
Eternal Being! let the ray
Of thy high wisdom bear away
My thoughts to thine abode sublimest!
But how shall grovelling passions rise
To the proud temple where thou climbest
The threshold of the skies?

Enough, if I a stammering hymn,
My God, to thee may sing,—unworthy
Of those sweet strains poured out before thee
By heavenly hosts of cherubim:
Despise me not,—one spark confer
Worthy of thine own worshipper;
And better songs and worthier praises
Shall hallow thee, when 'midst the strain
Of saints my voice its chorus raises,—
Never to sink again.

JACOB BELLAMY.

PROMETHEUS BOUND

PROMETHEUS BOUND.

[ÆSCHYLUS, a famous tragic poet of Greece, was born in Attica, B. C. 525, and died in Sicily, at the age of 68. At the age of 25, he was a competitor for the prize of tragedy, which he did not gain, however, until fifteen years later. Æschylus fought at the battles of Marathon, Salamis, and Platæa. In 468 B. C., Sophocles defeated him in a contest for the honors of tragedy, when he quitted Athens, and took up his residence at Syracuse. The dramas of Æschylus which have survived, are only seven, out of seventy said to have been written by him. He was a great and original genius, and did much to perfect dramatic art, limiting the choral parts, introducing the dialogue, and improving the costumes and scenery of the stage.]

Chor. I grieve, Prometheus, for thy dreary fate,
Shedding from tender eyes
The dew of plenteous tears;
With streams, as when the watery south wind blows,
My cheek is wet;
For lo! these things are all unenviable,
And Zeus, by his own laws his sway maintaining,
Shows to the elder gods
A mood of haughtiness.

ANTISTROPH.

And all the country echoeth with the moan,
And poureth many a tear
For that magnific power
Of ancient days far-seen that thou did'st share
With those of one blood sprung;
And all the mortal men who hold the plain
Of holy Asia as their land of sojourn,
They grieve in sympathy
For thy woes lamentable.

STROPH II.

And they, the maiden band who find their home
On distant Colchian coasts,
Fearless of fight,
Or Scythian horde in earth's remotest clime,
By far Mæotic lake.

ANTISTROPH II.

And warlike glory of Arabia's tribes,
Who nigh to Caucasos
In rock fort dwell,
An army fearful with sharp pointed spear
Raging in war's array.

STROPH III.

One other Titan only have I seen,
One other of the gods,
Thus bound in woes of adamantine strength—
Atlas, who ever groans
Beneath the burden of a crushing might,
The out-spread vault of heaven.

ANTISTROPH III.

And lo! the ocean billows murmur loud
In one accord with him;
The sea-depths groan, and Hades' swarthy pit
Re-echoeth the sound,
And fountains of clear rivers as they flow,
Bewail his bitter griefs.

Prom. Think not it is through pride or stiff self-will
That I am silent. But my heart is worn,
Self-contemplating, as I see myself
Thus outraged. Yet what other hand than mine
Gave these young gods in fulness all their gifts?
But these I speak not of; for I should tell
To you that know them. But those woes of men,
List ye to them,—how they before as babes,
By me were roused to reason, taught to think;
And this I say, not finding fault with men,
But showing my good will in all I gave.
For first, though seeing, all in vain they saw,
And hearing, heard not rightly. But, like forms of
Phantom-dreams, throughout their life's whole length
They muddled all at random; did not know
Houses of brick that catch the sunlight's warmth,
Nor yet the work of carpentry. They dwelt
In hollowed holes, like swarms of tiny ants,
In sunless depths of caverns; and they had
No certain signs of winter, nor of spring
Flower laden, nor of summer with her fruits;
But without counsel fared their whole life long,
Until I showed the risings of the stars,
And settings hard to recognize. And I
Found number for them, chief device of all,
Groupings of letters, Memory's handmaid that,
And mother of the Muses. And I first
Bound in the yoke wild steeds, submissive made
Or to the collar or men's limbs, that so
They might in man's place bear his greatest toils;
And horses trained to love the rein I yoked
To chariots, glory of wealth's pride of state.
Nor was it any one but I that found
Sea-crossing, canvas-winged cars of ships:
Such rare designs inventing (wretched me!)
For mortal men, I yet have no device
By which to free myself from this my woe.

Chor. Foul shame thou sufferest: of thy sense bereaved,
Thou errest greatly: and like leech unskilled,
Thou losest heart when smitten with disease,
And know'st not how to find the remedies
Wherewith to heal thine own soul's sicknesses.

Prom. Hearing what yet remains thou'lt wonder more
What arts and what resources I devised:
And this the chief: if any one fell ill,
There was no help for him, nor healing food,
Nor unguent, nor yet potion; but for want
Of drugs they wasted, till I showed to them
The blendings of all mild medicaments,
Wherewith they ward the attacks of sickness sore.
I gave them many modes of prophecy;
And I first taught them what dreams needs must prove

True visions, and made known the ominous sounds
Full hard to know; and tokens by the way,
And flights of taloned birds I clearly marked,—
Those on the right propitious to mankind,
And those sinister,—and what form of life
They each maintain, and what their enmities
Each with the other, and their loves and friendships;
And of the inward parts the plumpness smooth,
And with what color they the gods would please,
And the streaked comeliness of gall and liver:
And with burnt limbs enwrapt in fat, and chine,
I led men on to art full difficult:
And I gave eyes to omens drawn from fire,
Till then dim-visioned. So far then for this.
And 'neath the earth the hidden boons for men,
Bronze, iron, silver, gold, who else could say
That he, ere I, did found them? None, I know,
Unless he fain would babble idle words.
In one short word, then, learn the truth condensed—
All arts of mortals from Prometheus spring.

Chorus: Nay, be not thou to men so over kind,
While thou thyself art in sore evil case;
For I am sanguine that thou too, released
From bonds, shalt be as strong as Zeus himself.

Prom. It is not thus that Fate's decree is fixed;
But I, long crushed with twice ten thousand woes
And bitter pains, shall then escape my bonds;
Art is far weaker than Necessity.

Chor. Who guides the helm, then, of Necessity?

Prom. Fates triple-formed, Erinnyes unforgetting.

Chor. Is Zeus, then, weaker in his might than these?

Prom. Not even He can 'scape the thing decreed.

Chor. What is decreed for Zeus but still to reign?

Prom. Thou may'st no further learn, ask thou no more.

Chor. 'Tis doubtless some dread secret which thou hidest.

Prom. Of other theme make mention, for the time
Is not yet come to utter this, but still
It must be hidden to the uttermost;
For by thus keeping it it is that I
Escape my bondage foul, and these my pains.

STROPH I.

Chor. Ah! ne'er may Zeus the lord
Whose sovran sway rules all,
His strength in conflict set
Against my feeble will!
Nor may I fail to serve
The gods with holy feast
Of whole burnt offerings,
Where the stream ever flows
That bears my father's name,
The great Okeanos!
Nor may I sin in speech!
May this grace more and more
Sink deep into my soul
And never fade away!

ANTISTROPH I.

Sweet is it in strong hope
To spend long years of life
With bright and cheering joy
Our heart's thoughts nourishing;
I shudder, seeing thee
Thus vexed and harassed sore
By twice ten thousand woes;
For thou in pride of heart,
Having no fear of Zeus,
In thine own obstinacy,
Dost show for mortal men,
Prometheus, love o'er much.

STROPH II.

See how that boon, dear friends,
For thee is bootless found.
Say, where is any help?
What aid from mortals comes?
Hast thou not seen this brief and powerless life,
Fleeting as dreams, with which man's purblind race
Is fast in fetters bound?
Never shall counsels vain
Of mortal men break through
The harmony of Zeus.

Prom. Yea, now in very deed,
No more in word alone,
The earth shakes to and fro,
And the loud thunder's voice
Bellows hard by, and blaze
The flashing levin-fires;
And tempests whirl the dust,
And gusts of all wild winds
On one another leap,
In wild conflicting blasts,
And sky with sea is blent:
Such is the storm from Zeus
That comes as working fear,
In terrors manifest.
O Mother venerable!
O Æther! rolling round
The common light of all,
See'st thou what wrongs I bear?

ÆSCHYLUS—*Translated by Plumptre.*

ETIQUETTE AT THE COURT OF UGANDA.

[CAPTAIN JOHN H. SPEKE, born in 1827, died in 1864, an English traveller, led with Captain Grant the expedition for African discovery which established the connection of the Nile with the lakes of Central Africa. He published a "*Journal of the Discovery of the Source of the Nile*" (1863), and "*What Led to the Discovery of the Source of the Nile*" (1864).]

The mighty king was now reported to be sitting on his throne in the state-hut of the third tier. I advanced hat in hand, with my guard of honor following, formed in

open ranks, who in their turn were followed by the bearers carrying the present. I did not walk straight up to him as if to shake hands, but went outside the ranks of a three-sided square of squatting Wakungu, all habited in skins, mostly cow-skins; some few of them had, in addition, leopard-cat skins girt round the waist, the sign of royal blood. Here I was desired to halt and sit in the glaring sun; so I donned my hat, mounted my umbrella—a phenomenon which set them all a-wondering and laughing—ordered the guard to close ranks, and sat gazing at the novel spectacle. A more theatrical sight I never saw. The king, a well-figured, tall young man of twenty-five, was sitting on a red blanket spread upon a square platform of royal grass, encased in tiger-grass reeds, scrupulously well-dressed. The hair of his head was cut short, excepting on the top, where it was combed up to a high ridge, running from stem to stern like a cock's comb. On his neck was a very neat ornament—a large ring of beautifully worked small beads, forming elegant patterns by their various colors. On one arm was another bead ornament, prettily devised; on the other a wooden charm, tied by a string covered with a snake-skin. On every finger and every toe he had alternate brass and copper rings; and above the ankles, halfway up to the calf, a stocking of very pretty beads. Everything was light, neat and elegant in its way; not a fault could be found with the taste of his 'getting up.' For a handkerchief he held a well-folded piece of bark, and a piece of gold-embroidered silk, which he constantly employed to hide his large mouth when laughing, or to wipe it after a drink of plantain wine, of which he took constant and copious draughts from neat little gourd-cups, administered by his ladies-in-waiting, who were at once his sisters and wives. A white dog, spear, shield, and woman—the Uganda cognisance—were by his side, as also a knot of staff-officers, with whom he kept up a brisk conversation on one side, and on the other was a band of Wachézi, or lady-sorcerers.

I was now asked to draw nearer within the hollow square of squatters, where leopard skins were strewed upon the ground, and a large copper kettle-drum, surmounted with brass bells on arching wires, along with two smaller drums covered with cowrie-shells, and beads of color worked into patterns, were placed. I now longed to open conversation, but knew not the language, and no one near me dared speak, or even lift his head from fear of being accused of eyeing the women; so the king and myself sat staring at one another for full an hour—I mute, but he pointing and remarking with those around him on the novelty of my guard and general appearance, and even requiring to see my hat lifted, the umbrella shut and opened, and the guards face about and show off their red cloaks—for such wonders had never been seen in Uganda.

Then finding the day waning, he sent Maula on an embassy to ask me if I had seen him; and on receiving my reply, 'Yes, for full one hour,' I was glad to find him rise, spear in hand, lead his dog, and walk unceremoniously away through the inclosure into the fourth tier of huts; for this being a pure levée day, no business was transacted. The king's gait in retiring was intended to be very majestic, but did not succeed in conveying to me that impression. It was the traditional walk of his race, founded on the step of the lion; but the outward sweep of the legs, intended to represent the stride of the noble beast, appeared to me only to realise a very ludicrous kind of waddle.

FUNERAL ORATION ON HENRIETTA MARIA.

TRANSLATED BY THE AMERICAN EDITOR.

[JACQUES BÉNIGNE BOSSUET, one of the greatest pulpit orators of France, born at Dijon, 1627, died bishop of Meaux, in 1704. He early became celebrated for his learning and eloquence, and in 1661 was made preacher to the French court, and ten years later a member of the Academy. Bossuet wrote a *History of the Diversities of the Protestant churches*, with several other controversial works, a *Discours sur l'Histoire Universel*, and a multitude of sermons. His funeral orations are regarded as models of sacred eloquence. His discourse on the death of Henrietta Maria, wife of Charles I. of England, and daughter of Henry IV. of France, and the funeral discourse upon her daughter, the youthful and well-beloved Madame, Duchess of Orleans, are among the finest of these. "Bossuet, himself the eagle of eloquence," (says a great preacher) "in his funeral sermon on Henrietta Maria, the queen of misfortunes, depicted the sorrows of her birth and her estate so as to gather up the audience in his arms, to moisten the faces of men with tears, to show them the nothingness of mortal glory, and the beauty of eternal life."]

Who can express the sorrows of this unhappy queen? Who can record her lamen-

tations? Yet when we have heard them, O ye holy sisters, her dear friends (for she was pleased so to name you), ye who have so often seen her weeping before the altars, and in whose breasts she was wont to confide the sacred consolations which she received, I call upon you to crown this discourse by recounting to us the Christian sentiments of which you have been the faithful witnesses. How often has she humbly thanked God in this very place for two divine favors; the first for having made her a Christian; the other for having made her an unhappy queen. Ah! I begin to regret the narrow limits of the place in which I speak. I could wish a voice of power to carry far and wide these words which can not be sufficiently spread abroad: that her sorrows made her wise in the knowledge of the gospel, and that she so well knew the mysteries of religion and the virtue of the cross, when she had joined Christianity with her misfortunes. It is too great prosperity which blinds, transports and misleads us, makes us forget God, ourselves, and the principles of the faith. From thence spring the monsters of crime, the refinements of pleasure, the weakness of pride, which give ground for those terrible maledictions which Jesus Christ has pronounced in the Gospel. Woe unto you that laugh! Woe unto you that are full and contented! On the contrary, as Christianity took its birth from the cross, so it is sorrow and misfortune which strengthen its growth. There we expiate our sins; there we purify our motives; there we transport our desires from earth to heaven; there we lose utterly the love of the world, and cease to lean upon ourselves and our own wisdom. Misfortunes are the only masters which can usefully instruct us; it is they alone which can wring from us that confession of having erred, so costly to our pride. Then, when misfortunes open our eyes, we review with grief all our faults; we find ourselves equally humiliated at what we have done, and what we have failed to do; and we no longer know how to excuse that presumption of wisdom which deemed itself infallible. We see that God alone is wise; and in vainly deploring the errors which have been our ruin, a better reflection teaches us to deplore those which have jeopardized our eternal welfare, with this strange consolation, that we repair them when we lament them.

God had held for twelve years without intermission, without any consolation on the part of men, our unhappy queen, causing her to study under His hand, these hard but useful lessons. Finally, moved by her vows and humble patience of soul, he has re-established the royal house. Charles II. has been acknowledged, and the injury of kings has been avenged. It is needless to tell you how greatly the queen was consoled by this wonderful event; but she had been taught by her calamities not to change, under so great a change of her condition. The world once banished, returned no more unto her heart. She saw with astonishment that God, who had rendered futile so many enterprises and so many efforts, because he awaited the hour that he had marked out, when it at last arrived, took as it were, by the hand, the king her son, to conduct him to his throne. She submitted herself more humbly than ever to that sovereign hand, which holds from the highest heaven the reins of all the empires of the earth.

* * * * *

After so many sorrows and so many reverses, she knew no longer any other enemies than her sins. No one of these seemed light to her: she passed them in rigorous review; and anxious to expiate them by repentance, and by good deeds, she was so well prepared, that death could not surprise her, and the more when it came to her in the guise of slumber. She is dead—this noble queen, and by her death she has left behind everlasting regrets, not only to her own family, who, faithful to all her duties, cherished for her a respect so submissive, so sincere, so steadfast, but also to all who had the honor to serve her or to know her. Let us not mourn for her misfortunes, which now constitute her felicity. If she had been more fortunate, her history would be more splendid; but her good works would be less abounding; and with the proudest titles, she would perhaps have appeared empty before God. Now that she has preferred the cross to the throne, and that she has set her calamities in the number of her noblest graces, she will receive the consolations which are promised to those who weep. Then may the God of mercy and consolation accept her afflictions as a pleasing sacrifice; may he bring her to Abraham's bosom, and, appeased by her misfortunes, may he deign to spare henceforward, lessons so terrible to her family and to the world.

* * * * *

Consider, my hearers, those great and

powerful ones whom we look up to. While we tremble under their hands, the Almighty smites them for our instruction. Their elevation becomes the cause, and he spares them so little that he hesitates not to sacrifice them for the warning of the rest of mankind. Murmur not Christians, if Madame has been chosen in order to administer to us such instruction. There is in this nothing harsh for her, since, as you will see in the sequel, God saves her by the same stroke which instructs us. We ought to be sufficiently convinced of our own insignificance, but if shocks of surprise are needed to waken our hearts, captivated by love of the world, this calamity is great and terrible enough. O disastrous night! O fearful night! when suddenly like a thunderbolt, came that astounding intelligence, "Madame is dying, Madame is dead!" Who of us did not feel shocked by this stroke, as if some tragical event had desolated his family? At the first rumor of so strange a calamity men flocked to St. Cloud from all sides. They found all in consternation, save only the heart of the princess herself. Every where were heard cries; every where were seen grief, and despair, and the image of death. The king, the queen, Monsieur, the whole court, the whole people, were all cast down in despair; and it seemed to me that I witnessed the fulfillment of those words of the prophet: "The king shall mourn, and the prince shall be clothed with desolation, and the hands of the people of the land shall be troubled."

But princes and people mourned in vain; in vain Monsieur, in vain the king himself held Madame pressed in their arms in strong and tender embrace. The more powerful hand of death snatched the princess from those royal hands. To the majority of men the last change comes little by little, and death commonly prepares them for its final stroke. But Madame passed away from morning to night, like the flower of the field. In the morning she bloomed in full beauty, with what grace you well know: in the evening we saw her withered away, and those strong expressions by which the holy scripture intensifies the uncertainty of human affairs became exact and literal truths for this princess. But what matters it that her life has been so short? That which must come to an end can never be long. To-day, my hearers, begin to despise the favors of the world; and every time you enter those august precincts, or traverse those superb palaces on which Madame bestowed a splendor which your eyes still see; whenever, beholding that great station which she filled so well, you mourn her absence; remember that that glory which you admired was her chief peril in this life, and that in the other world, there is nothing capable of consoling her but that sincere resignation which she had to the will of God, and the holy humiliations of repentance.

BOSSUET.

THE STATE OF BELIEF AT THE ADVENT OF CHRIST.

[JOSEPH ERNEST RENAN, a distinguished Oriental scholar of France, was born at Tréguier in 1823. Educated at Paris, he soon distinguished himself by his writings on theology and philosophy. His *General History of the Semitic Languages* appeared in 1855, and his translations of the book of Job, and the Song of Songs in 1859–60. His most extensive work, however, three volumes of which have appeared, is his *Origines du Christianisme*, part one of which is the Life of Jesus. Renan treats this religious history as human and natural, in contradistinction to the supernatural and miraculous view of Christianity. He was removed from the professorship of Hebrew in the Collège de France, but was elected a member of the French Academy in 1878.]

As the cooled earth permits us no longer to comprehend the phenomena of the primitive creation, because the fire which pervaded it is extinguished, so the explanations of reason are always insufficient in some respect, when we apply our timid processes of induction to the revolutions of those creative epochs which have decided the destiny of the human race. Jesus lived in one of those periods when the part of public life is played with freedom, when the stakes of human activity are centupled. Every grand life, then, insures death; for such movements presuppose a liberty and an absence of preventive measures, which cannot exist without a terrible counterpoise. Now man risks little and wins little. In the heroic ages of human activity man risked all and won all. The good and the bad, or at least those who considered themselves and were considered such, form opposing armies. By the scaffold lies the path to apotheosis; grand characters have incriminated traits which engrave them as eternal types in the memory of men. If we except the French Revolution, no historic medium was so fitting as that in which Jesus was formed, to

develop those hidden powers which humanity holds as if in reserve, and which she never reveals except in her days of fever and of danger.

If the government of the world were a speculative problem, and the greatest philosopher were the man best fitted to tell his fellows what they should believe, then from calmness and reflection would spring those grand moral and doctrinal rules which are called religions. But it is not so. If we except Sakya-Mouni, the great religious founders have not been metaphysicians. Buddhism itself, although the product of pure thought, conquered half of Europe for reasons entirely political and moral. As to the Semitic religions, they are as little philosophic as possible. Moses and Mahomet were never given to speculation; they were men of action. It was by proposing action to their countrymen, their cotemporaries, that they mastered humanity. Jesus, likewise, was no theologian, no philosopher with a system more or less admirable. To be a disciple of Jesus, it was necessary to sign no formula, to pronounce no profession of faith; but a single thing was necessary, to follow him, to love him. He never argued in relation to God, for he felt him directly within himself. The shoal of metaphysical subtleties upon which Christianity struck in the third century, was in no wise the work of the founder. Jesus had neither dogmas nor system, but a fixed personal resolve, which having surpassed in intensity every other created will, directs even to this hour the destinies of humanity.

The Jewish people had the advantage, from the Babylonish captivity to the Middle Ages, of being always in a very intense condition. This is why the depositaries of the national spirit, during this long period, seem to write under the action of a high fever, which places them continually above and beneath reason, rarely in its medium path. Never had man seized upon the problem of the future and of his destiny with a courage more desperate, more determined to rush to extremes. Making no separation of the fate of humanity from that of their little race, the Jewish thinkers are the first who cared for a general theory of the progress of our species. Greece, always shut up in herself, and mindful only of the quarrels of her little towns, had admirable historians; but before the Roman epoch, we may search Greece in vain for a general system of historical philosophy, embracing all humanity. The Jew, on the contrary, thanks to a kind of prophetic sense which at times renders the Semite marvellously apt to see the grand outlines of the future, carried history into religion. Perhaps he owes a little of this spirit to Persia. Persia, from a remote epoch, conceived the history of the world as a series of evolutions, over which a prophet presides. Each prophet has his *hazar*, or reign of a thousand years, (chiliasm) and of these successive ages, analogous to the millions of centuries of each buddha of India, is the woof of events composed which prepares for the reign of Ormuzd. At the end of time, when the circle of chiliasms shall be exhausted, will come the final paradise. Men will then live happy, the earth will be like a plain; there will be but one language, one law, and one government for all men. But this advent will be preceded by terrible calamities. Dahak (the Satan of Persia) will break the chains which bind him and will fall upon the world. Two prophets will come to console men and to prepare for the grand advent. These ideas made their way over the world and penetrated even to Rome, where they inspired a cycle of prophetic poems, the fundamental ideas of which were the division of the history of humanity into periods, the succession of the gods corresponding to these periods, the complete renewal of the world, and the final advent of the golden age. The book of Daniel, the book of Enoch, and certain portions of the Sibylline books, are the Jewish expression of the same theory. It is true that these were not the thoughts of all. They were embraced at first only by a few persons of lively imagination and inclined to foreign doctrines. The arid and narrow-minded author of the book of Esther never thought of the rest of the world except with feelings of malevolence and disdain. The disabused Epicurean who wrote Ecclesiastes, thinks so little of the future that he considers it useless even to labor for his children; in the eyes of this egotistic bachelor the final word of wisdom is to spend as you go. But the great deeds of a nation are usually done by the minority. With its enormous faults, harsh, egotistic, sneering, cruel, narrow, subtle, sophistical, the Jewish nation is still the author of the finest movement of disinterested enthusiasm in all history. The opposition always creates the glory of a country. The greatest men of a nation are those which it puts to death.

Socrates created the glory of Athens, who deemed that she could not live with him. Spinoza is the greatest of modern Jews, and the synagogue expelled him with ignominy. Jesus was the glory of the people of Israel, who crucified him.

A gigantic dream for centuries had pursued the Jewish people, and renewed it continually in its decrepitude. A stranger to the theory of individual recompense, which Greece had disseminated under the name of the immortality of the soul, Judea had concentrated upon her national future all her power to love and to desire. She believed that she had the divine promise of a limitless future, and as the bitter reality, which, from the ninth century before our era, gave the kingdom of the world more and more to force, brutally trampled down these aspirations, she threw herself upon the most impossible alliances of ideas, and attempted the strangest expedients. Before the captivity, when all the earthly future of the nation was dissipated by the separation of the northern tribes, they dreamed of the restoration of the house of David, the reconciliation of the two fragments of the people, and the triumph of theocracy and the worship of Jehovah over the idolatrous worships. At the time of the captivity, a poet, full of harmony, saw the splendor of a future Jerusalem, to which the nations and the far-off isles should be tributary, in colors so soft that one would have said that a ray from the beaming face of Jesus illumined it at a distance of six hundred years.

The victory of Cyrus seemed for a time to realize all that had been hoped. The grave disciples of the Avesta and the worshippers of Jehovah believed themselves brothers. Persia had succeeded, by banishing the multitudinous *devas* and transforming them into demons (*divs*), in drawing from the ancient Arian conceptions, essentially naturalistic, a species of monotheism. The prophetic tone of many of the precepts of Iran had close analogy to certain compositions of Hosea and Isaiah. Israel rested under the Achæmenides, and, under Xerxes (Ahasuerus), made himself feared by the Iranians themselves. But the triumphal and often brutal entrance of the Greek and Roman civilization into Asia, threw him back into his dreams. More than ever, he invoked the Messiah as judge and avenger of the nations. He required a renewal of all things, a revolution taking the globe by the roots and shaking it from top to bottom, to satisfy the enormous demand which was excited in him by the feeling of his superiority and the sight of his humiliations.

Had Israel possessed the doctrine, termed spiritualistic, which separates man into two parts, body and soul, and thinks it perfectly natural that while the body rots, the soul survives, this storm of rage and energetic protest would have had no cause for existence. But this doctrine, sprung from Greek philosophy, was not in the traditions of the Jewish mind. The ancient Hebrew writings contain no trace of future rewards or punishments. While the idea of the solidarity of the tribe existed, it was natural not to look for strict retribution according to the merits of each person. Woe to the pious man who fell upon an impious age; he suffered with the rest the public calamities flowing from the general impiety. This doctrine, handed down from the wise men of the patriarchal period, resulted every day in indefensible contradictions. Even in the time of Job it was severely shaken; the old men of Teman who professed it were men behind the times, and the young Elihu who comes in to oppose them, dares to put forth first of all this essentially revolutionary idea: wisdom is no longer to the aged. With the complications which the world had assumed since Alexander, the old Temanite and Mosaic principles became still more intolerable. Never had Israel been more faithful to the Law, and yet they had suffered the atrocious persecutions of Antiochus. Only a declaimer, accustomed to repeat ancient phrases denuded of meaning, dared profess that these woes came because of the unfaithfulness of the people. What! these victims who died for their faith, these heroic Maccabees, this mother with her seven sons, shall Jehovah forget them eternally, abandon them to the corruption of the grave? An incredulous and worldly Sadducee, indeed, might not shrink before such a result; a consummate sage, like Antigonus de Soco, indeed, might maintain that we must not practice virtue like a slave, for a reward; that we must be virtuous without expectation. But the mass of the nation could not be satisfied with that. Some, cleaving to the principle of philosophic immortality, pictured to themselves the just living in the memory of God, glorious forever in the remembrance of men, judging the impious who have persecuted them. "They live in the eyes of God," such is their

recompense. Others, the Pharisees especially, had recourse to the dogma of the resurrection. The just will live again to share in the Messianic reign. They will live again in the flesh, and for a world of which they will be kings and judges; they will witness the triumph of their ideas and the humiliation of their enemies.

We find among the ancient people of Israel only very uncertain traces of this fundamental dogma. The Sadducee, who did not believe in it, was in reality faithful to the old Jewish doctrine; the Pharisee, the partisan of resurrection, was the innovator. But in religion it is always the zealous portion which makes innovations; it is the party of progress, it is that which achieves results. The resurrection, an idea totally different from the immortality of the soul, moreover, grew very naturally out of the former doctrines and condition of the people. Perhaps Persia also furnished some of its elements. At all events, combining with the belief in the Messiah and the doctrine of a speedy renewal of all things, it formed those apocalyptic theories, which, without being articles of faith (the orthodox sanhedrim of Jerusalem seems not to have adopted them), were rife in the imagination of all, and produced from one end to the other of the Jewish world an intense fermentation. The total absence of dogmatic rigor allowed very contradictory notions to be accepted at the same time, even on a point so important. Sometimes the just man was to await the resurrection; sometimes he was received at the moment of his death into Abraham's bosom. Sometimes the resurrection was universal, sometimes reserved for the faithful alone. Sometimes it supposed a renewed earth and a new Jerusalem; sometimes it implied a preliminary annihilation of the universe. Jesus, with his earliest thoughts, entered into the burning atmosphere which created in Palestine the ideas that we have set forth. These ideas were taught at no school; but they were in the air, and his soul was soon filled with them. Our hesitations, our doubts never reached him. Upon this summit of the mountain of Nazareth, where no modern man can sit without an anxious feeling, perhaps frivolous in regard to his future, Jesus has sat twenty times without a doubt. Free from selfishness, the source of our sorrows, which makes us seek greedily an interest beyond the tomb for virtue, he thought only of his work, his race, humanity. To him these mountains, this sea, this azure sky, these high plains in the horizon were not the melancholy vision of a soul questioning nature as to its fate, but the sure symbol, the transparent shadow of an invisible world and a new heaven.

FÉNELON CONCERNING ELOQUENCE.

[François de Salignac de la Mothe Fénelon, a celebrated French author and divine, (1651—1715), wrote numerous books upon education, and religious treatises, and became bishop of Cambray. He was at one time an apostle of Quietism, a mystic religious belief of which his intimate friend, Madame Guyon, was the chief propagandist, but abandoned the doctrine upon an adverse decision of the Pope upon the great controversy maintained between Fénelon and Bossuet concerning these doctrines. The writings of Fénelon have had wide popularity, and besides many gems of sacred eloquence, his *Telemaque, History of Ancient Philosophies, Discourses on the Education of Girls*, and on *Eloquence*, have been many times reprinted.]

The ancients did not divide their discourses; but they pointed out carefully all those things which ought to be distinguished; to each of them they assigned its proper place, after having attentively considered where it might be introduced to the best advantage, and be fittest to make a due impression. Oftentimes that which would seem nothing to the purpose, by being unseasonably urged, has a very great weight when it is reserved for its proper place, till the audience be prepared by other things to feel all its force and consequence. Nay, a single word, when happily applied, will set the truth in the strongest light. Cicero tells us that we ought sometimes to delay giving a full view of the truth till the very conclusion. But then, throughout our discourse there ought to run such a concatenation of proofs, as that the first may make way for the second, and the next always serve to support the former. We ought at first to give a general view of our subject, and endeavour to gain the favour of the audience by a modest introduction, a respectful address, and the genuine marks of candour and probity. Then we should establish those principles on which we design to argue, and in a clear, easy, sensible manner propose the principal facts on which we are to build; insisting chiefly on

those circumstances of which we intend to make use afterwards. From these principles and facts we must draw just consequences, and argue in such a clear and well-connected manner, that all our proofs may support each other, and so be the more easily remembered. Every step we advance, our discourse ought to grow stronger; so that the hearers may gradually perceive the force and evidence of the truth; and then we ought to display it in such lovely images and movements as are proper to excite the passions. In order to do this, we must know their various springs, and the mutual dependence they have one upon another; which of them we can most easily move and employ to raise the rest; and which of them, in fine, is able to produce the greatest effects, and must therefore be applied to in the conclusion of our discourse. It is oft-times proper at the close, to make a short recapitulation, in which the orator ought to exert all his force and skill in giving the audience a full, clear, concise view of the chief topics on which he has enlarged. In short, one is not obliged always to follow this method without any variation. There are exceptions and allowances to be made for different subjects and occasions. And even in this order which I have proposed, one may find an endless variety. But now you may easily see, that this method, which is chiefly taken from Tully, cannot be observed in a discourse which is divided into three parts; nor can it be followed in each particular division. We ought, therefore, to choose some method, sir; but such a method as is not discovered and promised in the beginning of our discourse. Cicero tells us, that the best method is generally to conceal the order we follow, till we lead the hearer to it without his being aware of it before. I remember, he says, in express terms, that we ought to conceal even the number of our arguments; so that one shall not be able to count them, though they be very distinct in themselves; and that we ought not too plainly to point out the division of a discourse. But such is the undistinguishing taste of these latter ages, that an audience cannot perceive any order, unless the speaker distinctly explain it in the beginning; and even intimate to them his gradual advances from the first to the second, and following general heads or subdivisions of his discourse. . . .

A division chiefly relieves the speaker's memory; and even this effect might be much better obtained by his following a natural order, without any express division; for the true connection of things best directs the mind. Our common divisions are of use to those only who have studied, and been trained up to this method in the schools. And if the common people retain the division better than the rest of the sermon, it is only because they hear it often repeated; but, generally speaking, they best remember practical points, and such things as strike their sense and imagination. . .

One of Plato's chief beauties is, that in the beginning of his moral pieces he usually gives us some fragment of history, or some tradition, which serves as the foundation of his discourse. This method would far more become those who preach religion, which is entirely founded upon tradition, history, and the most ancient records. Indeed, most preachers argue but weakly, and do not instruct people sufficiently, because they do not trace back things to their sources. . .

The reading of good and bad orators will more effectually form your taste, on this point, than all the rules in the world. . .

SORROW AND GLADNESS.

[Thomas Kingo, a Danish poet, 1634—1723, became bishop of Fünen, and wrote many fine spiritual songs.]

Sorrow and gladness together go wending;
Evil and good come in quick interchange;
Fair and foul fortune forever are blending;
Sunshine and cloud have the skies for their range.
Gold of earth's day
Is but splendid clay,
Alone heaven's happiness lasteth for aye.

Sceptres and crowns shine with diamonds resplendent,
Yet 't is no pastime the garb of a King;
Sorrows a thousand on crowns are attendant;
Sceptres a thousand anxieties bring.
Palaces fair
Are but gilded care;
Only in heaven is joy not a snare.

Everything here has the germ of decay in it;
Every one findeth some grief in his breast;
And soon is the bosom, though jewels blaze on it,
Filled full of sorrow and secret unrest;
Each has his own,
Known or unknown;
Heaven from woe is exempted alone.

Honor external, and wisdom and station;
Youth's strength and beauty, the pride of life's May,
Oft fill the spirit with boastful elation,
Yet these all must perish as time wears away.
Everything must
Pass into dust,
In the sure bliss of heaven alone can we trust.

Sharp thorns guard the rose in which most thou delightest;
And the deadlier the poison, the fairer the flower;
The heart may be crushed while the cheek is the brightest,
For fortune oft changes her tide in an hour.
'Mid many woes
The stream of time flows;
Heaven alone steadfast happiness knows.

Go to, then! Henceforth it no longer shall vex me,
Because as I wish the world goes not alway;
The turmoils of life shall no longer perplex me,
Nor my heart be worn out with the grief of to-day.
Woe is time's blight;
The seed of delight
Shall spring up and bloom in heaven's islands of light.

Then pain shall inherit a rich overpayment;
Then tears shall be wiped from all sorrowing eyes;
The poor be clothed then in the fairest of raiment,
And the sick with the vigor of health shall arise.
Hatred shall cease;
All shall be peace;
For in heaven alone doth good ever increase.

O, let then my lot and my life be appointed,
Just as my God and my Lord seeth meet;
Let the wicked go on still for evil anointed,
And the world have its way till the end is complete;
Time's tree will cast
Its leaves on the blast,
And heaven make everything right at the last.

THE PASSION FOR WEALTH OR GLORY.

[JEAN DE LA FONTAINE, the celebrated writer of Fables, was born 1621, at Chateau-Thierry, in France. He died 1695.]

Man is thus formed: when anything fires his soul, impossibilities disappear. How many vows he offers up, how much labour he throws away, in trying to acquire wealth or glory! If I could but round my kingdom! If I could only fill my coffers with coin, acquire Hebrew, a knowledge of the sciences, and history! All that is as wise as attempting to drink the sea dry; but nothing suffices man. It would require four bodies to accomplish the plans of one little head; yet far from being sufficient, they would all remain midway: four Methusalems added end to end would not bring to a conclusion what a single mind desires.

Too many expedients may spoil an affair: we lose time in choosing; we try; we wish to do everything. Let us only have one; but let it be good. LA FONTAINE.

HAPPY the man who lives at home, making it his business to regulate his desires! He only knows by hearsay what the court means, the sea, and thy empire, O fortune, who makest to pass before our eyes dignities, wealth, which men follow to the end of the world, without the result ever corresponding to her promises. LA FONTAINE.

THE sovereign Author of the universe has made us all wallet-bearers in the same way, as well those of time past as those of to-day; he put the wallet behind for our own failings, and the one before for those of others. LA FONTAINE.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S FIRST DAYS OF SOVEREIGNTY.

[CHARLES GREVILLE, (born 1794, died 1863), was a grandson of the third Duke of Portland. At the age of twenty he was appointed private secretary to Lord Bathurst, and seven years afterwards he succeeded to the clerkship of the council, which he held for about forty years. The appearance in 1874, of the *Greville Memoirs*, a journal of the reigns of George IV. and William III., excited great interest. Though too free in his comments and disclosures, and not always just or correct, Mr. Greville's journal will be valuable to future historians. In his gallery of portraits are the two sovereigns whom he served, and nearly all the public men, statesmen, and authors, who figured during that period. The contrast between the Queen and her uncle is vividly set forth in the following passage:]

June 21, 1837.—The king died at twenty minutes after two yesterday morning; and the young Queen met the council at Kensington Palace at eleven. Never was anything like the first impression she produced, or the chorus of praise and admiration which is raised about her manner and behaviour, and certainly not without justice. Her extreme youth and inexperience, and the ignorance of the world concerning her, naturally excited intense curiosity to see

how she would act on this trying occasion, and there was a considerable assemblage at the palace, notwithstanding the short notice that was given. . . . When the lords were assembled the Lord President informed them of the king's death, and suggested as they were so numerous, that a few of them should repair to the presence of the queen and inform her of the event, and that their lordships were assembled in consequence: and accordingly the two royal dukes, the two archbishops, the chancellor, and Melbourne went with them. The queen received them in the adjoining room alone. As soon as they had returned, the proclamation was read and the usual order passed, when the doors were thrown open and the queen entered, accompanied by her two uncles, who advanced to meet her. She bowed to the lords, took her seat, and then read her speech in a clear, distinct, and audible voice, and without any appearance of fear or embarrassment. She was quite plainly dressed and in mourning.

After she had read her speech, and taken and signed the oath for the security of the Church of Scotland, the privy councillors were sworn, the two royal dukes (Cumberland and Sussex; the Duke of Cambridge was in Hanover) first, by themselves; and as these two old men, her uncles, knelt before her, swearing allegiance and kissing her hand, I saw her blush up to the eyes, as if she felt the contrast between their civil and their natural relations, and this was the only sign of emotion she evinced. Her manner to them was very grateful and engaging; she kissed them both, and rose from her chair and moved towards the Duke of Sussex, who was farthest from her, and too infirm to reach her. She seemed rather bewildered at the multitude of men who were sworn, and who came, one after another, to kiss her hand; but she did not speak to anybody, nor did she make the slightest difference in her manner, or show any in her countenance, to any individual of any rank, station, or party. I particularly watched her when Melbourne, and the minister, and the Duke of Wellington approached her. She went through the whole ceremony, occasionally looking at Melbourne for instruction when she had any doubt what to do, which hardly ever occurred, and with perfect calmness and self-possession, but at the same time with a graceful modesty and propriety particularly interesting and ingratiating. When the business was done she retired as she had entered. . . . Peel told me how amazed he was at her manner and behaviour, at her apparent deep sense of her situation, her modesty, and at the same time her firmness. She appeared, in fact, to be awed, but not daunted; and afterwards the Duke of Wellington told me the same thing, and added that if she had been his own daughter he could not have desired to see her perform her part better.

It was settled that she was to hold a council at St. James's this day, and be proclaimed there at ten o'clock, and she expressed a wish to see Lord Albemarle, who went to her and told her he was come to take her orders. She said, "I have no orders to give; you know all this so much better than I do, that I leave it all to you. I am to be at St. James's at ten to-morrow, and must beg you to find me a conveyance proper for the occasion?" Accordingly, he went and fetched her in state with a great escort. The Duchess of Kent was in the carriage with her, but I was surprised to hear so little shouting, and to see so few hats off as she went by. I rode down the Park, and saw her appear at the window when she was proclaimed. The Duchess of Kent was there, but not prominent; the Queen was surrounded by her Ministers, and curtsied repeatedly to the people, who did not, however, hurrah till Lord Lansdowne gave them the signal from the window. At twelve she held a council, at which she presided with as much ease as if she had been doing nothing else all her life, and though Lord Lansdowne and my colleague had contrived between them to make some confusion with the council papers, she was not put out by it. She looked very well, and though so small in stature, and without much pretensions to beauty, the gracefulness of her manner and the good expression of her countenance give her on the whole a very agreeable appearance, and with her youth inspire an excessive interest in all who approach her. . . .

Conyngham, when he came to her with the intelligence of the King's death, brought a request from the Queen Dowager that she might be permitted to remain at Windsor till after the funeral, and she has written her a letter couched in the kindest terms, begging her to consult nothing but her own health and convenience, and to remain at Windsor just as long as she pleases. In short, she appears to act with every sort of

good taste and good feeling, as well as good sense, and as far as it has gone nothing can be more favourable than the impression she has made.

No contrast can be greater than that between the personal demeanor of the present and the late sovereigns at their respective accessions. William IV. was a man who coming to the throne at the mature age of sixty-five, was so excited by the exaltation that he nearly went mad, and distinguished himself by a thousand extravagances of language and conduct, to the alarm or amusement of all who witnessed his strange freaks; and though he was shortly afterwards sobered down into more becoming habits, he always continued to be something of a blackguard, and something more of a buffoon. It is but fair to his memory, at the same time to say that he was a good-natured, kind-hearted, and well-meaning man, and he always acted an honorable and straightforward, if not always a sound and discreet, part. The two principal Ministers of his reign, the Duke of Wellington and Lord Grey (though the former was only his Minister for a few months), have both spoken of him to me with strong expressions of personal regard and esteem. The young Queen, who might well be either dazzled or confounded with the grandeur and novelty of her situation, seems neither the one nor the other, and behaves with a decorum and propriety beyond her years, and with all the sedateness and dignity, the want of which was so conspicuous in her uncle.

THE ROSE.

[ISAAC WATTS, preacher, theologian and hymnologist, was born at Southampton, England, July 14, 1674. He wrote *Logic; or the Right Use of Reason in the Inquiry after Truth; The Improvement of the Mind;* and numerous other treatises; but he is best known by his *Psalms and Hymns*, many of which are still sung by Christians of every name.]

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field;
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colors lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade;
But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

SOME "CHARACTERS."

[JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE was born at Dourdan, Normandy about 1644. He is known chiefly by his *Characters of Theophrastus*, a work which has been translated into nearly every language. He became a member of the French Academy. Died, 1696.]

RUFFIN is beginning to grow grey; but he is healthy, and his fresh complexion and lively eyes promise him still some twenty years of life. He is gay, jovial, familiar, indifferent; he laughs with all his heart and he laughs all alone, without any reason; he is pleased with himself, his family, and his little fortune; he says he is happy. He loses his only son, a very hopeful young man, who might have been one day the honor of his family; he surrenders to others the trouble of lamenting for him, saying, "My son is dead; it will kill his mother!" and he is comforted. He has no passions; he has neither friends nor foes; he dislikes nobody; everybody pleases him; everything suits him; he speaks to any one he sees for the first time with the same freedom and confidence as he does to those whom he calls his old friends, and he soon imparts to him his puns and little stories. You may come up to him and you may leave him without his paying any attention to the fact, and the same story that he has begun to tell to one person he will finish to the person who takes his place.

N—— is less weakened by age than by illness, for he is not more than sixty-eight; but he has gout and nephritic colic; his face is thin; his complexion is greenish and betokens decay. He has his land marled, and he reckons that for fifteen years he will be obliged to manure it. He plants a young wood, that in less than twenty years he hopes will give him pleasant shade. He has a free-stone house built in —— street, made firm at the corners with iron bands, of which he affirms,

coughing, in a faint, weak voice, that we shall never see the end. He walks every day about his workshops, leaning on the arm of a valet, who helps him along. He shows his friends what he has done and what he intends to do. It is not for his children that he builds, for he has none, nor for his heirs, vile persons that they are, quarrelling among themselves and with him. It is for himself, and he will die to-morrow.

MENALQUE comes down stairs, opens the door to go out, and shuts it again, for he perceives that he is in his night-cap. On examining himself closer, he finds that he has only half shaved; that his sword hangs on his right side; and his stockings are turned down over his heels. If he walks abroad, he feels all at once a violent blow on his chest or face; he does not guess what it can be till, arousing himself and opening his eyes, he finds himself before the shaft of a cart, or behind a carpenter's long plank that a workman is carrying on his shoulders. He has been seen to knock his forehead against that of a blind man; he gets entangled in his legs, they both tumble down, one on one side and the other on the other; and several times he has happened to find himself face to face with a prince, and just in his way; he recollects himself with difficulty, and has only time to squeeze close against a wall to make room for him.

He enters a room and passes under a lustre, on which his wig is caught and remains hanging. All the courtiers look and laugh. Menalque looks, too, and laughs louder than any. He looks all round the assembly to see who is showing his ears, and wants a wig. If he goes into the town, after having proceeded some little distance, he thinks he has gone wrong, and is vexed. He asks the passers-by where he is, and they tell him precisely the name of his own street; then he enters his own house, but comes out again in a hurry, thinking he has made a mistake. He writes a letter, and thinks he has sanded it several times, but always throws the sand into the inkstand. This is not all. He writes a second letter, and, after having sealed them, he makes a mistake in the addresses. A duke receives one of these two letters, and on opening it, reads these words: "M. Olivier, do not fail, as soon as you receive this, to send me my supply of hay." His farmer receives the other. He opens it and gets it read. They find: "My Lord, I have received, with blind submission, the orders that it has pleased your highness," etc. He meets a young widow by chance. He speaks to her of her late husband, and asks how he died. At these words the woman's grief is renewed; she weeps and sobs, and does not forget to go over all the details of her husband's illness, from the time he was quite well, just before his fever, till his last moments. "Madame," asks Menalque, who had apparently listened with emotion, "is that all that is the matter with you?"

He is never really with those with whom he seems to be. He calls his lackey very gravely "Sir," and his friend, "La Verdure." He says "Your Reverence" to a prince of the blood, and "Your Highness" to a Jesuit. He finds himself with a magistrate. This gentleman, grave by character, venerable from age and dignity, questions him on an event, and asks him if it can be so. Menalque answers: "Yes, miss." Once he was returning from the country; his own footmen undertook to rob him, and succeeded. They got down from his carriage, put the end of a torch to his throat, and demanded his purse, and he gave it up to them. Arrived at home, he related his adventure to a friend, who did not fail to question him about all the circumstances. He said to them: "Ask my people; they were there."

"WOULD you like to see my prints?" asks Democedus; and then he brings them out and shows them to you. You come upon one which is neither black, nor clean, nor well drawn, and less fit to be kept in a cabinet than to adorn the Petit Pont or the Rue Neuve on a festival day. He grants that it is badly engraved, and still worse drawn; but he assures you that it is by an Italian whose works are scarce; that very few impressions of it have been taken; and this is the only copy in France; that he bought it at a high price, and that he would not exchange it for anything. "A great trouble has come upon me," continues he, "which will oblige me to give up prints for the rest of my days. I have all the engravings of Cabot, except one, which is not, in truth, one of his best works; on the contrary, it is one of his most insignificant; but it would complete Cabot for me. I have labored twenty years to procure this print, and at last I despair of success; it is very hard."

IN ABSENCE.

[PHEBE CARY, younger sister of Alice Cary, was born Sept. 4, 1824, and died July 31, 1871. Her collected pieces are in two volumes entitled respectively *Poems and Parodies* and *Hymns of Faith, Hope, and Love.*]

Watch her kindly, stars:
From the sweet protecting skies
Follow her with tender eyes,
Look so lovingly that she
Cannot choose but think of me:
Watch her kindly, stars!

Soothe her sweetly, night:
On her eyes, o'er-wearied, press
The tired lids with light caress;
Let that shadowy hand of thine
Ever in her dreams seem mine:
Soothe her sweetly, night!

Wake her gently, morn:
Let the notes of early birds
Seem like love's melodious words;
Every pleasant sound, my dear,
When she stirs from sleep should hear:
Wake her gently, morn!

Kiss her softly, winds:
Softly, that she may not miss
Any sweet, accustomed bliss;
On her lips, her eyes, her face,
Till I come to take your place.
Kiss and kiss her, winds!

EDUCATION AND EXERCISES OF THE MAMLOUKS.

(CONSTANTINE FRANÇOIS CHASSEBŒUF, COUNT DE VOLNEY, orientalist, traveller, and historian, was born at Craon, France, Feb. 3, 1757. Died Apr. 25, 1820. From his *Voyage en Egypte et en Syrie*, 1787, we extract as follows:]

The art of using their weapons constitutes the education of the Mamlouks, and the whole occupation of their lives. Every day, early in the morning, the greater part of them resort to a plain, without Cairo, and there, riding full speed, exercise themselves in drawing out their carbine expeditiously from the bandaleer, discharging it with good aim, and then throwing it under their thigh to seize a pistol, which they fire and throw over their shoulder; immediately firing a second, and throwing it in the same manner, trusting to the string by which they are fastened, without losing time to return them to their place. The beys who are present encourage them; and whoever breaks the earthen vessel which serves by way of butt, receives great commendations and money, as a recompense. They practise also the management of the sabre, and especially the *coup de revers*, which cuts upwards, and is the most difficult to parry. Their blades are so keen, and they handle them so well, that many of them can cut a clew of wet cotton, like a piece of butter. They likewise shoot with bows and arrows, though they no longer use them in battle. But their favorite exercise is throwing the *djerid;* this word, which properly means a reed, is generally used to signify any staff thrown by the hand, after the manner of the Roman pilum. Instead of a staff, the Mamlouks make use of branches of the palm-tree, fresh stripped. These branches, which have the form of the stalk of an artichoke, are four feet long, and weigh five or six pounds. Armed with these, the cavaliers enter the lists, and riding full speed, throw them at each other from a considerable distance. The assailant, as soon as he has thrown, turns his horse, and his antagonist pursues, and throws his in his turn. The horses, accustomed to the exercise, second their masters so well, that they seem also to share in the pleasure. But this pleasure is attended with danger; for some can dart this weapon with so much force, as frequently to wound, and sometimes mortally. Ill-fated was the man who could not escape the djerid of Ali Bey! These sports, which to us seem barbarous, are intimately connected with the political state of nations. Not three centuries ago they existed among ourselves, and their being laid aside is less owing to the accident of Henry the Second, or to a spirit of philosophy, than to the state of internal peace which has rendered them useless. Among the Turks and Mamlouks, on the contrary, they are retained, because the anarchy in which they live continues to render whatever relates to the art of war, absolutely necessary.

HOMER.

The fiery sun, when wheeling up heaven's height,
Obscures the stars and the moon's holy light;
So Homer, seen 'mid the poetic throng,
Dims by his splendor all the orbs of song.

LEONIDAS of Tarentum.

PLUMBING "BY THE HOUR."

[CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER was born at Plainfield, Mass., September 12, 1829. After his graduation from Hamilton College he studied and practiced law until 1860 when he became editor of the Hartford *Press and Courant*. Since then he has devoted himself to journalism and authorship. He has published *My Summer in a Garden* (1871); *Saunterings* (1872); *Back-Log Studies* (1872); *Mummies and Moslems*, (1876); and jointly with Samuel L. Clemens, *The Gilded Age* (1873). Our extract is from "My Summer in a Garden."]

Speaking of the philosophical temper, there is no class of men whose society is more to be desired for this quality than that of plumbers. They are the most agreeable men that I know; and the boys in the business begin to be agreeable very early. I suspect the secret of it is, that they are agreeable by the hour. In the dryest days my fountain became disabled; the pipe was stopped up. A couple of plumbers, with the implements of their craft, came out to view the situation. There was a good deal of difference of opinion about where the stoppage was. I found the plumbers perfectly willing to sit down and talk about it,—talk by the hour. Some of their guesses and remarks were exceedingly ingenious; and their general observations on other subjects were excellent in their way, and could hardly have been better if they had been made by the job. The work dragged a little —as it is apt to do by the hour. The plumbers had occasion to make me several visits. Sometimes they would find upon arrival, that they had forgotten some indispensable tool; and one would go back to the shop, a mile and a half, after it; and his comrade would await his return with the most exemplary patience, and sit down and talk, —always by the hour. I do not know but it is a habit to have something wanted at the shop. They seemed to me very good workmen, and always willing to stop and talk about the job, or anything else when I went near them. Nor had they any of that impetuous hurry that is said to be the bane of our American civilization. To their credit be it said, that I never observed any of it in them. They can afford to wait. Two of them will sometimes wait nearly half a day while a comrade goes for a tool. They are patient and philosophical. It is a great pleasure to meet such men. One only wishes there was some work he could do for *them* by the hour. There ought to be reciprocity. I think they have very nearly solved the problem of Life: it is to work for other people, and never for yourself, and get your pay by the hour. You then have no anxiety, and little work. If you do things by the job, you are perpetually driven: the hours are scourges. If you work by the hour, you gently sail on the stream of Time, which is always bearing you on to the haven of Pay, whether you make any effort, or not. Working by the hour tends to make one moral. A plumber working by the job, trying to unscrew a rusty, refractory nut, in a cramped position, where the tongs continually slipped off, would swear; but I never heard one of them swear, or exhibit the least impatience at such a vexation, working by the hour. Nothing can move a man who is paid by the hour. How sweet the flight of time seems to his calm mind!

SHARED.

I said it in the meadow-path,
  I say it on the mountain-stairs,—
The best things any mortal hath
  Are those which every mortal shares.

The air we breathe, the sky, the breeze,
  The light without us and within,
Life with its unlocked treasuries,
  God's riches are for all to win.

The grass is softer to my tread
  For rest it yields unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild rose red
  Because she makes the whole world sweet.

Into your heavenly loneliness,
  Ye welcomed me, O solemn peaks!
And me in every guest you bless
  Who reverently your mystery seeks.

And up the radiant peopled way
  That opens into worlds unknown,
It will be life's delight to say,
  "Heaven is not heaven for me alone."

Rich by my brethren's poverty!
  Such wealth were hideous! I am blest
Only in what they share with me,
  In what I share with all the rest.

LUCY LARCOM, D. 1893.

THE CHARACTER OF LOUIS XI.

[PHILIPPE DE COMINES, Lord of Argenton, a historian and statesman, was born in Flanders in 1445. While in the service of Charles the Bold, he formed a secret compact with Charles's enemy, Louis XI., of France, whose Minister he became, serving him until the King's death. Comines died in 1509. From his *Memoirs* of historical events from 1464 to 1498, we extract as follows:]

Of all the princes that I ever had the honor to know, the wisest and most dexterous to extricate himself out of any danger or difficulty in time of adversity, was our master, King Louis XI. He was the humblest in his conversation and habit, and the most painful and most indefatigable to win over any man to his side, that he thought capable of doing him either mischief or good; though he was often refused, he would never give over a man that he once undertook, but still pressed and continued his insinuations, promising him largely, and presenting him with such sums and pensions as he knew would satisfy his ambition; and for such as he had discarded in the time of peace and prosperity, he paid dear (when he had occasion for 'em) to recover them again; but when he had once reconciled them, he retained no pique to them for what had passed, but employed them freely for the future. He was naturally kind and indulgent to persons of indifferent condition, and morose to such as he thought had no need of him. Never prince was so conversable nor so inquisitive as he, for his desire was to know everybody he could; and, indeed, he knew all persons of any authority or worth in England, Spain, Portugal, and Italy, the territories of the Dukes of Burgundy and Bretagne, and in his own country; and by those qualities he preserved the crown upon his head, which was in much danger by the enemies he had created to himself by his inadvertency upon his accession to the crown. But above all, his great bounty and liberality did him the greatest service. And yet, as he behaved himself wisely in time of distress, so when he thought himself a little out of danger, though it were but by a truce, he would disoblige the servants and officers of his court by mean trifling ways, which were little to his advantage. . . . When he had done himself any prejudice by his talk, or was apprehensive he should do so, to make them amends whom he had injured, he would say to the person whom he had disobliged, "I am sensible, my tongue has done me a great deal of mischief, but, on the other hand, it has sometimes done me good; however, it is but reason I should make some reparation for the injury." And he never used those kind of apologies to any person, but he did something for the person to whom he made it, and it was always considerable.

Some five or six months before his death he began to grow jealous of everybody, especially of those who were most capable and deserving of the administration of affairs. He was afraid of his son, and caused him to be kept close, so that no man saw or discoursed with him but by his special command. At last he grew suspicious of his daughter, and his son-in-law, the Duke of Bourbon, and required an account of what persons came to speak with them at Plessis, and broke up a council which the Duke of Bourbon held there by his order. . .

He was still attended by his physician, Doctor James Coctier, to whom in five months' time he had given 54,000 crowns in ready money, besides the bishopric of Amiens for his nephew, and other great offices and estates to him and his friends; yet this doctor used him so scurvily, one would not have given such unbecoming language to one's servants as he gave the King, who stood in such awe of him he durst not forbid him his presence. 'Tis true, he complained of his impudence afterwards, but he durst not change him as he had done all the rest of his servants, because he had told him after a most audacious manner one day, "I know some time or other you will remove me from court, as you have done the rest; but be sure (and he confirmed it with an oath) you shall not live eight days after it." With which expression he was so terrified, that ever after he did nothing but flatter and present him, which must needs be a great mortification to a prince who had been obeyed all along by so many brave men much above the doctor's quality.

The King had ordered several cruel prisons to be made, some of iron, some of wood, but covered with iron plates both within and without, with terrible cages about eight foot wide and seven high. The first contriver of them was the Bishop of Verdun, who was the first that hanselled them, being immediately put in one of them, where he continued fourteen years. Many bitter curses he has had since his invention, and some from me, having lain in one of

them eight months together, in the minority of our present King. . .

As in his time this barbarous variety of prisons was invented, so before he died he himself was in greater torment, and more terrible apprehension, than those whom he had imprisoned, which I look upon as a great mercy towards him, and part of his purgatory; and I have mentioned it here to show that there is no person, of what station or dignity soever, but is punished some time or other, either publicly or privately, especially if he has been the cause of other people's sufferings and misfortunes. The King, towards the latter end of his days, caused his castle of Plessis-les-Tours to be encompassed with great bars of iron, in the form of a grate, and at the four corners of the house four watch-towers of iron, strong, massy, and thick, to be built. The grates were without the wall, on the other side of the ditch, and went to the bottom. Several spikes of iron were fastened into the wall, set as thick by one another as possible. He placed likewise ten bowmen in the ditches to shoot at any man that durst approach the castle till the opening of the gate. . . The gate was never opened, nor the drawbridge let down, before eight in the morning, at which time the courtiers were let in; and the captains ordered their guards to their several posts, with a main guard in the middle of the court, as in a town upon the frontiers that was closely besieged. Nor was any person admitted to enter but by the wicket, and those only by the King's order, unless it were the steward of his household, and such officers as were not admitted into the presence.

Is it possible then to keep a prince (with any regard to his quality) more strictly confined than he kept himself? The cages which were made for other people were about eight foot square; and he (though so great a monarch) had but a small square of the court of the castle to walk in, and seldom made use of that, but generally kept himself in the gallery, out of which he went into the chambers, and from thence to mass, but not through the court. Who can deny but he was a sufferer, as well as his neighbors? Considering his being locked up, guarded, afraid of his own children and relations, and changing every day those very servants whom he had brought up and advanced; and though they owed all their preferment to him, yet he durst not trust any of them, but shut himself up in those strange chains and enclosures. . .

I have not recorded these things purely to represent our master as a suspicious and mistrustful prince, but to show that, by the patience which he expressed in his sufferings (like those which he inflicted on other people) they may be looked upon, in my judgment, as a punishment which God inflicted upon him in this world, in order to deal with him more mercifully in the next, as well in those things before mentioned as in the distempers of his body, which were great and painful, and much dreaded by him before they came upon him; and, likewise, that those princes who are his successors may learn by this example to be more tender and indulgent to their subjects, and less severe in their punishments than our master had been. I will not accuse him, or say I ever saw a better prince, for, though he oppressed his subjects himself, he would never see them injured by anybody else.

PRE-EXISTENCE.

[Paul Hamilton Hayne, born at Charleston, S. C., January 1, 1831. Editor of the *Southern Literary Magazine* and other periodicals, and author of several volumes of poems. He died in 1886.]

While sauntering through the crowded street,
Some half-remembered face I meet,

Albeit upon no mortal shore
That face, methinks, has smiled before.

Lost in a gay and festal throng,
I tremble at some tender song,—

Set to an air whose golden bars
I must have heard in other stars.

In sacred aisles I pause to share
The blessings of a priestly prayer,—

When the whole scene which greets mine eyes
In some strange mode I recognize

As one whose every mystic part
I feel prefigured in my heart.

At sunset, as I calmly stand,
A stranger on an alien strand,

Familiar as my childhood's home
Seems the long stretch of wave and foam.

One sails toward me o'er the bay,
And what he comes to do or say

I can foretell. A prescient lore
Springs from some life outlived of yore.

O swift, instinctive, startling gleams
Of deep soul-knowledge! not as *dreams*

For aye ye vaguely dawn and die,
But oft with lightning certainty

Pierce through the dark, oblivious brain,
To make old thoughts and memories plain,—

Thoughts which perchance must travel back
Across the wild, bewildering track

Of countless æons; memories far,
High-reaching as yon pallid star,

Unknown, scarce seen, whose flickering grace
Faints on the outmost rings of space!

VENETIAN LOVE-MAKING AND MARRYING.[1]

[William Dean Howells, born at Martinsburg, Ohio, March 1, 1837. Learned the printer's trade, and afterwards practiced journalism. Was U. S. Consul at Venice from 1861-65, and during his Italian residence obtained the ground-work and coloring of some of his best stories. In 1871 he became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Among his works are *Poems of Two Friends*, *Italian Journeys*, *Venetian Life*, and *A Foregone Conclusion*. We quote from "Venetian Life."]

With the nobility and the richest commoners marriage is still greatly a matter of contract and is arranged without much reference to the principals, though it is now scarcely probable in any case that they have not seen each other. But with all other classes, except the poorest, who cannot and do not exclude the youth of either sex from each other, and with whom, consequently, romantic contrivance and subterfuge would be superfluous, love is made to-day in Venice as in the *capa y espada* comedies of the Spaniards, and the business is carried on with all the cumbersome machinery of confidants, billets-doux, and stolen interviews.

Let us take our nominal friends, Marco and Todaro, and attend them in their solemn promenade under the arcades of the Procuratie, or upon the Molo, whither they go every evening to taste the air and to look at the ladies, while the Austrians and the other foreigners listen to the military music in the Piazza. They are both young, our friends; they have both glossy silk hats; they have both light canes and an innocent swagger. Inconceivably mild are these youth, and in their talk indescribably small and commonplace.

They look at the ladies, and suddenly Todaro feels the consuming ardors of love.

Todaro (to Marco). Here, dear! Behold this beautiful blonde! Beautiful as an angel! But what loveliness!

Marco. But where?

Todaro. It is enough. Let us go. I follow her.

Such is the force of the passion in southern hearts. They follow that beautiful blonde, who, marching demurely in front of the gray-moustached papa and the fat mamma, after the fashion in Venice, is electrically conscious of pursuit. They follow her during the whole evening, and, at a distance, softly follow her home, where the burning Todaro photographs the number of the house upon the sensitized tablets of his soul.

This is the first great step in love. He has seen his adored one, and he knows that he loves her with an inextinguishable ardor. The next advance is to be decided between himself and the faithful Marco, and is to be debated over many cups of black coffee, not to name glasses of sugar-and-water and the like exciting beverages. The friends may now find out the caffè which the Biondina frequents with her parents, and to which Todaro may go every evening and feast his eyes upon her loveliness, never making his regard known by any word, till some night, when he has followed her home, he steals speech with her as he stands in the street under her balcony,—and looks sufficiently sheepish as people detect him on their late return from the theatre.[2] Or, if the friends do not take this course in their courtship (for they are both engaged in the wooing), they decide that Todaro, after walking back and forth a sufficient number of times in the street where the Biondina lives, shall write her a tender letter to demand if she be disposed to correspond his love. This billet must always be conveyed to her by her serving-maid, who must be bribed by Marco for the purpose. At every juncture Marco must be consulted and acquaint-

[1] Publishers: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

[2] The love-making scenes in Goldoni's comedy of *Il Bugiardo* are photographically faithful to present usage in Venice.

ed with every step of progress; and, no doubt, the Biondina has some lively Moretta for her friend, to whom she confidès her part in the love affair in all its intricacy.

It may likewise happen that Todaro shall go to see the Biondina in church, whither, but for her presence, he would hardly go, and that there, though he may not have speech with her, he shall still fan the ardors of her curiosity and pity by persistent sighs. It must be confessed that if the Biondina is not pleased with his looks, his devotion must assume the character of an intolerable bore to her; and that to see him everywhere at her heels—to behold him leaning against the pillar near which she kneels at church, the head of his stick in his mouth, and his attitude carefully taken with a view to captivation—to be always in deadly fear lest she shall meet him in promenade, or, turning round at the caffè, encounter his pleading gaze—that all this must drive the Biondina to a state bordering upon blasphemy and finger-nails. *Ma, come si fa? Ci vuol pazienza!* This is the sole course open to ingenuous youth in Venice, where confessed and unashamed acquaintance between young people is extremely difficult; and so this blind pursuit must go on, till the Biondina's inclinations are at last laboriously ascertained.

Suppose the Biondina consents to be loved? Then Todaro has just and proper inquiries to make concerning her dower, and if her fortune is as pleasing as herself, he has only to demand her in marriage of her father, and after that to make her acquaintance.

One day a Venetian friend of mine who spoke a little English, came to me with a joyous air and said:

"I am in lofe."

The recipient of repeated confidences of this kind from the same person, I listened with tempered effusion.

"It is a blonde again?"

"Yes, you have right; blonde again."

"And pretty?"

"Oh, beautiful! I lofe her—*come si dice! —immensamenti.*"

"And where did you see her? Where did you make her acquaintance?"

"I have not make the acquaintance. I see her pass with his fazer every night on Rialto Bridge. We did not spoke yet—only with the eyes. The lady is not of Venice. She has four thousand florins. It is not much—no. But!"

Is not this love at first sight almost idyllic? Is it not also a sublime prudence to know the lady's fortune better than herself, before herself? These passionate, headlong Italians look well to the main chance before they leap into matrimony, and you may be sure Todaro knows, in black and white, what the Biondina has to her fortune before he weds her. After that may come the marriage, and the sonnet written by the next of friendship, and printed to hang up in all the shop-windows, celebrating the auspicious event.

ON A BEAUTIFUL DAY.

[JOHN STERLING, born at Kames Castle, Isle of Bute, July 20, 1806. Among his works are *Arthur Coningsby*, a novel; *The Onyx Ring; Strafford*, a drama; *Minor Poems*; and *Essays and Tales*. Died at Ventnor, I. W., September 18, 1844.]

O unseen Spirit! now a calm divine
Comes forth from thee, rejoicing earth and air!
Trees, hills, and houses, all distinctly shine,
And thy great ocean slumbers everywhere.

The mountain ridge against the purple sky
Stands clear and strong, with darkened rocks and dells,
And cloudless brightness opens wide and high
A home aërial, where thy presence dwells.

The chime of bells remote, the murmuring sea,
The song of birds in whispering copse and wood,
The distant voice of children's thoughtless glee,
And maiden's song, are all one voice of good.

Amid the leaves' green mass a sunny play
Of flash and shadow stirs like inward life;
The ship's white sail glides onward far away,
Unhaunted by a dream of storm or strife.

ON A PAINTING OF VENUS BY APELLES.

As Venus from her mother's bosom rose
(Her beauty with the murmuring sea-foam glows),
Apelles caught and fixed each heavenly charm;
No picture, but the life, sincere and warm.
See how those finger-tips her tresses wring!
See how those eyes a calm-like radiance fling!
That quince-formed breast reveals her in her prime,
Of love and soft desire the happy time.
Athenè and Jove's consort both avow—
"O Jove! we own that we are vanquished now."

LEONIDAS of Tarentum.

MAN'S DESTINATION.

[JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE was born in Upper Lusatia, May 19, 1762. He ranks next to Kant among the great German philosophers. Comparing him with Schelling and Hegel, F. H. Hedge observes: "Among the illustrious four whose names are most intimately associated with the recent movement in German philosophy, his [Fichte's] function is that of a moralist; a preacher of righteousness. As a character, he is incomparably the most interesting of them all; as a writer, incomparably the most able and impressive." Among his most important works are *The Destination of Man* (1800); *The Sun-Clear Report to the Public upon the True Nature of the Latest Philosophy* (1801); and *The Way to the Blessed Life* (1806).]

When I contemplate the world as it is, independently of any injunction, there manifests itself in my interior the wish, the longing, no! not a longing merely,—the absolute demand for a better world. I cast a glance at the relations of men to each other and to Nature, at the weakness of their powers, at the strength of their appetites and passions. It cries to me irresistibly from my innermost soul: "Thus it cannot possibly be destined always to remain. It must, O! it must all become other and better!"

I can in no wise imagine to myself the present condition of man as that which is designed to endure. I cannot imagine it to be his whole and final destination. If so, then would everything be dream and delusion, and it would not be worth the trouble to have lived and to have taken part in this ever-recurring, unproductive and unmeaning game. Only so far as I can regard this condition as the means of something better, as a point of transition to a higher and more perfect, does it acquire any value for me. Not on its own account, but on account of something better for which it prepares the way, can I bear it, honor it, and joyfully fulfil my part in it. My mind can find no place, nor rest a moment, in the present; it is irresistibly repelled by it. My whole life streams irrepressibly on toward the future and better.

Am I only to eat and to drink that I may hunger and thirst again, and again eat and drink, until the grave, yawning beneath my feet, swallows me up, and I myself spring up as food from the ground? Am I to beget beings like myself, that they also may eat and drink and die, and leave behind them beings like themselves, who shall do the same that I have done? To what purpose this circle which perpetually returns into itself; this game forever re-commencing, after the same manner, in which everything is born but to perish, and perishes but to be born again as it was? This monster which forever devours itself, that it may produce itself again, and which produces itself that it may again devour itself?

Never can this be the destination of my being and of all being. There must be something which exists because it has been brought forth, and which now remains and can never be brought forth again, after it has been brought forth once. And this, that is permanent, must beget itself amid the mutations of the perishing, and continue amid those mutations, and be borne along unhurt upon the waves of time.

DR. SCHLIEMANN'S COURTSHIP.

[HEINRICH SCHLIEMANN, the celebrated archæologist and explorer (born at Kalkhorst, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in 1822, died in 1890), thus briefly recounts the circumstances of his marriage:]

It is now twelve years since I met her [his wife] in the house of her parents in Athens. It was on a Saturday. In the course of the conversation, I made an astonishing discovery. The young eighteen-year-old girl, as the talk turned upon the Iliad, recited for me a long piece from that work with literal accuracy. We were soon absorbed in the subject, and on the same day I was able to tell her: "Next Thursday will be our wedding day." And Thursday was our wedding day, for important business called me at once to Paris. We made our wedding journey thither. Then came the time for learning. I recited Homer to her, and she repeated it after me. During our married life, we have not had a single falling out—not even over Agamemnon and his sister. The only dispute we ever had was when we had different ideas about the rendering of a passage in Homer.

HOSPITALITY.

Freedom in drinking always is the best:
Force is an insult to both wine and guest.
Some *on* the ground their wine will slyly pour;
Some *under* ground may sink to Lethe's shore.
Away, ye sots! the needs of natural joy
A modest measure amply will supply.

ONESTES.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

[George Denison Prentice, born at Preston, Conn., Dec. 18, 1802. From 1830 till his death he edited the *Louisville Journal* (daily newspaper.) He wrote a *Life of Henry Clay*, and his witticisms have been gathered in a volume entitled *Prenticiana*. He was the author of many fugitive poems, some of which are of superior excellence. Died in 1870.]

'T is midnight's holy hour,—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world.—Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling, —'t is the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
Is sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh; and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand,—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,
And Winter with its aged locks,—and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'T is a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard's voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope and Joy and Love,
And bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
Has gone, and with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o'er
The battle-plain where sword and spear and shield
Flashed in the light of midday, and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet ere it melted in the viewless air
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams

Remorseless Time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on,
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag,—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions.

Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiads, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void,—yet Time,
Time the tomb-builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path
To sit and muse, like other conquerors
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

ON A DECLAMATORY PLEADER.

A little pig, an ox, a goat (my only one), I lost,
And Menecles, to plead my cause, I fee'd at some small cost.
I only wanted back my beasts, which seemed my simple due;
Then, Menecles, what had I with Othryades to do?
I never thought in this affair to charge with any theft
The men who, at Thermopylæ, their lives and bodies left.
My suit is with Eutychides; and if I get decree,
Leonidas and Xerxes both are welcome to go free.
Plead my true case: lest I cry out (I can't my feelings smother),
"The little pig one story tells, and Menecles another."

Lucillius.

PRINASSUS TAKEN BY STRATAGEM.

[Polybius, the Greek historian, was born at Megalopolis, Arcadia, about 204 B. C., and died about 122 B. C. To his history of Rome, we are indebted for much of our knowledge of ancient history between the years 222 and 146 B. C.]

After some attacks, which the strength of the little city rendered fruitless, Philip desisted from the attempt, and, leading his army through the country, destroyed the citadels, and plundered the villages that were near. He then went and encamped before Prinassus; and having, in a short time, finished his blinds, and completed the other preparations that were necessary for a siege, he began to undermine the walls of the city. But, when he found that the rockiness of the soil rendered this work altogether impracticable, he had recourse to the following stratagem: He ordered the soldiers to make a great noise underground in the day-time, as if they were employed in digging the mines, and, in the night, to bring earth from distant parts, and to lay it along the mouths of the pits that were opened, that the besieged, on seeing a large quantity of earth, might be struck with apprehensions of their danger. At first, however, the inhabitants displayed a great show of bravery, and seemed determined to maintain themselves in the post. But, when Philip informed them by a message, that the wall was undermined to the length of four hundred feet, and that he left it to their choice whether they would now retire with safety, or, remaining till he should set fire to the props, be then all destroyed amidst the ruins of the place, they gave an entire credit to his account, and delivered up the city.

A TERSE SPEECH.

[Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall, born at Bristol, England, April 8, 1751. As diplomat and member of Parliament he formed a wide acquaintance with people of note, and he has preserved his knowledge of historic characters and affairs in *Historical Memoirs of my Own Time*, and several kindred works. He died November 7, 1831. The following is a passage from his account of the prosecution of Sir Elijah Impey:]

Two individuals distinguished themselves on that evening; one by the eloquent and vehement nature of his speech, the other by its Spartan force and brevity. The former, Col. Fullarton, inveighed in animated terms against Impey, as a criminal of the most atrocious description; whose ermine was steeped in human blood, who trampled on all laws to gratify his insatiate love of money, who amassed an immense fortune by bribes and contracts, and who had converted the court itself into an "officena scelerum et malarum." Nor did he fail to verify many of these allegations by more than declamation. On the cruelty and injustice of subjecting a Hindoo to the operation of English laws, which never could be construed to extend over that country, Fullarton observed, "If it were legal to hang Nundcomar on the statute passed in 1728 against forgery, it would be equally consonant to justice to hang the Nabob of Bengal, or the great Mogul and all his court, on the statute of James the First against bigamy."

Sir James Johnstone, who always brought Robert Bruce before my eyes, but who concealed under a rough form, and unpolished manners, great integrity, directed by strong sense, exclaimed, after listening more than two hours to Fullarton's severe Philippic: "Every argument confirms my opinion that the question ought to be supported. We have beheaded a king; we have hanged a peer; we have shot an admiral; we are now trying a governor-general; and I can see no reason why we should not put on his trial a judge and chief justice."

THE ISLAND.

[Richard Henry Dana, born at Cambridge, Mass., November 15, 1787; died February 2, 1879. After his graduation from Harvard College he studied law and was admitted to the bar. He was for a time one of the editors of the *North American Review*. In 1827 appeared his poem *The Buccaneer*, which Prof. Wilson, in Blackwood's Magazine, pronounced "by far the most powerful and original of American poetical compositions." The following verses are from that work:]

The island lies nine leagues away.
Along its solitary shore,
Of craggy rock and sandy bay,
No sound but ocean's roar,
Save where the bold, wild sea-bird makes her home.
Her shrill cry coming through the sparkling foam.

But when the light winds lie at rest,
And on the glassy, heaving sea
The black duck, with her glossy breast,
Sits swinging silently,
How beautiful! no ripples break the reach,
And silvery waves go noiseless up the beach.

And inland rests the green, warm dell;
The brook comes tinkling down its side;
From out the trees the Sabbath bell
Rings cheerful, far and wide,
Mingling its sounds with bleatings of the flocks,
That feed about the vale among the rocks.

Nor holy bell, nor pastoral bleat,
In former days within the vale;
Flapped in the bay the pirate's sheet;
Curses were on the gale;
Rich goods lay on the sand, and murdered men;
Pirate and wrecker kept their revels then.

But calm, low voices, words of grace,
Now slowly fall upon the ear;
A quiet look is in each face,
Subdued and holy fear:
Each motion 's gentle; all is kindly done;
Come, listen how from crime this isle was won.

THE DEATH OF GARFIELD.

[JAMES GILLESPIE BLAINE, an American statesman and orator, was born in Washington Co., Pa., Jan. 31, 1830. He removed in early life to Maine, and represented that State for many years in Congress, as Representative and as Senator. He was Secretary of State under President Garfield. The following extract is from his memorial oration on the death of Garfield, delivered in the halls of Congress February 26, 1882:]

On the morning of Saturday, July second [1881], the President was a contented and happy man—not in an ordinary degree, but joyfully, almost boyishly happy. On his way to the railroad station, to which he drove slowly, in conscious enjoyment of the beautiful morning, with an unwonted sense of leisure and a keen anticipation of pleasure, his talk was all in the grateful and gratulatory vein. He felt that after four months of trial his administration was strong in its grasp of affairs, strong in popular favor, and destined to grow stronger; that grave difficulties confronting him at his inauguration had been safely passed; that trouble lay behind him and not before him; that he was soon to meet the wife whom he loved, now recovering from an illness which had but lately disquieted and at times almost unnerved him; that he was going to his alma mater to renew the most cherished associations of his young manhood, and to exchange greetings with those whose deepening interest had followed every step of his upward progress, from the day he entered upon his college course until he had attained the loftiest elevation in the gift of his countrymen.

Surely, if happiness can ever come from the honors or triumphs of this world, on that quiet July morning James A. Garfield may well have been a happy man. No foreboding of evil haunted him; no slightest premonition of danger clouded his sky. His terrible fate was upon him in an instant. One moment he stood erect, strong, confident in the years stretching peacefully out before him. The next he lay wounded, bleeding, helpless, doomed to weary weeks of torture, to silence and the grave.

Great in life, he was surpassingly great in death. For no cause, in the very frenzy of wantonness and wickedness, by the red hand of murder, he was thrust from the full tide of this world's interest, from its hopes, its aspirations, its victories, into the visible presence of death—and he did not quail. Not alone for the one short moment in which, stunned and dazed, he could give up life, hardly aware of its relinquishment, but through days of deadly languor, through weeks of agony, that was not less agony because silently borne, with clear sight and calm courage he looked into his open grave. What blight and ruin met his anguished eyes whose lips may tell—what brilliant, broken plans, what baffled, high ambitions, what sundering of strong, warm, manhood's friendships, what bitter rending of sweet household ties! Behind him a proud, expectant nation, a great host of sustaining friends, a cherished and happy mother, wearing the full, rich honors of her early toil and tears; the wife of his youth, whose whole life lay in his; the little boy not yet emerged from childhood's day of frolic; the fair, young daughter; the sturdy sons just springing into closest companionship, claiming every day and every day rewarding a father's love and care; and in his heart the eager, rejoicing power to meet all demands. Before him, desolation and great darkness! And his soul was not shaken. His countrymen were thrilled with instant, profound and universal sympathy. Masterful in his mortal weakness, he became the centre of a nation's love, en-

shrined in the prayers of a world. But all the love and all the sympathy could not share with him his suffering. He trod the wine-press alone. With unfaltering front he faced death. With unfailing tenderness he took leave of life. Above the demoniac hiss of the assassin's bullet he heard the voice of God. With simple resignation, he bowed to the Divine decree.

As the end drew near, his early craving for the sea returned. The stately mansion of power had been to him the wearisome hospital of pain, and he begged to be taken from its prison walls, from its oppressive, stifling air, from its homelessness and its hopelessness. Gently, silently, the love of a great people bore the pale sufferer to the longed-for healing of the sea, to live or to die, as God should will, within sight of its heaving billows, within sound of its manifold voices. With wan, fevered face tenderly lifted to the cooling breeze, he looked out wistfully upon the ocean's changing wonders; on its far sails, whitening in the morning light; on its restless waves, rolling shoreward to break and die beneath the noonday sun; on the red clouds of evening, arching low to the horizon; on the serene and shining pathway of the stars. Let us think that his dying eyes read a mystic meaning which only the rapt and parting soul may know. Let us believe that in the silence of the receding world he heard the great waves breaking on a further shore, and felt already upon his wasted brow the breath of the eternal morning.

BEFORE AND AFTER THE RAIN.[1]

We knew it would rain, for all the morn,
A spirit on slender ropes of mist
Was lowering its golden buckets down
Into the vapory amethyst

Of marshes and swamps and dismal fens,—
Scooping the dew that lay in the flowers,
Dipping the jewels out of the sea,
To sprinkle them over the land in showers.

We knew it would rain, for the poplars showed
The white of their leaves, the amber grain
Shrunk in the wind,—and the lightning now
Is tangled in tremulous skeins of rain!

The rain has ceased, and in my room
The sunshine pours an airy flood;
And on the church's dizzy vane
The ancient Cross is bathed in blood.

From out the dripping ivy-leaves,
Antiquely carven, gray and high,
A dormer, facing westward, looks
Upon the village like an eye:

And now it glimmers in the sun,
A square of gold, a disk, a speck:
And in the belfry sits a dove
With purple ripples on her neck.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH, b. 1836.

[1] Publishers: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

MARRYING FOR THE SAKE OF A DOG.

[JOSEPH XAVIER BONIFACE SAINTINE was born in Paris in 1798; died in 1865. He published dramas, poems, romances, a collection of stories entitled *Jonathan the Visionary* (1827), and a *History of the Wars in Italy*. His story of *Picciola* has passed through many editions and been translated into several languages.]

My friend Cabassol used to say that a family, to be quite complete, should consist of a father and mother, a son and daughter, and a dog. There was a time indeed when he never would have said it, but that was when he was a bachelor; for he was the crustiest bachelor that I ever knew. He lived by himself in the country, where he smoked his pipe and read his books, and took care of his garden, or walked over the fields with his dog. Yes, he had a dog, a perfect one, named Medor, and in those days he thought a perfect family consisted of a man and his dog. Medor had belonged to a widow lady living at *St. Germain en Laye*, who thought the world of him, but was in constant fear lest he should be shot; for Medor was a born hunter, and the forest park at St. Germain was an inviting field for four-footed as well as two-footed hunters. The keepers of the Park declared they would shoot Medor if they caught him there again; so his mistress begged me to save his life by finding for him a new master. I thought at once of Cabassol, and I could not have found a better master. He and Medor became at once fast friends, and understood each other perfectly. They were made for one another, and were always together.

But one day, when Medor's nose was in his plate, and he seemed to be thinking of nothing but his dinner, he suddenly raised his head, and trembling from head to foot,

began to howl and whine in the most piteous and unaccountable manner. The door-bell rang: Medor sprang forward, and when Cabassol joined him, he found him rolling in an ecstasy of joy at the feet of a stranger, and leaping up and down as if beside himself. It was, as you have guessed, his old mistress, who had moved from St. Germain to live in Paris, and had taken this journey for the sake of seeing her old friend Medor. She cried at the welcome her dog had given her. She had come, she said, to ask him back again, for now that she lived in Paris, there was no longer any danger of his life from the foresters. Would not Monsieur Cabassol permit her to have Medor again? She would gladly pay whatever he chose to ask for Medor's board during the three years he had been absent from her, and a round sum besides.

Cabassol looked at her in a furious manner! Give up his dog? never! "I will not sell my friend at any price," he cried, and gave a rude shrug of his shoulders, which said as plainly as words, "Go about your business, madame." The lady bitterly reproached him, and grew very angry, not because he had treated her so rudely, which was reason enough,—she did not mind that, —but because he was likely to make Medor die of grief, by refusing to give him up to her.

"See!" she cried, "he has never ceased to regret me. He still loves me and no one else."

These last words enraged Cabassol; they aroused his pride, and determined to show her that Medor loved him best, he said,— "Come! I have a plan which will soon show you whether Medor loves you more than me. We will go together to yonder hill. There we will separate. You shall go down the southern path, and I will take the northern, that comes back to my house. Medor shall belong to whichever of us he chooses to follow."

"Very well," said she, "I am agreed;" for she was confident that the dog would follow her. Medor did not quite understand the agreement, but he saw that the two people whom he loved best had shaken hands and stopped quarreling, and were now talking politely together. He was full of delight, gamboling about them, and petted by both. Cabassol, though a crusty bachelor, was, after all, a pleasant companion when he chose; and now, feeling some pity for the lady, who must be disappointed, he began to make himself quite agreeable, for she was his and Medor's guest, after all; and the widow lady, sorry for the loss which she was to cause him, and feeling happy at recovering Medor, was in high spirits, and made herself quite entertaining.

When the time came for her to go, the three walked slowly together to the top of the hill,—the two I mean,—for Medor was frisking about them in great glee. At the top they separated, and Cabassol went at once down the northern slope, while the lady went down the southern, and Medor bounded after her. But in a moment he perceived that his master was not with them; he ran back to him; then he saw his mistress was not following, but was keeping on in her path; he ran back to her; then to Cabassol, who was still keeping on in his path; then to his mistress; then to Cabassol, then to his mistress; then,—and so up and down, backward and forward, the road becoming longer and steeper each time. He could not make up his mind which to leave; he could not understand it at all: he went first to one, then to the other, ten times, and then ten times more, while they, without turning about or saying a word, kept straight on in their separate paths. At last, poor Medor, out of breath, the sweat pouring from him, his tongue hanging out of his mouth, fell down completely exhausted, on the very top of the hill where they had separated; and there, turning his head first to the right and then to the left, he tried to follow, with his eyes at least, the two beings to each of whom he had given half his heart.

Cabassol, meanwhile, saw how the poor dog fared, for each time he returned to him he was panting harder. He was seized with pity for him; he resolved to give back Medor to the lady, else he saw that Medor would surely die. He turned up the hill and came to the top.

At the same moment the lady came up the hill from the other side; she, too, out of pity for Medor, had resolved to sacrifice her own feelings and suffer Cabassol to keep the beloved dog. They met at the top over the poor fellow, who was now wagging his tail in a feeble manner, to express his delight.

But how could they make the poor animal submit to a new separation? if he were to go with either alone, it would break his heart.

Cabassol reflected. He saw only one

way of getting out of the difficulty, and that way, to marry the lady. Would she have him? Yes, for Mædor's sake. And so they married to please the dog; and Cabassol came to say, as I told you at first, that a perfect family consists of a father and mother, son and daughter, and a dog.

THE VOW.

[MELEAGER, the Greek epigrammatist and philosopher, lived in the first century B. C. The following poem was translated by J. H. Merivale.]

In holy night we made the vow;
And the same lamp which long before
Had seen our early passion grow
Was witness to the faith we swore.

Did I not swear to love her ever;
And have I ever dared to rove?
Did she not own a rival never
Should shake her faith, or steal her love?

Yet now she says those words were air,
Those vows were written all in water,
And by the lamp that saw her swear
Has yielded to the first that sought her.

PREHISTORIC TIDES.

[THOMAS BELL, F. R. S., F. L. S., a well-known writer on scientific subjects. Born at Poole, Dorset, England, in 1792. He published, in 1878, a treatise on *The Anatomy and Diseases of the Teeth*, together with numerous papers read before the Geological and Zoological Societies.]

At present the moon is two hundred and forty thousand miles away, but there was a time when the moon was only one-sixth part of this distance—or, say forty thousand miles—away. That time must have corresponded to some geological epoch. It may have been earlier than the time when Eozoon lived. It is more likely to have been later. I want to point out that when the moon was only forty thousand miles away, we had in it a geological engine of transcendent power. If the present tides be three feet, and if the early tides be two hundred and sixteen times their present amount, then it is plain that the ancient tides must have been six hundred and forty-eight feet.

There can be no doubt that in ancient times there were tides of this amount, and even tides very much larger, must have occurred. I ask the geologists to take account of these facts, and to consider the effect—a tidal rise and fall of six hundred and forty-eight feet twice every day. Dwell for one moment on the sublime spectacle of a tide six hundred and forty-eight feet high, and see what an agent it would be for the performance of geological work! We are now standing, I suppose, some five hundred feet above the level of the sea. The sea is a good many miles from Birmingham; yet, if the rise and fall at the coast were six hundred and forty-eight feet, Birmingham might be as great a seaport as Liverpool. Three-quarters tide would bring the sea into the streets of Birmingham. At high tide there would be about one hundred and fifty feet of blue water over our heads. Every house would be covered, and the tops of a few chimneys would alone indicate the site of the town.

In a few hours more the whole of this vast flood would have retreated. Not only would it leave England high and dry, but probably the Straits of Dover would be drained, and perhaps Ireland would, in a literal sense, become a member of the United Kingdom. A few hours pass, and the whole of England is again inundated, but only again to be abandoned. These mighty tides are the gifts which astronomers have now made to the working machinery of the geologist. They constitute an engine of terrific power to aid in the great work of geology. What would the puny efforts of water in other ways accomplish when compared with these majestic tides and the great currents they produce?

In the great primeval tides will probably be found the explanation of what has been long a reproach to geology. The early palæozoic rocks form a stupendous mass of ocean-made beds, which, according to Professor Williamson, are twenty miles thick up to the top of the silurian beds. It has long been a difficulty to conceive how such a gigantic quantity of material could have been ground up and deposited at the bottom of the sea. The geologists said, "The rivers and other agents of the present day will do it if you give them time enough." But, unfortunately, the mathematicians and the natural philosophers would not give them time enough, and they ordered the geologists to "hurry up

their phenomena." The mathematicians had other reasons for believing that the earth could not have been so old as the geologists demanded. Now, however, the mathematicians have discovered the new and stupendous tidal grinding engine. With this powerful aid the geologists can get through their work in a reasonable period of time, and the geologists and the mathematicians may be reconciled.

THE "PRAISE OF FOLLY."

[DESIDERIUS ERASMUS, the celebrated Dutch scholar, was born at Rotterdam, October 28, 1465. He early distinguished himself as a classical scholar, and for a time was professor of Greek at Cambridge University, England. His immense erudition and lively wit gave him great influence as a writer. He is regarded as the leading man of letters of his age. His *Praise of Folly*, a broad satire, had a great circulation, as had also his *Colloquies*. He produced the first edition of the Greek Testament ever printed, and also a corrected Latin version. He died July 12, 1536. The "Praise of Folly" is introduced by a dedicatory epistle to Sir Thomas More, from which we quote.]

But those who are offended at the lightness and pedantry of this subject, I would have them consider that I do not set myself for the first example of this kind, but that the same has been oft done by many considerable authors. For thus several ages since, Homer wrote of no more weighty a subject than of a war between the frogs and mice; Virgil of a gnat and a pudding-cake; and Ovid of a nut. Polycrites commended the cruelty of Busiris; and Isocrates, that corrects him for this, did as much for the injustice of Glaucus. Favorinus extolled Thersites, and wrote in praise of a quartane ague. Synesius pleaded in behalf of baldness; and Lucian defended a sipping fly. Seneca drollingly related the deifying of Claudius; Plutarch the dialogue betwixt Gryllus and Ulysses; Lucian and Apuleius the story of an ass; and somebody else records the last will of a hog, of which St. Hierom makes mention. So that if they please, let themselves think the worst of me, and fancy to themselves that I was, all this while, a playing at push-pin, or riding astride on a hobby-horse. For how unjust is it, if when we allow different recreations to each particular course of life, we afford no diversion to studies; especially when trifles may be a whet to more serious thoughts, and comical matters may be so treated of, as that a reader of ordinary sense may possibly thence reap more advantage than from some more big and stately argument. . . As to what relates to myself, I must be forced to submit to the judgment of others, yet, except I am too partial to be judge in my own case, I am apt to believe I have praised Folly in such a manner as not to have deserved the name of fool for my pains.

[From the discourse in "Praise of Folly" we extract the following:]

It is one farther very commendable property of fools, that they always speak the truth, than which there is nothing more noble and heroical. For so, though Plato relates it as a sentence of Alcibiades, that in the sea of drunkenness truth swims uppermost, and so wine is the only teller of truth, yet this character may more justly be assumed by me, as I can make good from the authority of Euripides, who lays down this as an axiom, "Children and fools always speak the truth." Whatever the fool has in his heart, he betrays in his face; or what is more notifying, discovers it by his words: while the wise man, as Euripides observes, carries a double tongue; the one to speak what may be said, the other what ought to be; the one what truth, the other what time requires: whereby he can in a trice so alter his judgment, as to prove that to be now white, which he had just swore to be black; like the satyr at his porridge, blowing hot and cold at the same breath; in his lips professing one thing, when in his heart he means another.

Furthermore, princes in their greatest splendor seem upon this account unhappy, in that they miss the advantage of being told the truth, and are shammed off by a parcel of insinuating courtiers, that acquit themselves as flatterers more than as friends. But some will perchance object that princes do not love to hear the truth, and therefore wise men must be very cautious how they behave themselves before them, lest they should take too great a liberty in speaking what is true, rather than what is acceptable. This must be confessed, truth indeed is seldom palatable to the ears of kings, yet fools have so great a privilege as to have free leave, not only to speak bare

truths but the most bitter ones too: so as the same reproof which, had it come from the mouth of a wise man would have cost him his head, being blurted out by a fool, is not only pardoned, but well taken, and rewarded. For truth has naturally a mixture of pleasure, if it carry with it nothing of offence to the person whom it is applied to; and the happy knack of ordering it so, is bestowed only on fools. . . .

HOME, SWEET HOME.

[John Howard Payne, editor, poet, and actor, was born in New York, June 9, 1792. The familiar lines given below were written for his opera *Clari, or the Maid of Milan*. Among his best dramas are *Virginius* and *Charles the Second*. Died at Tunis, April 10, 1852.]

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
O, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gayly that came at my call:—
Give me them,—and the peace of mind dearer than all!
Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home!

MOUNTAINS AND THEIR ORIGIN.

[Louis John Rudolph Agassiz was born in Motier, Switzerland, May 28th, 1807. His first publication was a Latin description of fossil fishes, published in 1829–31, and in 1832 he was appointed professor of natural history at Neuchâtel. Soon after, he brought out, in Paris, his great work, *Researches on Fossil Fishes*, which established his reputation. His next publications, two treatises on glaciers, appeared respectively in 1840 and 1847. In 1846 he chose the United States for a permanent residence, and in 1848 became professor of zoology and geology at Harvard. He made numerous explorations in various parts of this continent, in the Amazon, and in the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, all of which were fruitful in valuable books, essays and lectures. It has been justly remarked that no one, except Hugh Miller, did more to popularize science than Agassiz. "He was not merely a scientific thinker," says Mr Whipple, "but a scientific force." He died Dec. 14th, 1873. We quote from his *Geological Sketches*.]

We must not form an idea of ancient mountain-upheavals from existing active volcanoes, although the causes which produced them were, in a somewhat modified sense, the same. Our present volcanic mountains are only chimneys, or narrow tunnels, as it were, pierced in the thickness of the earth's surface, through which the molten lava pours out, flowing over the edges and down the sides, and hardening upon the slopes, so as to form conical elevations. The mountain ranges upheaved by ancient eruptions, on the contrary, are folds of the earth's surface, produced by the cooling of a comparatively thin crust upon a hot mass. The first effect of this cooling process would be to cause contractions; the next, to produce corresponding protrusions,—for, wherever such a shrinking and subsidence of the crust occurred, the consequent pressure upon the melted materials beneath must displace them and force them upward. While the crust continued so thin that these results could go on without very violent dislocations—the materials within easily finding an outlet, if displaced, or merely lifting the surface without breaking through it—the effect would be moderate elevations divided by corresponding depressions. We have seen this kind of action during the earlier geological epochs, in the upheaval of the low hills in the United States, leading to the formation of the coal basins. . . .

After the crust of the earth had grown so thick, as it was, for instance, in the later Tertiary periods, when the Alps were uplifted, such an eruption could take place only through the agency of an immense force, and the extent of the fracture would be in proportion to the resistance opposed. It is hardly to be doubted, from the geological evidence already collected, that the whole mountain-range from Western Europe through the continent of Asia, including the Alps, the Caucasus, and the Himalayas, was raised at the same time. A convulsion that thus made a gigantic rent across two continents, giving egress to three such mountain ranges, must have been accompanied by a thousand fractures and breaks in contrary directions. Such a pressure along so extensive a tract could not be equal anywhere; the various thicknesses of the crust, the greater or less flexibility of the deposits, the direction of the pressure, would give rise to an infinite variety in the results; accordingly, instead of the long, even arches, such as characterize

the earlier upheavals of the Alleghanies and the Jura, there are violent dislocations of the surface, cracks, rents, fissures in all directions, transverse to the general trend of the upheaval, as well as parallel with it. . . .

Table-lands are only long, unbroken folds of the earth's surface, raised uniformly and in one direction. It is the same pressure from below which, when acting with more intense force in one direction, makes a narrow and more abrupt fold, forming a mountain ridge, but when acting over a wider surface with equal force, produces an extensive uniform elevation. If the pressure be strong enough, it will cause cracks and dislocations at the edges of such a gigantic fold, and then we have table-lands between two mountain chains, like the Gobi in Asia, between the Altai mountains and the Himalayas, or the table-land enclosed between the rocky mountains and the Coast range of the Pacific shore.

We do not think of table-lands as mountainous elevations, because their broad, flat surfaces remind us of the level tracts of the earth; but some of the table-lands are, nevertheless, higher than many mountain-chains, as, for instance, the Gobi, which is higher than the Alleghanies, or the Jura, or the Scandinavian Alps.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

[Gil Vicente, an eminent Portuguese poet, one of the fathers of the modern drama, was born at Barcellos in 1485. He has been called "the Portuguese Plautus." He died in 1557.]

The rose looks out in the valley,
And thither will I go!
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The virgin on the river-side,
Culling the lemons pale;
Thither,—yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

The fairest fruit her hand hath culled,
'T is for her lover all:
Thither,—yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

In her hat of straw, for her gentle swain,
She has placed the lemons pale:
Thither,—yes! thither will I go,
To the rosy vale, where the nightingale
Sings his song of woe.

Translated by Sir John Bowring.

METHODS OF ACCOUNTING FOR LANGUAGE.

[John Horne Tooke, was born at Westminster, England, 1736; died 1812. He was the son of John Horne, and assumed, in 1782, the additional name of Tooke out of regard to Mr. Tooke, of Purley, who made him his heir. He took orders in the church at his father's desire, but against his own wishes. In 1765 he began his political career, by writing a defence of Wilkes. For starting a subscription for the widows and orphans of Americans "Murdered by the King's troops at Lexington and Concord, 1775," he was convicted of libel and imprisoned for one year. Subsequently he sat in Parliament. His chief literary work is ΕΠΕΑ ΠΤΕΡΟΕΝΤΑ, or the *Diversions of Purley*, an ingenious treatise on etymology conducted in the form of a dialogue, from which we quote.]

B. That the methods of accounting for language remain to this day various, uncertain and unsatisfactory, cannot be denied. But you have said nothing yet to clear up the paradox you set out with; nor a single word to unfold to us by what means you suppose Hermes has blinded philosophy.

H. I imagine that it is, in some measure, with the vehicle of our thoughts, as with the vehicles for our bodies. Necessity produces both. The first carriage for men was no doubt invented to transport the bodies of those who from infirmity, or otherwise, could not move themselves; but should any one, desirous of understanding the purpose and meaning of all the parts of our modern elegant carriages, attempt to explain them upon this principle alone, viz: That they were necessary for conveyance,—he would find himself wofully puzzled to account for the wheels, the seats, the springs, the blinds, the glasses, the lining, etc., not to mention the more ornamental parts of gilding, varnish, etc. *Abbreviations* are the *wheels* of language, the *wings* of Mercury. And though we might be dragged along without them, it would be with much difficulty, very heavily and tediously.

B. I think I begin to comprehend you. You mean to say that the errors of grammarians have arisen from supposing all words to be *immediately* either the signs of

things or the signs of ideas: whereas in fact many words are merely *Abbreviations* employed for dispatch, and are the signs of other words. And that these are the artificial wings of Mercury, by means of which the Argus eyes of philosophy have been cheated.

H. It is my meaning. . . . . The first aim of language was to *communicate* our thoughts: the second, to do it with *dispatch.* (I mean entirely to disregard whatever additions or alterations have been made for the sake of beauty, or ornament, ease, gracefulness, or pleasure.) The difficulties and disputes concerning language have arisen almost entirely from neglecting the consideration of the latter purpose of speech, which, though subordinate to the former, is almost as necessary in the commerce of mankind, and has a much greater share in accounting for the different sorts of words. Words have been called *winged;* and they well deserve that name, when their abbreviations are compared with the progress which speech could make without these inventions; but compared with the rapidity of thought, they have not the smallest claim to that title. Philosophers have calculated the difference of velocity between sound and light: but who will attempt to calculate the difference between speech and thought! What wonder then that the invention of all ages should have been upon the stretch to add such wings to their conversation as might enable it, if possible, to keep pace in some measure with their minds. Hence chiefly the variety of words.

FLORENCE VANE.

[PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE, born in Berkley Co., Va., 1816. Died 1850.]

I loved thee long and dearly,
Florence Vane;
My life's bright dream and early
Hath come again;
I renew my fond vision
My heart's dear pain,
My hopes and thy derision,
Florence Vane!

The ruin, lone and hoary,
The ruin old,
Where thou didst hark my story,
At even told,—
That spot, the hues elysian
Of sky and plain,
I treasure in my vision,
Florence Vane.

Thou wast lovelier than the rose
In their prime;
Thy voice excelled the closes
Of sweetest rhyme;
Thy heart was as a river
Without a main;
Would I had loved thee never
Florence Vane!

But fairest, coldest wonder!
Thy glorious clay
Lieth the green sod under;
Alas the day!
And it boots not to remember
Thy disdain,
To quicken love's pale ember,
Florence Vane!

The lilies of the valley
By young graves weep,
The daisies love to dally
Where maidens sleep;
May their bloom, in beauty vying,
Never wane
Where thine earthly part is lying,
Florence Vane!

HOW THE POPES ACQUIRED TEMPORAL POWER.

[JAMES GIBBONS, Archbishop of Baltimore, born in Baltimore July 23, 1834. He was ordained June 30, 1861; consecrated Bishop and Vicar Apostolic of North Carolina, August 16, 1868; transferred to the See of Richmond, Va., July 30, 1872; and promoted to the Archiepiscopal See of Baltimore, October 3, 1877. From his widely circulated *Faith of our Fathers*, we extract as follows:]

For the clearer understanding of the origin and gradual growth of the Temporal Power of the Popes, we may divide the history of the Church into three great epochs.

The first embraces the period which elapsed from the establishment of the Church to the days of Constantine the Great, in the fourth century; the second, from Constantine to Charlemagne, who was crowned Emperor in the year 800; the third, from Charlemagne to the present time.

When St. Peter, the first Pope in the long unbroken line of Sovereign Pontiffs, entered Italy and Rome, he did not possess a foot of ground which he could call his own. He

could say with his divine Master: "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air nests; but the Son of man hath not whereon to lay His head." The Apostle died as he had lived, a poor man, having nothing at his death save the affections of a grateful people.

But although the Prince of the Apostles owned nothing that he could call his personal property, he received from the faithful large donations to be distributed among the needy. For in the Acts of the Apostles, we are told that "neither was anyone among them [the faithful] needy; for as many as were owners of lands or houses, sold them, and brought the prices of the things which they sold and laid them before the feet of the Apostles, and distribution was made to every one according as he had need." Such was the filial attachment of the early Christians towards the Pontiffs of the Church; such was the confidence reposed in their personal integrity, and in their discretion in dispensing the charity of the faithful.

During the first three hundred years, the Pastors of the Church were generally incapable of holding real estate in Rome; for Christianity was yet a proscribed religion, and the faithful were exposed to the most violent and unrelenting persecutions that have ever darkened the annals of history.

The Christians of Rome worshipped for the most part in the catacombs. These catacombs are subterranean chambers and passages under the city of Rome. They extend for miles in different directions, and are visited to this day by thousands of strangers. Here the primitive Christians prayed together; here they encouraged one another to martyrdom; here they died and were buried. So that these caverns served at the same time as temples of worship for the living, and as tombs for the dead.

At last, Constantine the Great brought peace to the Church. The long night of Pagan persecution was succeeded by the bright dawn of religious liberty; and as our Blessed Saviour rose triumphant from the grave, after having lain there for three days, so did our early brethren in the faith emerge from the tombs of the catacombs, after having been buried, as it were, in the bowels of the earth for three centuries.

Constantine gave to the Roman Church magnificent donations of money and real estate, which were augmented by additional grants contributed by subsequent Emperors. Hence the patrimony of the Roman Pontiffs soon became very considerable. And Voltaire himself tells us that the wealth which the Popes acquired was spent, not in satisfying their own avarice and ambition, but in the most laudable works of charity and religion. They expended their patrimony, he says, in sending missionaries to evangelize Pagan Europe, in giving hospitality to exiled Bishops at Rome, and in feeding the poor. And I may here add that succeeding Popes have generously imitated the munificence of the early Pontiffs.

An event occurred in the reign of Constantine which paved the way for the partial jurisdiction which the Roman Pontiffs commenced to enjoy over Rome, and which they continued to exercise, till they obtained full sovereignty in the days of King Pepin of France.

In the year 327, the Emperor Constantine transferred the seat of empire from Rome to Constantinople, the present capital of Turkey. The city was named after Constantine, who founded it. A subsequent Emperor appointed a Governor or Exarch to rule Italy, who resided in the city of Ravenna. This new system, as is manifest, did not work well. The Emperor of Constantinople referred all matters to his deputy in Ravenna, and the deputy was more anxious to conciliate the Emperor than to satisfy the people of Rome. Italy and Rome were then in a political condition analogous to that in which the Irish have been placed for several centuries past. Ireland is under the immediate jurisdiction of a Lieutenant-Governor, who is responsible only to the government, and who is never accused, among his other weaknesses, of having an excessive fondness for Ireland.

Abandoned to itself, Rome became a tempting prey to those numerous hordes of barbarians from the North that then devastated Italy. The city was successively attacked by the Goths under Alaric, and by the Vandals under Genseric, and was threatened by the Huns under Attila. Unable to obtain assistance from the Emperor in the East, or the Governor at Ravenna, the citizens of Rome looked up to the Popes as their only Governors and protectors, and their only salvation in the dangers which threatened them. The confidence which they reposed in the Pontiffs was not misplaced. The Popes were not only devoted Spiritual Fathers, but firm and valiant civil Governors. When Attila, who was surnamed "The Scourge of God," approached

the city with an army of 500,000 men, Pope Leo the Great went out to meet him without any troops at his back, but by his mild eloquence he disarmed the indomitable chieftain, and induced him to retrace his steps. Thus he saved the city from pillage, and the people from destruction. The same Pope Leo also confronted Genseric, the leader of the Vandals; and although he could not this time protect Rome from the plunder of the soldiers, he saved the lives of the citizens from slaughter. Such acts as these were naturally calculated to bind the Roman people more strongly to the Popes, and to alienate them from those who were their nominal rulers.

In the early part of the eighth century, Leo Isauricus, one of the successors of Constantine in the imperial throne, not content with his civil authority, endeavored, like Henry VIII., to usurp spiritual jurisdiction, and, like the same English monarch sought to rob the people of their time-honored sacred traditions. A civil ruler dabbling in religion is as reprehensible as a clergyman dabbling in politics. Both render themselves odious as well as ridiculous. The Emperor commanded all paintings of our Saviour and His saints to be removed from the churches on the assumption that such an exhibition was an act of idolatry. Pope Gregory II. wrote to the Emperor an energetic remonstrance, reminding him that "dogmas of faith are to be interpreted by the Pontiffs of the Church and not by Emperors," and begging him to spare the sacred paintings. But the Pope's remonstrance and entreaties were in vain. This conduct of the Emperor tended to widen still more the breach between himself and the Roman people.

Soon after, an event occurred which abolished forever the authority of the Byzantine Emperors in Italy, and established on a sure and lasting basis the temporal sovereignty of the Popes.

In 754. Astolphus, King of the Lombards, invaded Italy, capturing some Italian cities, and threatening to advance on Rome.

Pope Stephen III., who then ruled the Church, sent an urgent appeal to the Emperor Constantine Copronymus, successor of Leo the Isaurian, imploring him to come to the relief of Rome and his Italian provinces. The Emperor manifested his usual apathy and indifference, and received the message with coldness and neglect.

In this emergency, Stephen, who sees no time to be lost, crosses the Alps in person, approaches Pepin, King of France, and begs that powerful monarch to protect the Italian people, who were utterly abandoned by those who ought to be their defenders. The pious King, after paying his homage to the Pope, sets out for Italy with his army, defeats the invading Lombards, and places the Pope at the head of the conquered provinces.

Charlemagne, the successor of Pepin, not only confirms the grant of his father, but increases the temporal domain of the Pope by donating him some additional provinces.

This small piece of territory the Roman Pontiffs continued to govern from that time till 1870, with the exception of brief intervals of foreign usurpation. And certainly, if ever any Prince merited the appellation of legitimate sovereign, that title is eminently deserved by the Bishops of Rome.

DREAM OF THE NOON-TIDE.[1]

When o'er the mountain steeps
The hazy noontide creeps,
And the shrill cricket sleeps
Under the grass;
When soft the shadows lie,
And clouds sail o'er the sky,
And the idle winds go by,
With the heavy scent of blossoms as they pass,—

Then, when the silent stream
Lapses as in a dream,
And the water-lilies gleam
Up to the sun;
When the hot and burdened day
Rests on its downward way,
When the moth forgets to play,
And the plodding ant may dream her work is done,—

Then, from the noise of war
And the din of earth afar,
Like some forgotten star
Dropt from the sky,—
The sounds of love and fear,
All voices sad and clear,
Banished to silence drear,—
The willing thrall of trances sweet I lie.

Some melancholy gale
Breathes its mysterious tale,
Till the rose's lips grow pale
With her sighs;

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[1] Publishers: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

And o'er my thoughts are cast
Tints of the vanished past,
Glories that faded fast,
Renewed to splendor in my dreaming eyes.

As poised on vibrant wings,
Where its sweet treasure swings,
The honey-lover clings
To the red flowers,—
So, lost in vivid light,
So, rapt from day and night,
I linger in delight,
Enraptured o'er the vision-freighted hours.

ROSE TERRY COOKE.

YOU CAN'T CATCH THE WIND IN A NET.

[REV CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON, the distinguished Baptist preacher, was born at Kelvedon, Essex, England, June 19, 1834. His congregations at the Metropolitan Tabernacle, London, are doubtless the largest in the world. Besides his sermons, which are regularly printed, he has published numerous other works. From his *John Ploughman's Talk*, we extract as follows:]

Some people get windmills in their heads and go in for all sorts of silly things. They talk about ruling the nation as if men were to be driven like sheep, and they prate of reforms and systems as if they could cut out a world in brown paper, with a pair of scissors. Such a body thinks himself very deep, but he is as shallow as a milk-pan. You can soon know him as well as if you had gone through him with a lighted candle, and yet you will not know a great deal after all. He has a great head, and very little in it. He can talk by the dozen, or the gross, and say nothing. When he is fussing and boasting of his fine doings, you soon discover that he makes a long harvest of very little corn. His tongue is like a pig's tail, going all day long and nothing done.

This is the man who can pay off the national debt, and yet, in his little shop, he sells two apples in three days: he has the secret of high farming, and loses more at it than any man in the county. The more he studies, the more he misses the mark; he reminds me of a blind man on a blind horse, who rode out in the middle of a dark night, and the more he tried to keep out of ditches the more he fell in.

When they catch live red herrings on Newmarket heath he will bring out a good thing, and line his pockets with gold; up till now, he says, he has been unlucky, and he believes that if he were to make a man a coffin he would be sure not to die. He is going to be rich next year, and you will then see what you shall see: just now he would be glad of half-a-crown on account, for which he will give you a share in his invention for growing wheat without ploughing or sowing.

It is odd to see this wise man at times when his wits are all up in the moon: he is just like Chang, the Chinaman, who said, "Here's my umbrella, and here's my bundle, but *where am I?*" He cannot find his spectacles, though he is looking through them; and when he is out riding on his ass, he pulls up and says, "Wherever is that donkey?"

I have heard of one learned man who boiled his watch and stood looking at the egg, and another who forgot that he was to be married that day, and would have lost his lady if his friend had not fetched him out of his study. Think of that, my boy, and don't fret yourself because you are not so overdone with learning as to have forgotten your common sense.

The regular wind catcher is soft as silk and as green as grass, and yet he thinks himself very long-headed; and so indeed he would be if his ears were taken into the measurement. He is going to do—well—there's no telling what. He is full of wishes but short of will, and so his buds never come to flowers or fruit. He is like a hen that lays eggs, and never sets on them long enough to hatch a single chick.

Moonshine is the article our friend deals in, and it is wonderful what he can see by it. He cries up his schemes, and it is said that he draws on his imagination for his facts. When he is in full swing with one of his notions, he does not stick at a trifle. Will Shepherd heard one of these gentry the other day telling how his new company would lead all the shareholders on to Tom Tiddler's ground to pick up gold and silver; and when all the talk was over, Will said to me, "That's a lie with a lid on, and a brass handle to take hold of it." Rather sharp this, of Will, for I do believe the man was caught on his own hook and believed in his own dreams; yet I did not like him, for he wanted us poor fellows to put our little savings into his hands, as if

we could afford to fly kites with laborers' wages.

What a many good people there are who have religious crazes! They do nothing, but they have wonderful plans for doing everything in a jiffy. So many thousand people are to give half-a-crown each, and so many more a crown, and so many more a sovereign, and the meeting-house is to be built just so, and no how else. The mischief is that the thousands of people do not rush forward with their money, and the minister and a few hard-working friends have to get it together little by little in the old-fashioned style, while your wonderful schemer slinks out of the way and gives nothing. I have long ago found out that pretty things on paper had better be kept there. Our master's eldest son had a plan for growing plum-trees in our hedges as they do in Kent, but he never looked to see whether the soil would suit, and so he lost the trees which he put in, and there was an end of his damsons.

"Circumstances alter cases;
Different ways suit different places."

WITHOUT AND WITHIN.

[Pietro Antonio Domenico Bonaventura Metastasio, a celebrated Italian poet, born at Assisi, January 13, 1698. Besides sonnets, lyric poems and cantatas he composed sixty-nine lyric dramas. He became poet laureate at the court of Charles VI. of Germany. Died April 12, 1782.]

If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who raise our envy now?

The fatal secret, when revealed,
Of every aching breast,
Would prove that only while concealed
Their lot appeared the best.

FORGIVENESS.

[Saadi, or Sadi, a Persian poet of whom very little is known. Born 1184; died about 1262.]

The sandal tree perfumes when riven
The axe that laid it low,
Let man who hopes to be forgiven,
Forgive and bless his foe.

ARAGO'S PRESENTATION TO NAPOLEON I.

[Dominique François Arago, the celebrated French astronomer and savant, was born at Estagel, near Perpignan, February 26, 1786; died in 1853. When only 22 years of age, he received a government appointment with Biot to an important astronomical work. As professor in the Polytechnic school, Paris, his lectures were in high repute. With Gay-Lussac he founded the *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*. He received the Copley medal for his discovery of magnetism by rotation. In 1809 he was elected a member of the Institute, although under the age required by the rules. In his *Autobiography*, M. Arago narrates the following circumstances attending his election to the Institute. He was then only 23 years old, and La Place was disposed to oppose his election on the ground of age. Arago's services to science have just been recapitulated:—]

M. de Laplace, without denying the importance and utility of these labours and these researches, saw in them nothing more than indications of promise; M. Lagrange then said to him explicitly:—

"Even you, M. de Laplace, when you entered the Academy, had done nothing brilliant; you only gave promise. Your grand discoveries did not come till afterwards."

Lagrange was the only man in Europe who could with authority address such an observation to him.

M. de Laplace did not reply upon the ground of the personal question, but he added,—"I maintain that it is useful to young savans to hold out the position of member of the Institute as a future recompense, to excite their zeal."

"You resemble," replied M. Halle, "the driver of the hackney coach, who, to excite his horses to a gallop, tied a bundle of hay at the end of his carriage-pole; the poor horses redoubled their efforts, and the bundle of hay always flew on before them. After all, his plan made them fall off, and soon after brought on their death."

Delambre, Legendre, Biot, insisted on the devotion, and what they termed the courage, with which I had combated arduous difficulties, whether in carrying on the observations, or in saving the instruments, and the results already obtained. . .

M. de Laplace ended by yielding when he saw that all the most eminent men of the Academy had taken me under their patronage, and on the day of the election he gave

me his vote. It would be, I must own, a subject of regret with me even to this day, after a lapse of forty-two years, if I had become member of the Institute without having obtained the vote of the author of the *Mécanique Céleste*.

The members of the Institute were always presented to the Emperor after he had confirmed their nominations. On the appointed day, in company with the presidents, with the secretaries of the four classes, and with the academicians who had special publications to offer to the Chief of the State, they assembled in one of the rooms of the Tuileries. When the Emperor returned from mass, he held a kind of review of these savans, these artists, these literary men, in green uniform.

I must own that the spectacle which I witnessed on the day of my presentation did not edify me. I even experienced real displeasure in seeing the anxiety evinced by members of the Institute to be noticed.

"You are very young," said Napoleon to me on coming near me; and without waiting for a flattering reply, which it would not have been difficult to find, he added,— "What is your name?" And my neighbor on the right, not leaving me time to answer the simple enough question just addressed to me, hastened to say,—

"*His* name is Arago."

"What science do you cultivate?"

My neighbor on the left immediately replied,—

"*He* cultivates astronomy."

"What have you done?"

My neighbor on the right, jealous of my left hand neighbor for having encroached on his rights at the second question, now hastened to reply, and said,—

"*He* has just been measuring the line of the meridian in Spain."

The Emperor imagining, doubtless, that he had before him either a dumb man or an imbecile, passed on to another member of the Institute. This man was not a novice, but a naturalist well known through his beautiful and important discoveries; it was M. Lamarck. The old man presented a book to Napoleon.

"What is that?" said the latter, "it is your absurd *meteorology*, in which you rival Matthieu Laensberg. It is this annuaire which dishonors your old age. Do something in natural history, and I should receive your productions with pleasure. As to this volume, I only take it in consideration of your white hair. Here!" and he passed the book to an aide-de-camp.

Poor M. Lamarck, who, at the end of each sharp and insulting sentence of the Emperor, tried in vain to say, "It is a work on natural history which I present to you," was weak enough to fall into tears.

The Emperor immediately afterwards met with a more energetic antagonist in the person of M. Lanjuinais. The latter had advanced, book in hand. Napoleon said, sneeringly:

"The entire Senate, then, is to merge in the Institute?" "Sire," replied Lanjuinais, "it is the body of the state to which most time is left for occupying itself with literature."

The Emperor, displeased at this answer, at once quitted the civil uniforms, and busied himself among the great epaulettes which filled the room.

STUDY OF THE HEAVENS.

[Mary Somerville, F. R. S. G., was born at Jedburgh, Scotland, Dec. 26, 1780. She not only possessed a mathematical mind of the highest rank, but was an accomplished artist and musician, and was endowed with all the qualities that are most lovely in her sex. She died November 29, 1872, at the advanced age of 92 years, with scarcely any abatement of her mental powers. Among her works are *Mechanism of the Heavens*, *Connection of the Physical Sciences*, and *Microscopical and Molecular Science*.]

The heavens afford the most sublime subject of study which can be derived from science: the magnitude and splendor of the objects, the inconceivable rapidity with which they move, and the enormous distances between them, impress the mind with some notion of the energy that maintains them in their motions with a durability to which we can see no limits. Equally conspicuous is the goodness of the great First Cause, in having endowed man with faculties by which he can not only appreciate the magnificence of his works, but trace, with precision, the operation of his laws, use the globe he inhabits as a base wherewith to measure the magnitude and distance of the sun and planets, and make the diameter of the earth's orbit the first step of a scale by which he may ascend to the starry firmament. Such pursuits, while they ennoble the mind, at the same time in-

culcate humility, by showing that there is a barrier, which no energy, mental or physical, can ever enable us to pass: that however profoundly we may penetrate the depths of space, there still remain innumerable systems, compared with which, those which seem so mighty to us must dwindle into insignificance, or become even invisible; and that not only man, but the globe he inhabits, nay, the whole system of which it forms so small a part, might be annihilated, and its extinction be unperceived in the immensity of creation.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;—
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And, now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH, 1785—1842.

ALL men are mad in more or less degree,
And differ only as the case may be.

BOILEAU, 1631—1704.

THE wisest man is generally he who thinks himself the least so. BOILEAU.

HOW THE EMPEROR OF TARTARY GOES A-HUNTING.

[MARCO POLO, the famous traveller, who has been called "the Mediæval Herodotus," was born in Venice about 1254. His graphic descriptions of manners and customs among the Asiatics, were wonderful revelations in his time, and continue to excite interest. He died about 1325.]

He takes with him full 10,000 falconers, and some 500 gerfalcons, besides peregrines, sakers, and other hawks in great numbers; and goshawks also to fly at the water-fowl. But do not suppose that he keeps all these together by him; they are distributed about, hither and thither, one hundred together, or two hundred at the utmost, as he thinks proper. But they are always fowling as they advance, and the most part of the quarry taken is carried to the Emperor. And let me tell you when he thus goes a-fowling with his gerfalcons and other hawks, he is attended by full 10,000 men who are disposed in couples; and these are called *Toscaol*, which is as much as to say, "Watchers." And the name describes their business. They are posted from spot to spot, always in couples, and thus they cover a great deal of ground. Every man of them is provided with a whistle and hood, so as to be able to call in a hawk and hold it in hand. And when the Emperor makes a cast, there is no need of his following it up, for those men I speak of keep so good a lookout that they never lose sight of the birds, and if these hawks have need of help they are ready to render it.

All the Emperor's hawks, and those of the barons as well, have a little label attached to the leg to mark them, on which is written the names of the owner and keeper of the bird. And in this way the hawk, when it is caught, is at once identified and handed over to its owner But if not, the bird is carried to a certain Baron who is styled the *Bularguchi*, which is as much as to say, "The Keeper of Lost Property." And I tell you that whatever may be found without a known owner, whether it be a horse or a sword, or a hawk, or what not, it is carried to that Baron straightway, and he takes charge of it. And if the finder neglects to carry his trover to the Baron, the latter punishes him. Likewise the loser of any article goes to the Baron, and if the

thing be in his hands it is immediately given up to the owner. Moreover, the said Baron always pitches on the highest spot of the camp, with his banner displayed, in order that those who have lost or found anything may have no difficulty in finding their way to him. Thus nothing can be lost but it shall be straightway found and restored.

And so the Emperor follows this road leading along in the vicinity of the Ocean Sea (which is within two days' journey of his capital city Camboluc), and as he goes, there is many a fine sight to be seen, and plenty of the very best entertainment in hawking; in fact, there is no sport in the world to equal it!

The Emperor himself is carried upon four elephants in a fine chamber made of timber, lined inside with plates of beaten gold, and outside with lions' skins (for he always travels in this way on his fowling expeditions, because he is troubled with gout). He always keeps beside him a dozen of his choicest gerfalcons, and is attended by several of his Barons who ride on horseback alongside. And sometimes, as they may be going along, and the Emperor from his chamber is holding discourse with the Barons, one of the latter shall exclaim: "Sire! Look out for Cranes!" Then the Emperor instantly has the top of his chamber thrown open, and having marked the cranes, he casts one of his gerfalcons, whichever he pleases; and often the quarry is struck within his view, so that he has the most exquisite sport and diversion, there as he sits in his chamber or lies on his bed; and all the Barons with him get the enjoyment of it likewise! So it is not without reason I tell you that I do not believe there ever existed in the world, or will exist, a man with such sport and enjoyment as he has, or with such rare opportunities.

DAWN.[1]

The night was dark, though sometimes a faint star
A little while a little space made bright.
The night was long and like an iron bar
Lay heavy on the land: till o'er the sea
Slowly, within the East, there grew a light
Which half was starlight, and half seemed to be
The herald of a greater. The pale white
Turned slowly to pale rose, and up the height
Of heaven slowly climbed. The gray sea grew
Rose-colored like the sky. A white gull flew
Straight toward the utmost boundary of the East,
Where slowly the rose gathered and increased.
It was as on the opening of a door
By one that in his hand a lamp doth hold,
Whose flame is hidden by the garment's fold,—
The still air moves, the wide room is less dim.

More bright the East became, the ocean turned
Dark and more dark against the brightening sky,—
Sharper against the sky the long sea line.
The hollows of the breakers on the shore
Were green like leaves whereon no sun doth shine,
Though white the outer branches of the tree.
From rose to red the level heaven burned;
Then sudden, as if a sword fell from on high,
A blade of gold flashed on the horizon's rim.

RICHARD W. GILDER.

[1] Publishers: Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

CAUSES OF THE DOWNFALL OF ROME.

[CHARLES DE SECONDAT, BARON DE MONTESQUIEU, was born at the Castle of Brède, near Bordeaux, France, in 1689. He studied law, and in 1714 was appointed councillor to the Parliament of Bordeaux, and in 1716, President. But he occupied himself more with philosophical studies than with legal practice, which was distasteful to him. His first noted work was his *Persian Letters* (1721). He was at this time elected a member of the French Academy. After visiting a number of foreign countries for the purpose of studying their governments, he produced *The Causes of the Grandeur and Decadence of the Romans*, and, in 1748, his most famous work, *The Spirit of Laws*, to which twenty years had been devoted, and which, within one year and a half, passed through twenty-two editions. Montesquieu died in 1755. Our extract is from the treatise on the rise and decline of Rome.]

When the dominion of Rome was confined to Italy, the Republic could easily hold its ground. Every soldier was also a citizen; every consul levied an army; and other citizens went to war under him who succeeded. The number of troops not being excessive, care was taken to receive into the army only men who had sufficient wealth to make them feel an interest in the preservation of the town. Lastly, the senate watched closely the conduct of the generals, and prevented their indulging a thought of doing anything contrary to their duty. But when the legions passed beyond the Alps and the sea, the soldiers, whom it was necessary to leave for several campaigns in the countries which they were subjugating,

lost, little by little, the spirit of citizens; and the generals, who disposed of armies and kingdoms, felt their own strength, and would no longer obey.

The soldiers began then to acknowledge only their general—to found on him all their hopes, and to think less of the city. They were no longer soldiers of the Republic, but of Sulla, Marius, Pompey, or Cæsar. Rome could no longer tell whether he who was at the head of an army in a province, was her general or her enemy.

Whilst the people of Rome were only corrupted by their tribunes, to whom they could only grant their own power, the senate could easily defend itself, because it acted with constancy, whilst the populace passed incessantly from the extreme of wrath to the extreme of weakness. But when the people could give to their favorites a formidable authority abroad, all the wisdom of the senate became useless, and the Republic was ruined.

The reason why free states are less lasting than others is, that the misfortunes which happen to them, and the successes which they enjoy, almost always cause them to lose their liberty; whereas the successes and misfortunes of a state where the people are in subjection alike confirm their servitude. A wise Republic ought to risk nothing which exposes it to good or bad fortune; the only good to which it ought to aspire is the perpetuity of the State. If the greatness of the empire ruined the Republic, the greatness of the city ruined it no less.

Rome had subdued all the world with the help of the people of Italy, to whom she had given at various times different privileges. The greater part of these people had not at first cared about the right of Roman citizenship, and some preferred to retain their own customs. But when this right was that of universal sovereignty—when a man was nobody in the world if he were not a Roman citizen, and when with this title he was everybody, the people of Italy resolved to perish or to become Romans. Not being able to attain their end by their solicitations and prayers, they had recourse to arms. They revolted on all that coast which looks toward the Ionian sea: the other allies were ready to follow them. Rome, obliged to fight against those who were, so to speak, the hands with which she enchained the universe, was ruined; she was about to be confined within her own walls; she granted this much-desired right to the allies who had not as yet ceased to be faithful, and, little by little, she granted it to all.

Henceforth Rome was no longer the same city, the people of which had had only one and the same spirit—the same love of liberty, the same hatred of tyranny; where jealousy of the power of the Senate and of the prerogatives of the great, always mingled with respect, was only a love of equality. The people of Italy having become its citizens, each town brought to it its own peculiar talents, its own peculiar interests, and its dependence on some great protector. The mutilated city formed no longer a whole; and as people were only citizens of it by a kind of fiction, as they had no longer the same magistrates, the same walls, the same gods, the same temples, the same sepulchres, they no longer viewed Rome with the same eyes, they had no longer the same love for their country, and Roman sentiments no longer existed. Ambitious men caused whole towns and nations to come to Rome to disturb the elections, or to get the votes given to themselves. Their assemblies were really conspiracies; a troop of seditious men was called Comitia; the authority of the people, their laws, they themselves became chimeras; and the anarchy was such that one could no longer tell whether the people had made an ordinance, or whether they had not.

Historians only speak of the divisions which ruined Rome, but one cannot see that these divisions were necessary, that they had always been, or that they would always be. It was merely the size of the Republic which did the harm, and which changed popular tumults into civil wars. Rome necessarily had divisions; and her warriors, so proud, so terrible beyond the walls, could not be very moderate within. To require in a free state men bold in war and timid in peace, is to desire impossible things; and, as a general rule, whenever one sees everything tranquil in a state which calls itself a republic, one may be assured that liberty is not there.

That which is called union in the body politic, is a very equivocal thing; the true union is a union of harmony, which causes all the parts, however opposed they may appear to us, to concur in the general good of society, as some discords in music tend to complete harmony. There may be union in a state where there only seems trouble—that is to say, a harmony whence results

happiness, which alone is true peace. It is like some parts of this universe, eternally bound together by the action of some and reaction of others.

But in the harmony of Asiatic despotism —that is to say, of every government which is not limited—there is always a real division. The laborer, the soldier, the merchant, the magistrate, the noble, are only united because some oppress the others without resistance; and if one does see union, it is not that of united citizens, but that of dead bodies buried near one another.

It is true that the laws of Rome became powerless to govern the Republic; but it is a thing which has been always seen, that good laws which have made a little republic great, become a burden to it when it has increased, because they were such that their natural effect was to form a great people, and not to govern them. There is a great difference between good laws and suitable laws—those which make a people become masters of others, and those which maintain its power when once acquired.

Rome was made to grow great, and its laws were admirably suited to that purpose. Thus, under whatever government she may have been—under the power of the kings, under the aristocracy, or under the rule of the people—she never ceased to undertake enterprises which demanded skilful management, and succeeded in them. We do not find her become wiser than all the other states of the earth at once, but gradually. She bore a little, a middling, a great, fortune with the same superiority, and had no prosperity by which she did not profit, and no misfortunes of which she did not make use.

She lost her liberty because she finished her work too soon.

CONTENT.

Sweet are the thoughts that savor of content:
The quiet mind is richer than a crown:
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent:
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when Princes oft do miss.
The homely house that harbors quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean, that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth's and music's fare.
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

ROBERT GREENE, 1552—1592.

THE FRENCH AND ANGLO-SAXON RACES COMPARED.

[WILLIAM EDWARD HARTPOLE LECKY, was born near Dublin, Ireland, March 26, 1838. After travelling extensively in Europe, he devoted himself to historical and philosophical researches, and in 1865, surprised the learned world with his *History of the Rise and Influence of the Spirit of Rationalism in Europe*, a work of vast erudition, which was soon translated into German and introduced as a text book into more than one of the Universities of Germany. His next work, *A History of European Morals from Augustus to Charlemagne* (1869), augmented his reputation. Our extract is from the latter work.]

The chief national virtues of the French people result from an intense power of sympathy, which is also the foundation of some of their most beautiful intellectual qualities, of their social habits, and of their unrivalled influence in Europe. No other nation has so habitual and vivid a sympathy for great struggles for freedom beyond its border. No other literature exhibits so expansive and œcumenical a genius, or expounds so skilfully or appreciates so generously foreign ideas. In no other land would a disinterested war for the support of a suffering nationality find so large an amount of support. The national crimes of France are many and grievous, but much will be forgiven her because she loved much. The Anglo-Saxon nations on the other hand, though sometimes roused to strong but transient enthusiasm, are habitually singularly narrow, unappreciative, and unsympathetic. The great source of their national virtues is the sense of duty, the power of pursuing a course which they believe to be right, independently of all considerations of sympathy or favor, of enthusiasm or success. Other nations have far surpassed them in many qualities that are beautiful, and in some qualities that are great. It is the merit of the Anglo-Saxon race that beyond all others it has produced men of the stamp of a Washington or a Hampden; men careless indeed for glory, but very careful of honour; who made the supreme magnitude of moral rectitude the guiding principle of their lives, who proved in the most trying circumstances that no allurements of ambition, and no storms of passion, could cause them to deviate one hair's breadth from the course they believed to be their duty. This was also a Roman characteristic— especially that of

Marcus Aurelius. The unwearied, unostentatious, and inglorious crusade of England against slavery may probably be regarded as among the three or four perfectly virtuous acts recorded in the history of nations.

REALIZATION ESSENTIAL TO PITY.

In order to pity suffering we must realize it, and the intensity of our compassion is usually and chiefly proportioned to the vividness of our realization. The most frightful catastrophe in South America, an earthquake, a shipwreck, or a battle, will elicit less compassion than the death of a single individual who has been brought prominently before our eyes. To this cause must be ascribed the extraordinary measure of compassion usually bestowed upon a conspicuous condemned criminal, the affection and enthusiasm that centre upon sovereigns, and many of the glaring inconsistencies of our historical judgments. The recollection of some isolated act of magnanimity displayed by Alexander or Cæsar moves us more than the thought of the 30,000 Thebans whom the Macedonian sold as slaves, of the 2,000 prisoners he crucified at Tyre, of the 1,100,000 men on whose corpses the Roman rose to fame. Wrapt in the pale winding-sheet of general terms the greatest tragedies of history evoke no vivid images in our mind, and it is only by a great effort of genius that an historian can galvanize them into life. The irritation displayed by the captive of St. Helena in his bickerings with his gaoler affects most men more than he thought of the nameless thousands whom his insatiable egotism had hurried to the grave. Such is the frailty of our nature that we are more moved by the tears of some captive princess, by some trifling biographical incident that has floated down the stream of history, than by the sorrows of all the countless multitudes who perished beneath the sword of a Tamerlane, a Bajazet, or a Zenghis Khan. W. E. H. Lecky.

An undisciplined man expects no advantage and apprehends no mischief from himself, but all from objects without him; whereas the philosopher looks only inward and apprehends no good or evil but from himself alone. Epictetus.

MOZART'S "ZAUBERFLÖTE."

[Berthold Auerbach, a popular German author, was born at Nordstettin, Würtemberg, February 28, 1812. Among his best known works are *Villaye Tales of the Black Forest*, *Little Barefoot*, *On the Heights*, and *Country House on the Rhine*. Our extract is from "On the Heights." He died in 1882.]

The evening brought me a pure delight, the purest I have ever experienced, and, I believe, ever shall experience. Mozart's "Zauberflöte" was performed in the theatre. . . I saw no one. I saw and heard, and floated, as it were, in the magic scene. Midnight is past. . . I cannot get rest; I must put down in words what I have felt.

Mozart's "Zauberflöte" is one of those eternal creations belonging to a pure atmosphere, to the other side of all human passion and struggle. I have often heard how childish the text is, but on this height all action, all events, all personages, all the surroundings, can only be allegorical. All that is hard and circumscribed is removed; man becomes a bird, a pure natural life; he becomes love and wisdom. The childlike character, ay, even the childish character of the text is according to nature; it is only over-excited people who can find it tedious and tasteless.

It is the last dramatic work of Mozart, and he revives in it his highest nature, all the fulness of his genius, as though he were already elevated to heavenly glory. He reviews his separate figures; they become new, less fixed and characteristic, but all the more pure and ethereal. In the best sense of the word, there is something supernatural in the way in which he has here collected and brought together the figures and things elsewhere scattered.

The entrance chorus of the priests is the march of humanity, and the chorus, "Oh Isis!" conveys the sunny blessedness of peace. Here is the realization of paradise, a life above the world, whither music alone can bear one into the free ether, raised above all storms and tempests.

I have hovered here for hours, and I know not how I have come down below again; and countless thoughts float around me. In this music there is a sublime, self-conscious repose, nothing of oppressed humility; it is like an unfading, blooming life; no, it is the fragrance of ripe fruit.

Mozart's last work has a fellow in Less-

ing's last work, "Nathan the Wise." Far away above the shattered, struggling world, the mind soars and lives in that pure world, in that realization of peace and piety where there is only a smile bestowed on the vexations of men in their weakness and finiteness. . . . In both "Nathan" and the "Zauberflöte," there are splendid gems; they both show that happiness is no delusion, and that he who, while in the actual world, does not bear within him a sense of things above this earth, can conceive it not.

To have lived such hours is the blessedness of life. The three boys are singing divine happiness. If the angels in Raphael's Sistine Madonna were singing they would be airs like this. They are sounds that I should like to hear in my dying hour, making dissolution blissful. . . .

Oh, ye blessed spirits, ye who create a second world in art! The world, as it is, perplexes us. You clear up the perplexity. You are the blessed genii who offer mankind ever and ever the wine of life in a golden chalice, and it is never exhausted though millions partake of the draught.

"THREE LOVES."

There were three maidens who loved a king;
They sat together beside the sea;
One cried, "I love him, and I would die,
If but for one day he might love me!"

The second whispered, "And I would die
To gladden his life, or make him great."
The third one spoke not, but gazed afar
With dreamy eyes that were sad as fate.

The king he loved the first for a day,
The second his life with fond love blest;
And yet the woman who never spoke
Was the one of the three who loved him best.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

FOLLIES OF FASHION.

[NICOLAS MALEBRANCHE, an eminent philosopher, born in Paris, August 6, 1638; died October 13, 1715. "As an author," says Clemens Petersen, "he occupies a very high rank by the power and purity of his spirit, by the richness and soundness of his psychological observations, and by the lucidity and elegance of his style."]

'Tis related by an ancient author that in Ethiopia the courtiers crippled and deformed themselves, lopped off a limb or two, and sometimes even died, to imitate their princes. 'T was as scandalous to be seen with a pair of eyes, or to walk upright in the retinue of a crooked and one-eyed king, as it would be ridiculous to appear at court nowadays in ruffs and caps, or in white buskins and gilded spurs. This Ethiopian fashion was as extravagant and incommodious as can well be imagined. But yet it was the fashion. It was cheerfully followed by the court, and the pain to be endured was less thought on than the honor a man purchased by manifesting so generous an affection for his king. In short, this mode, when supported by a pretended reason of friendship, grew up to a custom and a law that obtained a considerable time.

We learn from the relations of those who have travelled in the Levant that this custom is observed in several countries—as also some others as inconsistent with reason and good sense. But there is no necessity of twice cutting the *Line* to see unreasonable laws and customs religiously observed. We may find the patrons of fantastical and inconvenient fashions nearer home. Our own country will supply us with enow. Wherever there are men not insensible to passions, and the imagination has the supremacy over reason, there will be fantastical humours and humours unaccountable. If there be not so much pain to be endured in going with bare breasts in the most rigid winter season, and stoving up the body in the excessive heats of summer, as in plucking out an eye, or cutting off an arm, yet, the shame should certainly be greater. I confess the pain is not so great, but neither is the reason of undergoing it so apparent; and so the extravagance comes at least to an even poise. . . . Indeed, I cannot see that the English or French have much reason to laugh at the Ethiopians and savages. At the first time of seeing a crippled or one-eyed king in front of a train of lame and half-sighted courtiers, I confess, a man would scarce forbear laughing; but time would make it familiar, and instead of ridiculing them for an infirmity of mind, he would more admire, perhaps, the greatness of their courage and perfection of their friendship. But 'tis not so with the fashions of our modern ladies. Their extravagances have no pretended reason to uphold them; if they have the advantage of being less troublesome, they

stand chargeable, however, with being more irrational. In short, they bear the character of an age still more corrupt, in which nothing is found sufficient to qualify the disorders of imagination.

ENVY.

[Bernard Mandeville was born at Dordrecht, Holland, about 1665. He studied medicine and began practice at Rotterdam in 1685, after which he settled in London, residing there until his death in 1733. He devoted much attention to literature and published several books, among which are *Æsop Dressed, or a Collection of Fables; The Fable of the Bees, or Private Vices Public Benefits;* and *Free Thoughts on Religion, the Church, and Natural Happiness.* From *The Fable of the Bees* (which is composed of numerous pithy discourses suggested by lines in the Fable), we quote as follows:]

Envy is a compound of grief and anger. The degrees of this passion depend chiefly on the nearness or remoteness of the objects, as to circumstances. If one who is forced to walk on foot envies a great man for keeping a coach and six, it will never be with that violence, or give him that disturbance which it may to a man, who keeps a coach himself, but can only afford to drive with four horses. The symptoms of envy are as various and as hard to describe as those of the plague. . Among the fair the disease is very common, and the signs of it very conspicuous in their opinions and censures of one another.

In the rude and unpolished multitude, this passion is very bare-faced; especially when they envy others for the goods of fortune: They rail at their betters, rip up their faults, and take pains to misconstrue their most commendable actions. They murmur at Providence, and loudly complain that the good things of this world are chiefly enjoyed by those who do not deserve them. The grosser sort of them it often affects so violently, that if they were not withheld by the fear of the laws, they would go directly and beat those their envy is levelled at, from no other provocation than what that passion suggests to them.

The men of letters, laboring under this distemper, discover quite different symptoms. When they envy a person for his parts and erudition . . they carefully peruse his works, and are displeased with every fine passage they meet with; they look for nothing but his errors, and wish for no greater feast than a gross mistake. In their censures they are captious, as well as severe, make mountains of mole-hills, and will not pardon the least shadow of a fault, but exaggerate the most trifling omission into a capital blunder.

Envy is visible in brute-beasts; horses show it in their endeavors of outstripping one another; and the best spirited will run themselves to death, before they will suffer another before them. In dogs this passion is likewise plainly to be seen; those who are used to be caressed will never tamely bear that felicity in another. I have seen a lap-dog that would choke himself with victuals rather than leave anything for a competitor of his own kind. . .

A gentleman well dressed who happens to be dirtied all over by a coach or a cart, is laughed at, and by his inferiors much more than his equals, because they envy him more: they know he is vexed at it, and, imagining him to be happier than themselves, they are glad to see him meet with displeasures in his turn! . . How strangely our passions govern us! We envy a man for being rich, and then perfectly hate him. But if we come to be his equals, we are calm, and the least condescension in him makes us friends; but if we become visibly superior to him, we can pity his misfortunes. The reason why men of true good sense envy less than others, is because they admire themselves with less hesitation than fools and silly people; for, though they do not show this to others, yet the solidity of their thinking gives them an assurance of their real worth which men of weak understanding can never feel within, though they often counterfeit it.

LAMENT FOR BION.

[Moschus, a Grecian poet of the third century B. C. The following lines were translated by Chas. A. Elton:]

O forest dells and streams! O Dorian tide!
Groan with my grief, since lovely Bion died:
Ye plants and copses, now his loss bewail:
Flowers, from your tufts a sad perfume exhale:
Anemones and roses, mournful show
Your crimson leaves and wear a blush of woe:
And hyacinth, now more than ever spread
The woeful "ah," that marks thy petalled head
With lettered grief: The beauteous minstrel's dead.
. . . . . .
Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe:

Ye nightingales, whose plaintive warblings flow
From the thick leaves of some embowering wood,
Tell the sad loss to Arethusa's flood:
The shepherd Bion dies: with him is dead
The life of song: the Doric Muse is fled.

. . . . . .

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe:
The herds no more that chant melodious know:
No more beneath the lonely oak he sings,
But breathes his strains to Lethe's sullen springs:
The mountains now are mute; the heifers pass
Slow wandering by, nor browse the tender grass.

Sicilian Muses, pour the dirge of woe;
For thee, O Bion! in the grave laid low,
Apollo weeps: dark falls the sylvan's shroud;
Fauns ask thy wonted song, and wail aloud:
Each fountain-nymph disconsolate appears,
And all her waters turn to trickling tears:—
Mute Echo pines the silent rocks around,
And mourns those lips that waked their sweetest sound.

. . . . . .

O that, as Orpheus, in the days of yore,
Ulysses, or Alcides, passed before,
I could descend to Pluto's house of night,
And mark if thou wouldst Pluto's ear delight,
And listen to the song: O then rehearse
Some sweet Sicilian strain, bucolic verse,
To soothe the maid of Enna's vale, who sang
These Doric songs, while Ætna's upland rang.
Not unrewarded should thy ditties prove:
As the sweet harper, Orpheus, erst could move
Her breast to yield his dear departed wife,
Treading the backward road from death to life,
So should he melt to Bion's Dorian strain,
And send him joyous to his hills again.
O, could my touch command the stops like thee,
I too would seek the dead, and sing thee free!

THE SEVEN WISE MEN OF GREECE.

"I'll tell the names and sayings and the places of their birth,
Of the Seven great ancient Sages, so renowned on Grecian earth:
The Lindian Cleobulus said—'The mean was still the best':
The Spartan Chilo, 'Know thyself,' a heav'n-born phrase confessed:
Corinthian Periander taught, 'Our anger to command':
'Too much of nothing,' Pittacus, from Mitylene's strand:
Athenian Solon this advised, 'Look to the end of life':
And Bias from Prienè showed, 'Bad men are the most rife':
Milesian Thales urged that 'None should e'er a surety be':
Few were their words, but if you look, you'll much in little see."

ANONYMOUS, from the Greek.

NATURE AS A GREAT THEATRE.

[BERNARD LE BOVIER DE FONTENELLE was born at Rouen in 1657, and died at Paris, 1757. His first literary efforts, in the department of tragedy, were not altogether successful; but his *Dialogues of the Dead; Conversations on the Plurality of Worlds;* and *Éloges Historiques des Academiciens*, gave him high and lasting fame.]

I always picture to myself nature as a great theatre, resembling that of the opera. From the spot where you are seated in the opera, you do not see the theatre quite as it is; the decorations and machinery are placed so as to produce a good effect from a distance, and they conceal from your sight those wheels and counter-weights which cause the movements. Thus you do not trouble yourself with guessing how it is all brought about. It is only perhaps some machinist concealed in the pit who distresses himself about some flight which appears wonderful, and who is anxious to discover how that flight can be brought about. Observe that this machinist very much resembles the philosophers. But what in reference to the philosophers increases the difficulty is, that in the machines presented to our eyes by nature, the cords are so entirely concealed, so thoroughly so, that they have been a long time in discovering what caused the movements of the universe. For, imagine to yourself all these wise men at the opera, these Pythagorases, Platos, Aristotles, and all these people whose names make so much noise in our ears at present; let us suppose that they saw the flight of Phæthon, whom the winds are supposed to raise aloft, that they could not discover the cords, and that they did not know how the back scenes of the theatre were arranged. One of them might say: "It is a certain secret virtue which carries up Phæthon." Another: "Phæthon is composed of certain numbers which raise him up." Another: "Phæthon has a certain liking for the high parts of the theatre; he is not at his ease when he is not there." Another: "Phæthon is not made for flying, but he likes better to fly than to leave the upper part of the theatre empty," and a hundred other reveries that make me feel astonished that they did not altogether destroy the reputation of antiquity.

ONE sin another doth provoke.

SHAKSPEARE.

EXCESS OF HAPPINESS OVER MISERY.

[WILLIAM PALEY, D. D., born at Peterborough, England, July, 1743; died May 25, 1805. He was tutor and lecturer on Moral Philosophy and Divinity in Christ's Church College, Cambridge, and Archdeacon of Carlisle. He published *Principles of Moral and Political Economy* (1785); *Horæ Paulinæ* (1790); *View of the Evidences of Christianity* (1794); and *Natural Theology* (1802).]

Throughout the whole of life, as it is diffused in nature, and so far as we are acquainted with it, looking to the average of sensations, the plurality and the preponderancy is in favor of happiness by a vast excess. In our own species, in which, perhaps, the assertion may be more questionable than in any other, the prepollency of good over evil, of health, for example, and ease, over pain and distress, is evinced by the very notice which calamities excite. What inquiries does the sickness of our friends produce; what conversation their misfortunes! This shows that the common course of things is in favor of happiness; that happiness is the rule, misery the exception. Were the order reversed our attention would be called to examples of health and competency, instead of disease and want.

One great cause of our insensibility to the goodness of the Creator is the very *extensiveness* of his bounty. We prize but little what we share only in common with the rest or with the generality of our species. When we hear of blessings, we think forthwith of successes, of prosperous fortunes, of honors, of riches, preferments, *i. e.*, of those advantages and superiorities over others, which we happen either to possess, or to be in pursuit of, or to covet. The common benefits of our nature entirely escape us. Yet these are the great things. These constitute what most properly ought to be accounted blessings of Providence; what alone, if we might so speak, are worthy of its care. Nightly rest and daily bread, the ordinary use of our limbs, and senses, and understandings, are gifts which admit of no comparison with any other. Yet because almost every man we meet with possesses these, we leave them out of our enumeration. They raise no sentiment, they move no gratitude. Now herein is our judgment perverted by our selfishness. A blessing ought in truth to be the *more* satisfactory—the bounty at least of the donor is rendered more conspicuous—by its very diffusion, its commonness, its cheapness; by its falling to the lot and forming the happiness of the great bulk and body of our species, as well as of ourselves. Nay, even when we do not possess it, it ought to be matter of thankfulness that others do. But we have a different way of thinking. We court distinction. That is not the worst; we *see* nothing but what has distinction to recommend it. This necessarily contracts our views of the Creator's beneficence within a narrow compass, and most unjustly. It is in those things which are so common as to be no distinction, that the amplitude of the Divine benignity is perceived.

THE CAUCASIAN RACE.

[GEORGE CHRÉTIEN LEOPOLD FREDERIC DAGOBERT, BARON CUVIER, the celebrated French naturalist, was born at Montbéliard, Aug. 23, 1769; died May 13, 1832. His enthusiasm for natural history was manifested at an early age. In 1795 he became Professor of Comparative Anatomy in the Museum of Natural History, Paris; in 1796 he was made a member of the Institute, and in 1818 a member of the Academy. He was also Chancellor of the University of Paris. Among his best known works are *The Animal Kingdom* and *Natural History of Fishes*. He was created a peer of France in 1831.]

The name Caucasian has been affixed to the race from which we descend, because tradition and the filiation of nations seems to refer its origin to that group of mountains situated between the Caspian and Black Seas, whence it has apparently extended by radiating all around. The nations of the Caucasus, or the Circassians and Georgians, are even now considered as the handsomest on earth. The principal ramifications of this race may be distinguished by the analogies of language. The Armenian and Syrian branch, spreading southward, produced the Assyrians, the Chaldeans, the hitherto untamable Arabs, who, after Mahomet, expected to become masters of the world; the Phœnicians, the Jews, the Abyssinians, which were Arabian colonies, and most probably the Egyptians. It is from this branch, always inclined to mysticism, that have sprung the most widely-extended forms of religion. Science and literature have sometimes flourished among its nations,

but always in a strange disguise and figurative style.

The Indian, German, and Pelasgic branch is much more extended, and was much earlier divided, notwithstanding which, the most numerous affinities have been recognized between its four principal languages:—The Sanscrit, the present sacred language of the Hindoos, and the parent of the greater number of the dialects of Hindostan; the ancient language of the Pelasgi, common parent of the Greek, Latin, many tongues that are extinct, and of all those of the South of Europe; the Gothic or Teutonic, from which are derived the languages of the North and North-west of Europe, such as the German, Dutch, English, Danish, Swedish, and their dialects; and finally, the Sclavonian, from which are descended those of the North-east, the Russian, Polish, Bohemian, and that of the Vandals.

It is by this great and venerable branch of the Caucasian stock, that philosophy, the arts and sciences, have been carried to their present state of advancement; and it has continued to be the depository of them for thirty centuries.

SAYINGS OF TERENCE.

[Terence (Publius Terentius Afer), the famous Latin poet, was born in Carthage about B. C. 195; the date of his death is uncertain. He was once a slave, and was freed on account of his talents. Six of his comedies have been preserved.]

Obsequiousness begets friends, Truth, hatred.

I take it to be a principal rule of life, not to be too much addicted to any one thing.

He who indulges in liberty of speech, will hear things in return which he will not like.

It is a fault common to all, that in advanced age we are too much devoted to our interest and property

Human nature is so constituted, that all see and judge better in the affairs of other men, than in their own.

Wisdom consists, not in seeing what is directly before us, but in discerning those things which may come to pass.

TRADITIONS OF THE CREATION.

[John William Dawson, ll. d., an eminent geologist, born at Pictou, Nova Scotia, October 1820. Besides numerous contributions to periodicals and to the proceedings of the Geological Society of London, he has published a *Hand book of the Geography and Natural History of Nova Scotia; The Story of the Earth and Man*, and other works. Since 1850 he has been Principal of Magill College, Montreal.]

A strange and startling confirmation of the antiquity of the old Chaldæo-Turanian legends, and of their wide distribution, comes from the traditions of the American tribes, which everywhere include ideas of the creation of the world and of man, often most crude and grotesque, but in almost every case retaining some of the features of the Chaldæan Genesis. No one can believe that the scribe who reduced to writing the Popul Vuh, the sacred book of the Ancient Quichés of Central America, had access to the tablets recently deciphered by Mr. Smith, yet he has the same order and sequence of creation, and the same ideas of cosmological gods, and of the introduction of man upon the earth. . . . It has been customary to throw doubt on the American traditions of the Creation and Deluge, as probably in part borrowed from Christian sources; but their relationship to the old Chaldæan theogony and cosmogony is so striking, that it seems necessary to regard these traditions as a common inheritance of the great Turanian race on both continents.

What shall we say of these traditions in their ultimate source? They are not history in the ordinary sense of the term, for they relate to what preceded the advent of man. We can scarcely believe that they are the dim memories of past states of a being, who, in the lapse of geological time has been developed up from a protozoan to man. Can they be the results of a prehistoric science or philosophy? Must they not, rather, be regarded as the traces of an early revelation, from the Creator himself, to the first intelligent beings placed upon the earth? The least that we can say is, that far back in the beginning of human history, perhaps before the great flood of Noah or Sisit, there lived some seer or sage, so gifted with divine insight that he could say or sing the story of Creation, in such terms that it fixed itself, as a primary article of faith, in the religion of every people; and, handed down

to us through the oldest line of monotheistic reformers, still molds our beliefs, lies at the foundation of our creeds, and in its few bold outline touches of the plan of the Creation, challenges comparison with the revelations of modern geology.

SHE IS NOT FAIR TO OUTWARD VIEW.

She is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me:
O, then I saw her eye was bright,—
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold;
To mine they ne'er reply;
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye:
Her very frowns are better far
Than smiles of other maidens are!

HARTLEY COLERIDGE, 1796—1849.

THE LOVE OF COUNTRY.

[JACQUE HENRI BERNARDIN DE SAINT-PIERRE was born at Havre, France, Jan. 19, 1737. He studied engineering, and for a time practised that profession, with intervals of soldiering. In 1771 he devoted himself to literature. In 1773 he produced *Voyage to the Isle of France*, and subsequently, *Studies of Nature* (1784), *Paul and Virginia* (1788), etc. The work last named has been translated into every European language and still retains all its popularity. He died Jan. 21, 1814. We quote from "Studies of Nature":]

They have in Switzerland, an ancient musical air, and extremely simple, called the *ranz des vaches*. This air produces an effect so powerful, that it was found necessary to prohibit the playing of it in Holland and in France, before the Swiss soldiers, because it set them all deserting, one after another. I imagine that the *ranz des vaches* must imitate the lowing and bleating of the cattle, the repercussion of the echoes, and other local associations, which made the blood boil in the veins of those poor soldiers, by recalling to their memory the valleys, the lakes, the mountains of their country, and at the same time, the companions of their early life, their first loves, the recollections of their indulgent grandfathers, and the like.

The love of country seems to strengthen in proportion as it is innocent and happy. For this reason savages are fonder of their country than polished nations are; and those who inhabit regions rough and wild, such as mountaineers, than those who live in fertile countries and fine climates. Never could the Court of Russia prevail upon a single Samoïède to leave the shores of the Frozen Ocean, and settle at St. Petersburg. Some Greenlanders were brought, in the course of the last century, to the Court of Copenhagen, where they were entertained with a profusion of kindness, but soon fretted themselves to death. Several of them were drowned in attempting to return to their country in an open boat. They beheld all the magnificence of the Court of Denmark with extreme indifference; but there was one in particular, whom they observed to weep every time he saw a woman with a child in her arms; hence they conjectured that this unfortunate man was a father. The gentleness of domestic education, undoubtedly, thus powerfully attaches those poor people to the place of their birth. It was this which inspired the Greeks and Romans with so much courage in the defence of their country. The sentiment of innocence strengthens the love of it, because it brings back all the affections of early life, pure, sacred, and incorruptible.

But among nations with whom infancy is rendered miserable, and is corrupted by irksome, ferocious and unnatural education, there is no more love of country than there is of innocence. This is one of the causes which sends so many Europeans a rambling over the world, and which accounts for our having so few modern monuments in Europe, because the next generation never fails to destroy the monuments of that which preceded it. This is the reason that our books, our fashions, our customs, our ceremonies, our languages, become obsolete so soon, and are entirely different this age from what they were in the last; whereas, all these particulars continue the same among the sedentary nations of Asia, for a long series of ages together; because children brought up in Asia with much gentleness, remain attached to the establishments of their ancestors, out of gratitude to their memory and to the places of their birth, from the recollection of their happiness and innocence.

THE SHANDON BELLS.

With deep affection
And recollection,
I often think of
  Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
  Their magic spells.
On this I ponder,
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
  Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming,
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
  Cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate,
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
  Spoke nought like thine;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
  Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old 'Adrian's Mole' in,
Their thunder rolling
  From the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
  Of Notre Dame.
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
  Pealing solemnly—
O the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O,
In Saint Sophia,
  The Turkman gets;
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits
  Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there is an anthem
  More dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

REV. FRANCIS MAHONY, ("FATHER PROUT,") 1804 1866.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

[FREDERIC WILLIAM JOSEPH VON SCHELLING, one of Germany's four greatest philosophers, was born at Leonberg, Würtemberg, January 27, 1775, and died August 20, 1854. His philosophy is creative, as that of Kant is destructive, and he differs notably from Fichte in the objective or realistic direction of his thought. F. H. Hedge observes that Schelling "is the poet of the transcendental movement, as Fichte is its preacher."]

Sculpture, representing its ideas by corporeal things, seems to reach its highest point in the complete equilibrium of Soul and Matter—if it give a preponderance to the latter, it sinks below its own idea—but it seems altogether impossible for it to elevate the soul at the expense of matter, since it must thereby transcend itself. The perfect sculptor indeed, as Winckelmann remarks on occasion of the Belvidere Apollo, will use no more material than is needful to accomplish his spiritual purpose; but also on the other hand he will put into the soul no more energy than is at the same time expressed in the material: for precisely upon this, fully to embody the spiritual, depends his art. . .

The nature of Painting, however, seems to differ entirely from that of Sculpture. For the former represents objects not like the latter, by corporeal things, but by light and color; through a medium therefore itself incorporeal, and in a measure spiritual. And Painting, moreover, gives out its productions no wise as the things themselves, but expressly as pictures. From its very nature therefore it does not lay as much stress on the material as Sculpture, and seems indeed from this reason, when it exalts the material above the spirit, to degrade itself more than Sculpture in a like case. . . .

While Sculpture maintains an exact balance between the force whereby a thing

exists outwardly and acts in Nature, and that by virtue of which it lives inwardly and as soul, and excludes mere passivity even from Matter; Painting on the contrary may soften in favor of the soul the characteristicness of the force and activity in Matter, and transform it into resignation and endurance, by which Man seems to become more generally susceptible to the inspirations of the soul, and to higher influences.

This diametrical difference explains of itself not only the necessary predominance of Sculpture in the ancient, and of Painting in the modern world (since in the former the tone of mind was thoroughly plastic, whereas the latter makes even the soul the passive instrument of higher revelations): but this also is evident; that it is not enough to strive after the Plastic in form and manner of representation, but that it is requisite before all to think and feel plastically, that is, antiquely.

And as the deviation of Sculpture into the picturesque is destructive to Art, so the narrowing down of Painting to the conditions and forms belonging to Sculpture, is an arbitrarily imposed limitation. For while Sculpture, like Gravitation, acts towards one point, it is permitted to Painting, as to Light, to fill all space with its creative energy.

DISCOVERY OF A COLOSSAL SCULPTURE.

[Austin Henry Layard, the orientalist and traveller, was born of English parents, in Paris, March 5th, 1817. His work on "*Nineveh and its Remains*" (1849), and later volumes on related subjects, are justly celebrated for their high interest and value.]

On the morning I rode to the encampment of Sheikh Abd-ur-rahman, and was returning to the mound, when I saw two Arabs of his tribe urging their mares to the top of their speed. On approaching me, they stopped. "Hasten, O Bey," exclaimed one of them—"hasten to the diggers, for they have found Nimrod himself. Wallah, it is wonderful, but it is true! we have seen him with our eyes. There is no god but God;" and both joining in this pious exclamation, they galloped off, without further words, in the direction of their tents.

On reaching the ruins, I descended into the new trench, and found the workmen, who had already seen me as I approached, standing near a heap of baskets and cloaks. Whilst Awad advanced and asked for a present to celebrate the occasion, the Arabs withdrew the screen they had hastily constructed, and disclosed an enormous human head, sculptured in full out of the alabaster of the country. They had uncovered the upper part of a figure, the remainder of which was still buried in the earth. I saw at once that the head must belong to a winged lion or bull, similar to those of Khorsabad and Persepolis. It was in admirable preservation. The expression was calm, yet majestic, and the outline of the features showed a freedom and knowledge of art scarcely to be looked for in the works of so remote a period.

I was not surprised that the Arabs had been amazed and terrified at this apparition. It required no stretch of imagination to conjure up the most strange fancies. This gigantic head, blanched with age, thus rising from the bowels of the earth, might well have belonged to one of those fearful beings which are pictured in the traditions of the country as appearing to mortals, slowly ascending from the regions below. One of the workmen, on catching the first glimpse of the monster, had thrown down his basket and run off towards Mosul as fast at his legs could carry him. I learned this with regret, as I anticipated the consequences.

Whilst I was superintending the removal of the earth, which still clung to the sculpture, and giving directions for the continuation of the work, a noise of horsemen was heard, and presently Abd-ur-rahman, followed by half his tribe, appeared on the edge of the trench. As soon as the two Arabs had reached the tents, and published the wonders they had seen, every one mounted his mare and rode to the mound, to satisfy himself of the truth of these inconceivable reports. When they beheld the head, they all cried together: "There is no god but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!" It was some time before the sheikh could be prevailed upon to descend into the pit, and convince himself that the image he saw was of stone. "This is not the work of men's hands," exclaimed he, "but of those infidel giants of whom the prophet—peace be with him!—has said that they were higher than the tallest date-tree; this is one of the idols which Noah—peace be with him!—cursed before the flood." In this opinion, the result of a careful examination, all the bystanders concurred.

WHY EQUALITY IS COMMONLY PREFERRED TO LIBERTY.

[ALEXIS CHARLES HENRI CLEREL DE TOCQUEVILLE, a distinguished statesman and political economist, was born in Paris, July 29th, 1805. He studied law, and after several years' practice was (in 1832) commissioned to investigate the penitentiary systems of the United States. The outgrowth of his visit to this country was the famous work *On Democracy in America*, which appeared in 1835. He became a member of the French Academy in 1843. In 1839 he was elected a member of the Chamber of Deputies, and in 1848 a member of the Constituent Assembly. In 1849 he was minister of Foreign Affairs. After the coup-d'état he retired from public life. His *Old Régime and the Revolution* was published in 1856. He died April 15th, 1859. Our extract is from "Democracy in America."]

That political freedom may compromise, in its excesses, the tranquillity, the property, the lives of individuals, is obvious even to narrow and unthinking minds. On the contrary, none but attentive and clear-sighted men perceive the perils with which equality threatens us, and they commonly avoid pointing them out. They know that the calamities they apprehend are remote, and flatter themselves that they will only fall upon future generations, for which the present generation takes but little thought. The evils which freedom sometimes brings with it are immediate; they are apparent to all, and all are more or less affected by them. The evils which extreme equality may produce are slowly disclosed; they creep gradually into the social frame; they are seen only at intervals; and at the moment at which they become most violent, habit causes them to be no longer felt.

Political liberty bestows exalted pleasures, from time to time, upon a certain number of citizens. Equality every day confers a certain number of small enjoyments on every man. The charms of equality are every instant felt, and are within the reach of all; the noblest hearts are not insensible to them, and the most vulgar souls exult in them. The passion which equality creates must therefore be strong and general. Men cannot enjoy political liberty unpurchased by some sacrifices, and they never obtain it without great exertions. But the pleasures of equality are self-proffered; each of the petty incidents of life seem to occasion them; and in order to taste them nothing is required but to live.

Democratic nations are at all times fond of equality, but there are certain epochs at which the passion they entertain for it swells to the height of fury. This occurs at the moment when the old social system, long-menaced, is overthrown after a severe intestine struggle, and the barriers of rank are at length thrown down. At such times men pounce upon equality as their booty, and they cling to it as to some precious treasure which they fear to lose. The passion for equality penetrates on every side into men's hearts, expands there, and fills them entirely. Tell them not that, by this blind surrender of themselves to an exclusive passion, they risk their dearest interests; they are deaf. Show them not freedom escaping from their grasp, whilst they are looking another way: they are blind, or, rather, they can discern but one object to be desired in the universe.

I think that democratic communities have a natural taste for freedom: left to themselves, they will seek it, cherish it, and view any privation of it with regret. But for equality, their passion is ardent, insatiable, incessant, invincible: they call for equality in freedom; and if they cannot obtain that, they still call for equality in slavery. They will endure poverty, servitude, barbarism; but they will not endure aristocracy.

FIRST VIEW OF THE SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE NILE.

[JAMES BRUCE, of Kinnaird, county of Sterling, Scotland. Born December 14, 1730. He devoted much time to the study of Eastern antiquities, and travelled extensively in oriental lands, his graphic descriptions of which give him an honorable place in literature. He died April 27, 1794.]

Half-undressed as I was [says Bruce], by the loss of my sash, and throwing off my shoes, I ran down the hill towards the hillock of green sod, which was about two hundred yards distant; the whole side of the hill was thick grown with flowers, the large bulbous roots of which appearing above the surface of the ground, and their skins coming off on my treading upon them, occasioned me two very severe falls before I reached the brink of the marsh. I after this came to the altar of green turf, which

was apparently the work of art, and I stood in rapture above the principal fountain, which rises in the middle of it. It is easier to guess than to describe the situation of my mind at that moment—standing in that spot which has baffled the genius, industry and inquiry of both ancients and moderns for the course of near three thousand years. Kings had attempted this discovery at the head of armies, and each expedition was distinguished from the last only by the difference of numbers which had perished, and agreed alone in the disappointment which had uniformly, and without exception, followed them all. Fame, riches, and honour had been held out for a series of ages to every individual of those myriads these princes commanded, without having produced one man capable of gratifying the curiosity of his sovereign, or wiping off this stain upon the enterprise and abilities of mankind, or adding this desideratum for the encouragement of geography. Though a mere private Briton, I triumphed here, in my own mind, over kings and their armies! and every comparison was leading nearer and nearer to presumption, when the place itself where I stood, the object of my vainglory, suggested what depressed my short-lived triumph. I was but a few minutes arrived at the sources of the Nile, through numberless dangers and sufferings, the least of which would have overwhelmed me, but for the continual goodness and protection of Providence: I was, however, but half through my journey, and all those dangers through which I had already passed awaited me on my return; I found a despondency gaining ground fast, and blasting the crown of laurels which I had too rashly woven for myself.

TOLERANCE.

Thou canst not shape another's mind to suit thine own body,
Think not, then, to be furnishing his brain with thy special notions.
Charity walketh with a high step, and stumbleth not at a trifle:
Charity hath keen eyes, but the lashes half conceal them;
Charity is praised of all, and fear not thou that praise,
God will not love thee less because men love thee more.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER, b. 1810.

FROM THE ZEND-AVESTA.

[Zoroaster (or Zarathustra) founder of the ancient Persian religion, was born in Bactria, and his family name was Spitama; but the time of his birth is altogether uncertain, being variously assigned to periods ranging from 500 to 6000 years B. C.]

When you are doubtful as to whether an act be good or bad, beware of doing it.

He who sows the ground with care and diligence, acquires a greater stock of religious merit, than he could gain by the repetition of ten thousand prayers.

AN OLD BACHELOR'S REGRET.

Where is the man at thirty-eight
That never to himself hath said,
Whilst tumbling in his lonely bed,
"All marriages are made by fate"?
At least with me the "saw" holds good,
Fate doomed me unto bachelor-hood,
For, Bella Brown is Mrs. More!
There never was a tidier body,—
She should have borne the name I bore,
Mixed every mixture that I swallowed,
Whether 'twas gruel or gin-toddy;
For me performed all wifely duties,
Nursed each sweet babe my name that hallowed.
Ah, Mrs. More has four such beauties!!

MARK LEMON. 1809-1870.

APHORISMS OF PLINY.

His own pleases each, and wherever we go the same story is told.

Nature has given to man nothing of more value than shortness of life.

It is not possible to determine whether Nature is a kind parent or harsh stepmother to man.

It is advantageous that the gods should be believed to attend to the affairs of man, and that the punishment for evil deeds, though sometimes late, is never fruitless.

The power and majesty of the nature of things fail to receive credit at all times, if one merely looks at its parts and do not embrace the vast whole in our conceptions

PLINY THE ELDER, A. D, 23-79.